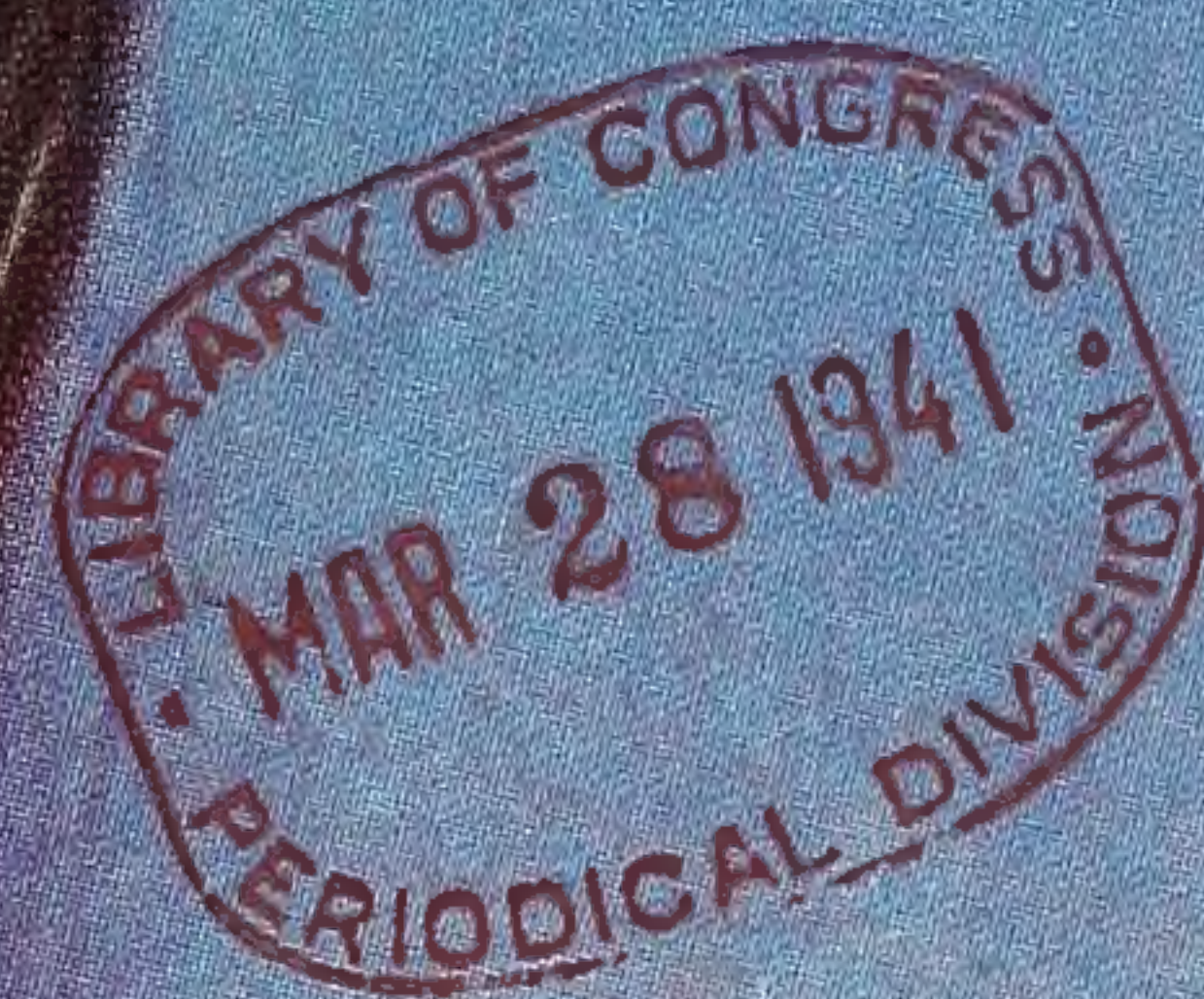


# MODERN SCREEN

APRIL  
10  
CENTS



*SCOOP!*

CONSCRIPTION  
HITS HOLLYWOOD!

SELECTIVE SERVICE  
RATINGS OF  
200 STARS

*Olivia de Havilland*



MODERN SCREEN READERS GIVEN

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ed We Will Beautifully  
Enlarge Your Favorite  
Snapshot, Photo, Kodak  
Picture, Print or Negative,  
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Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5x7 inch size so that the details and features you love are more lifelike and natural.

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**SEND  
COUPON  
TODAY**



# They begged for introductions — but no one took her home!



**Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!**

**T**HE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. “Who is this lovely girl?” they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone*. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come*. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more

women use it than any other deodorant.

**MUM IS QUICK!** Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

**MUM IS SAFE!** For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

**MUM IS SURE!** Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable...a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

**CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT... NEVER NEGLECT MUM!**



# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



MODERN SCREEN

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month The greatest star of the screen!

"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

And, reaching back into the haunted wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre, we were launched on the bedtime story of those nights of stars provided by the memorable Flo.



Soon we worked our way to the chapter wherein M-G-M immortalized "The Great Ziegfeld", and we drifted naturally into the glamour story of 1941:



THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studying the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

As Tony Martin softly sings "You Stepped Out of A Dream", which is Public

Melody No. 1, you will step into a dream of glorified girls—of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner.



Romance, in a beaming web, is spun around the personal problems of a guy played by James Stewart, the last three letters of whose name typify his work. Give up?



And Judy Garland! Words fail us.

Lush, plush and splendiferous, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls.

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

Glorifying the American lion.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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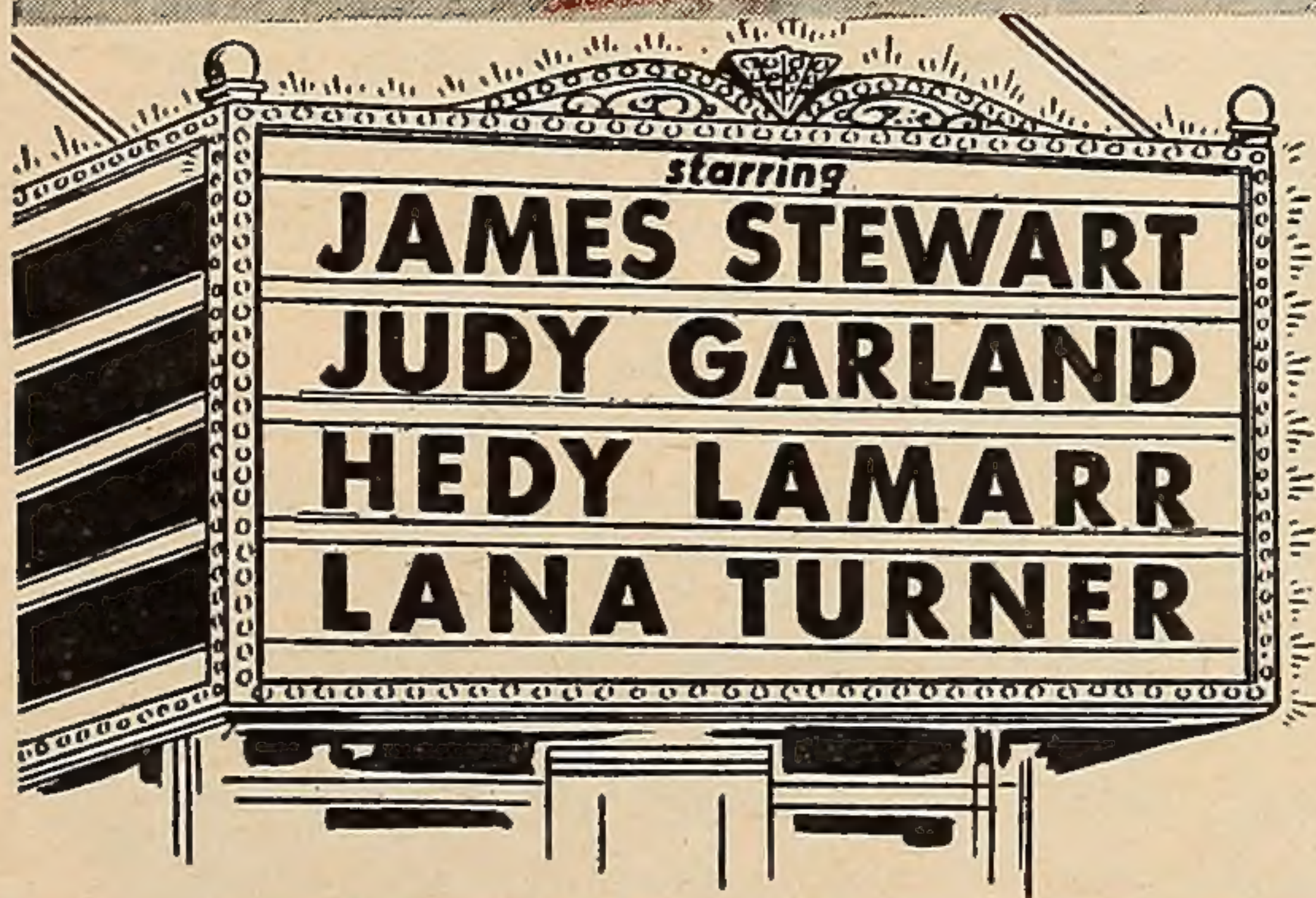
Suit Yourself 56  
Carefree Cottons 58

PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor  
SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

Cover Girl: Olivia de Havilland, natural color photograph

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents the picture the world has awaited to follow the never-to-be-forgotten wonders of "The Great Ziegfeld." Bigger in cast, bigger in spectacle, it dramatizes the behind-the-scenes lives of the world's most glorified girls... against a thrilling tapestry of dazzling screen magnificence with scores of song hits, (for instance: "You Stepped Out of A Dream", "Too Beautiful to Last", "Minnie From Trinidad"). Plus ravishing show-beauties and the greatest assemblage of personalities you've ever seen in one giant show!

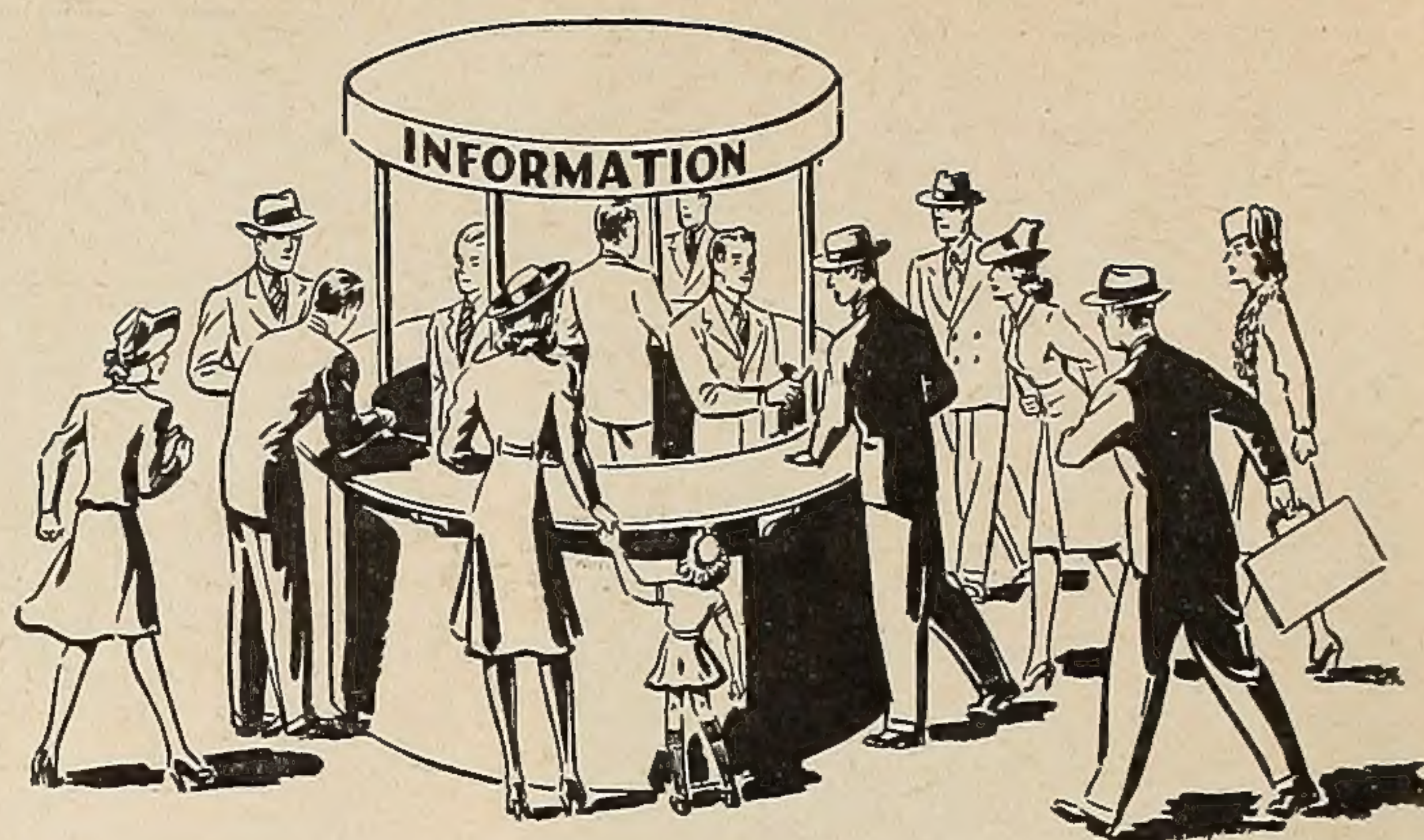
with TONY MARTIN, CHARLES WINNINGER, JACKIE COOPER, IAN HUNTER, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey, Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

**\$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES!** Artists! Write today "Ziegfeld Girl Art Contest", M-G-M, 1540 B'way, N. Y. C. for details. Contest closes March 17th, 1941



# INFORMATION DESK

THE EDITORS PLAY "QUIZ" WITH THE STARS  
AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE ANSWERS



## WE ASKED . . .

. . . **that lovable bad man Wally Beery** whether he'd ever forgotten to pull any of his brawny movie punches. He grunted assent: "In 'Hell Divers' I was supposed to knock out Gable, so's we could set his busted leg. He leaned a little too far on the punch and took it full force . . . or maybe I leaned. Anyway, Clark was a very sick boy."

. . . **luscious Joan Blondell** who were moviedom's most sex-appealing girls and boys. She picked Ann Sheridan, "because she's healthy and vital"; Bette Davis, "because she's intelligent"; Dick Powell, "because he's got oomph and doesn't know it"; Clark Gable, "because he brings out the 'brute' in a woman."

. . . **versatile John Carradine** what type of role he least liked to play. He looked his dourest and confessed, "I hate to be cast as a two-gun man. I'm scared to death of horses, and horses take the same attitude toward me. They like nothing better than to put me on the ground where I belong."

. . . **Dottie Lamour** whether they take her picture and record her voice at the same time. So she told us the secret: "All of my music is pre-recorded. Then I sing the songs on the set to this music and am photographed simultaneously. This is no more difficult than singing with an orchestra."

. . . **Chinese Roland Got** whether an Occidental actor could ever be convincingly Chinese. And he paid this very beautiful tribute to a great actor: "Warner Oland was the only man that portrayed a Chinaman so well that even the Chinese could not detect that he was not one of them. His acting, features and carriage were amazingly real."

. . . **Porter Hall** what his kid thinks about the old man's villainous roles. Porter wouldn't talk, but he finally admitted the ten-year-old once said: "Gee, Dad, why aren't you a star like Mickey Rooney?"

. . . **Hugh Herbert** who'd given the funniest performances in the last 10 years. Very matter of factly, he said, "Chaplin in 'City Lights,' Roland Young in 'Topper,' Rosalind Russell in 'His Girl Friday.'"

. . . **cowboy Bob Livingston** what his horse had that the others didn't. Bob gave his horse this send-off, "The fact that he's such a grand clown. The expression 'horse-play' could easily have been derived from watching my horse. Folks don't know it, but a horse has a great sense of humor!"

. . . **brute Nat Pendleton** whether those muscles of his were really on the level. As we ran for cover, he shouted, "On the level?" Then he gave us the record: World's amateur heavyweight wrestler at the 1920 Olympics. Later world's professional champ. Retired after 223 successive wins.

. . . **Andy Clyde** to tell us about his most embarrassing tussle with a fan. He blushed—then taking a stiff-upper-lip point of view, said: "A lady with a baby once asked me to autograph her baby's diaper. Shucks, it was another autograph to my credit. So I complied."

. . . **cute Willie Fung** if the Chinese Government or the Hays office ever took a stand concerning Hollywood's portrayal of Chinese on the screen. According to Willie: "The Chinese Consul at L. A. receives all scripts in which Chinese actors are to appear. This process cut one of my better roles in half. The Consul felt that many of my sequences were unfavorable to China. Come to think of it, the Hays office made significant cuts in 'Lost Horizon.'"

. . . **Spencer Tracy** to review the roles he'd played and single out the best. And it didn't take him long to put his finger on the Father Flanagan role in "Boys Town."

. . . **young John Shelton** what was the closest he'd ever come to not being an actor. He confessed: "I probably never would have been an actor if I hadn't been picked up while hitch-hiking by Moroni Olsen, stock company owner. He gave me my first chance."

. . . **Mary Howard** which of the many happy moments of her career had been the happiest. There didn't seem to be any doubt in her mind: "The Sunday night dinner with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt after my role in 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois!'"

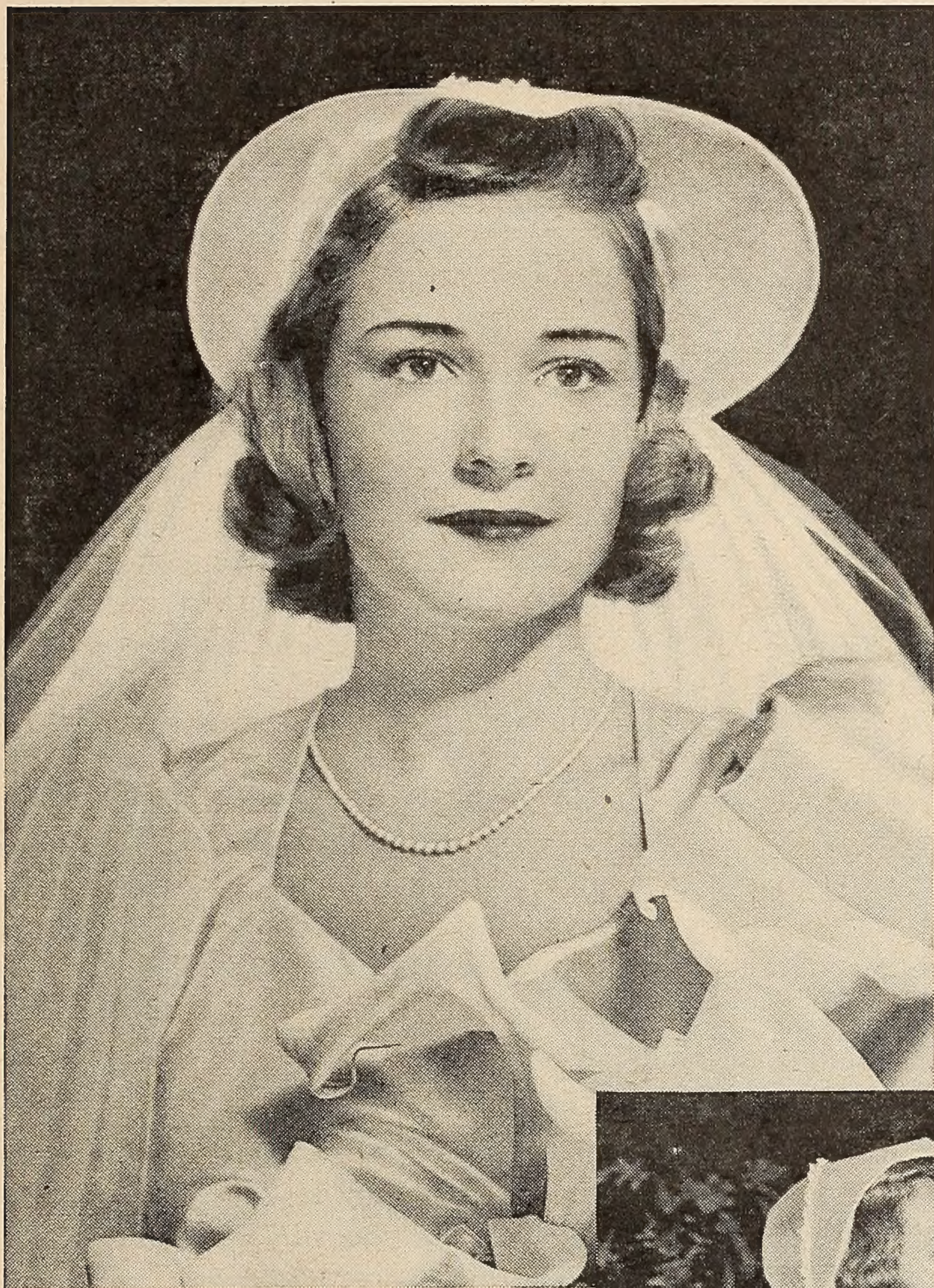
. . . **Smiley Burnette** what type horse made the best movie actor. And Smiley really surprised us. "Thoroughbred horses, strange as it may sound, are practically useless as cow ponies. You see, they're much too temperamental and very difficult to manage. Most cow ponies are wild horses captured in the West, broken with a hackamore and eventually brought to Hollywood by a talent scout. My own horse, Nellie—she's three-gaited: start, stumble and fall."

(Continued on page 14)



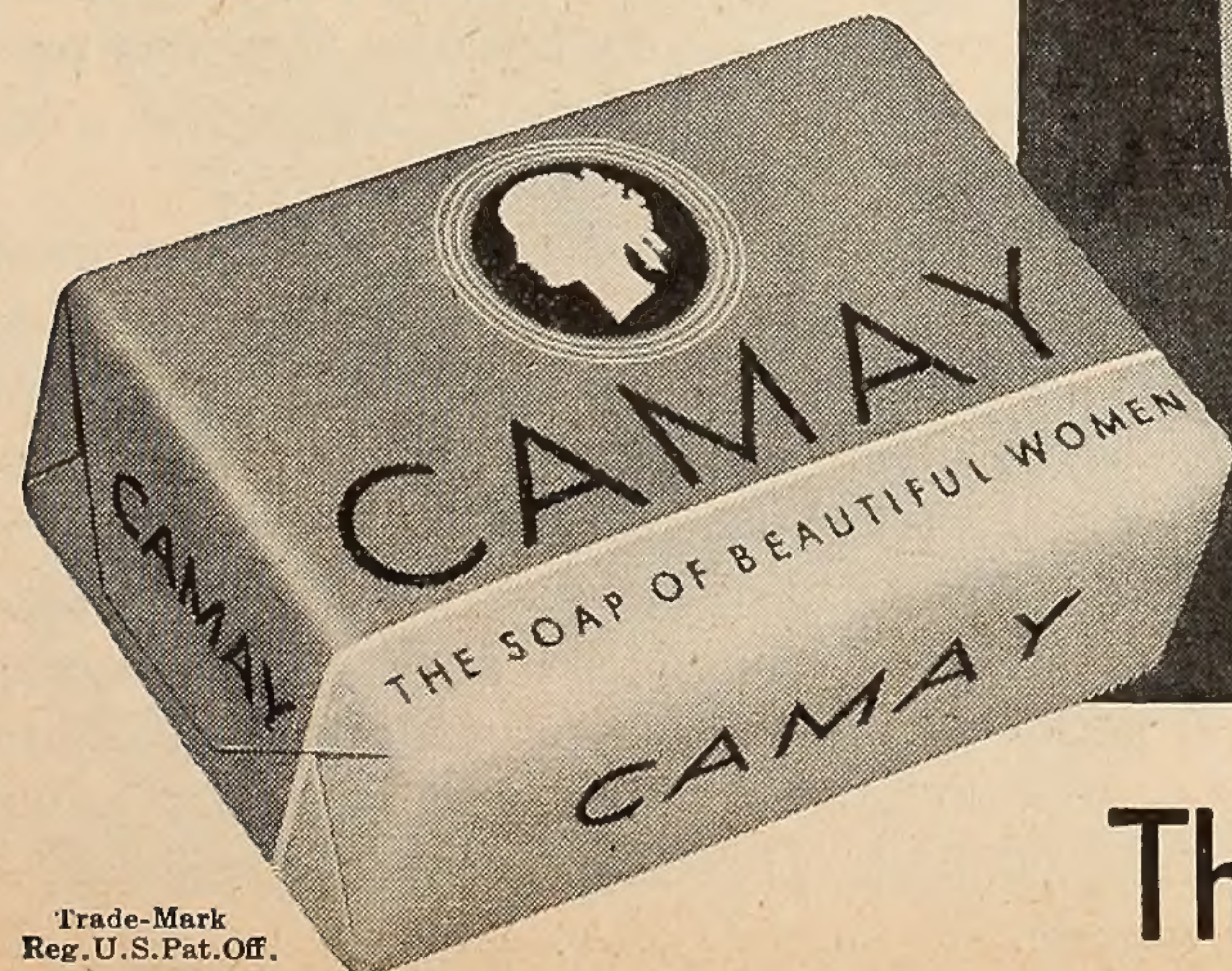
# "Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin— and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride—and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."



Trade-Mark  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

**Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.**

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

## *A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!*

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is *so mild*," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

## The Soap of Beautiful Women



# Movie Reviews

A poignant moment in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"—Martha Scott realizes she's losing her beloved Del (Donald Douglas) to 16-year-old flirt, Mary Anderson.



## CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP

★★★★★

Reach for your handkerchiefs, gals, here comes a sobbie. And in case you gents let that approach keep you away from the picture, you're just plain suckers. It's one of the best of the season, and Martha Scott's characterization is magnificent.

The movie unreels the story of the life of Miss Bishop, a school-teacher. It tells how she starts out, sweet and lovely, ambitious and full of dreams. How she suffers a bad disappointment in love, but goes bravely on with her work. How students and seasons and school superintendents change, leaving her grayer, sadder, wiser. That's about all. Just a woman's life.

But it's a woman you'll never forget and a life which will haunt you. When you leave the theatre you will feel that you have met and loved a human being. That's how good the writing by Sheridan Bibney is and the direction by Tay Garnett. And that's how terrific Martha Scott's acting is.

There is a long and excellent supporting cast, but no really outstanding players among them. Bill Gargan has the most important male role as Martha's suitor who's faithful to the very end—but whom she doesn't love. It's not Bill's type of role although he works hard at it. Edmund Gwenn comes closest to making a lasting impression with his mellow, sympathetic treatment of the school president. There is an unknown named Rosemary DeCamp who can be a big and important dramatic star if she gets a break; she has only a small bit here. Also, you might watch Lois Ransom who seems to have a lot of what it takes.

This is a case where the technical gentry deserves a bow. The sets and photographic background are unusually interesting; the feeling of the period has been admirably emphasized, giving a feel of verity which is memorable. Directed by Tay Garnett. A Richard A. Rowland Production-United Artists.



Refugees Sullavan and Ford will break your heart as the young lovers in "So Ends Our Night." Looks like a comeback for Anna Sten. She's never been better.

## SO ENDS OUR NIGHT

★★★ 1/2

"So Ends Our Night" is an attempt to tell honestly and without prejudice or fear, of life as it is lived today in Europe. Naturally, it is not a pretty picture. But it is one you will not want to miss and, having seen it, one you will not easily forget.

The cast is an extra special one with Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee as stars, and Glenn Ford, Anna Sten and Erich von Stroheim as featured players. The top bracket should certainly be shared by the Ford lad. He walks off with the main acting honors and, if this picture doesn't establish him as a star, there is something decidedly cockeyed somewhere.

The story has to do with the lives of Europe's horde of refugees. Chased out of Germany because of racial or political beliefs, they are kicked from pillar to post, all up and down the musty corridors of Europe. Life goes on. Their hearts and brains don't stop—but officially they have no standing because they have no passports. They are outcasts. March is one for political reasons, while Ford and Miss Sullavan are in this category because they are part Jewish. Their struggle for existence, their frantic groping for a bit of sun, a bit of hope—that is the theme of the film.

Miss Sullavan is at her topnotch best, and young Ford is superb as her young lover. March is earnest but a bit on the heavy side as the cynical man with nothing left to hope or dream for except his wife—who actually is barely a beautiful memory. This role, a short one, is excellently handled by Frances Dee. Von Stroheim and Miss Sten give fine performances, while Joseph Cawthorn and Leonid Kinsky are best among the supporting players.

John Cromwell's direction is sure and unhesitating. William Daniels' photography is topnotch and the musical score by Louis Gruenberg deserves a special nod. Directed by John Cromwell.—Loew-Lewin-United Artists.

by Wolfe Kaufman

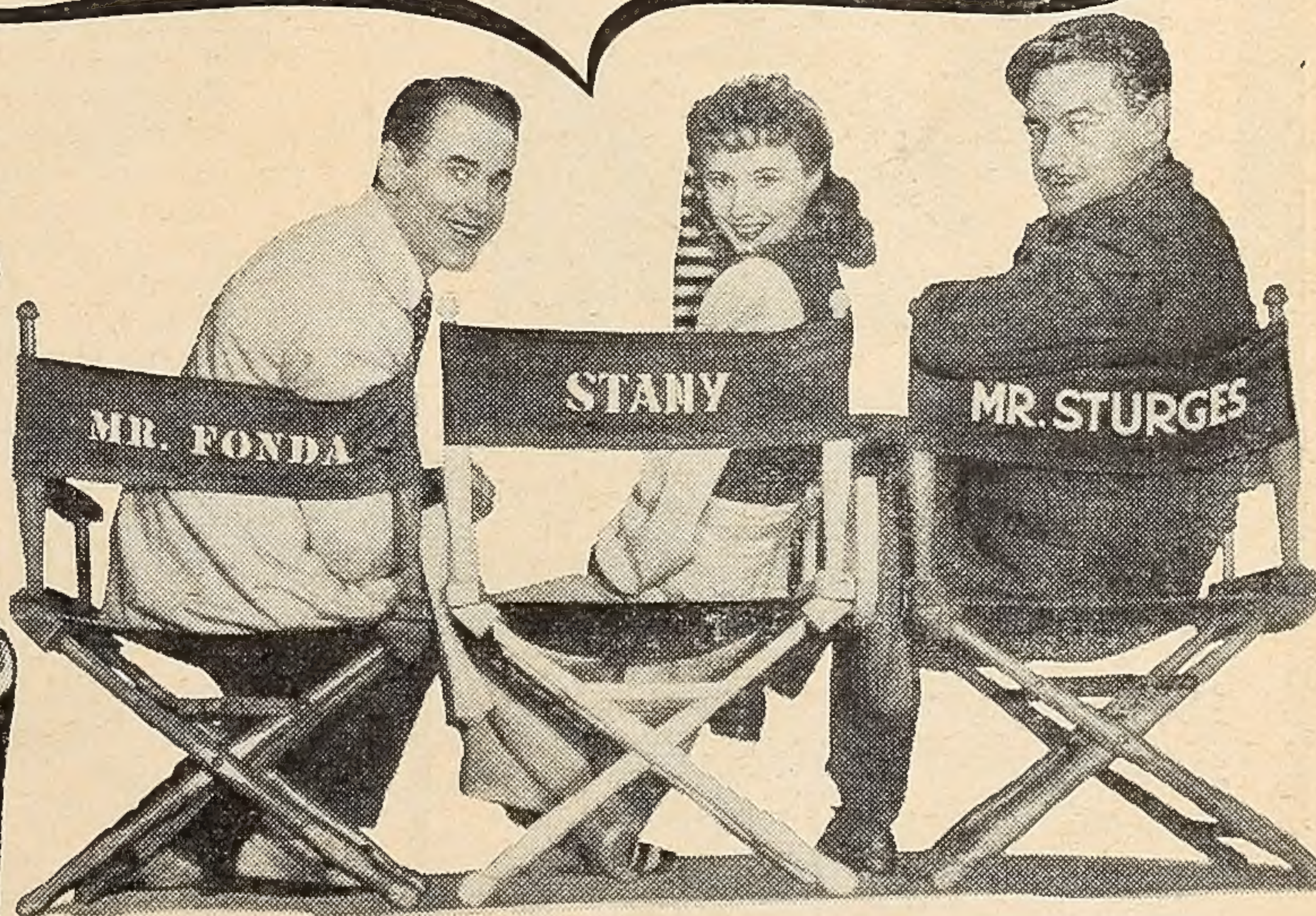




**BEWITCHED  
AND BEWILDERED!**

"Eve sure knows  
her apples!"

**"Girls, the best way  
to get a man is to  
get him bothered!"**



**PRESTON STURGES**, Paramount's new writer-director genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you the vexiest picture of the year.

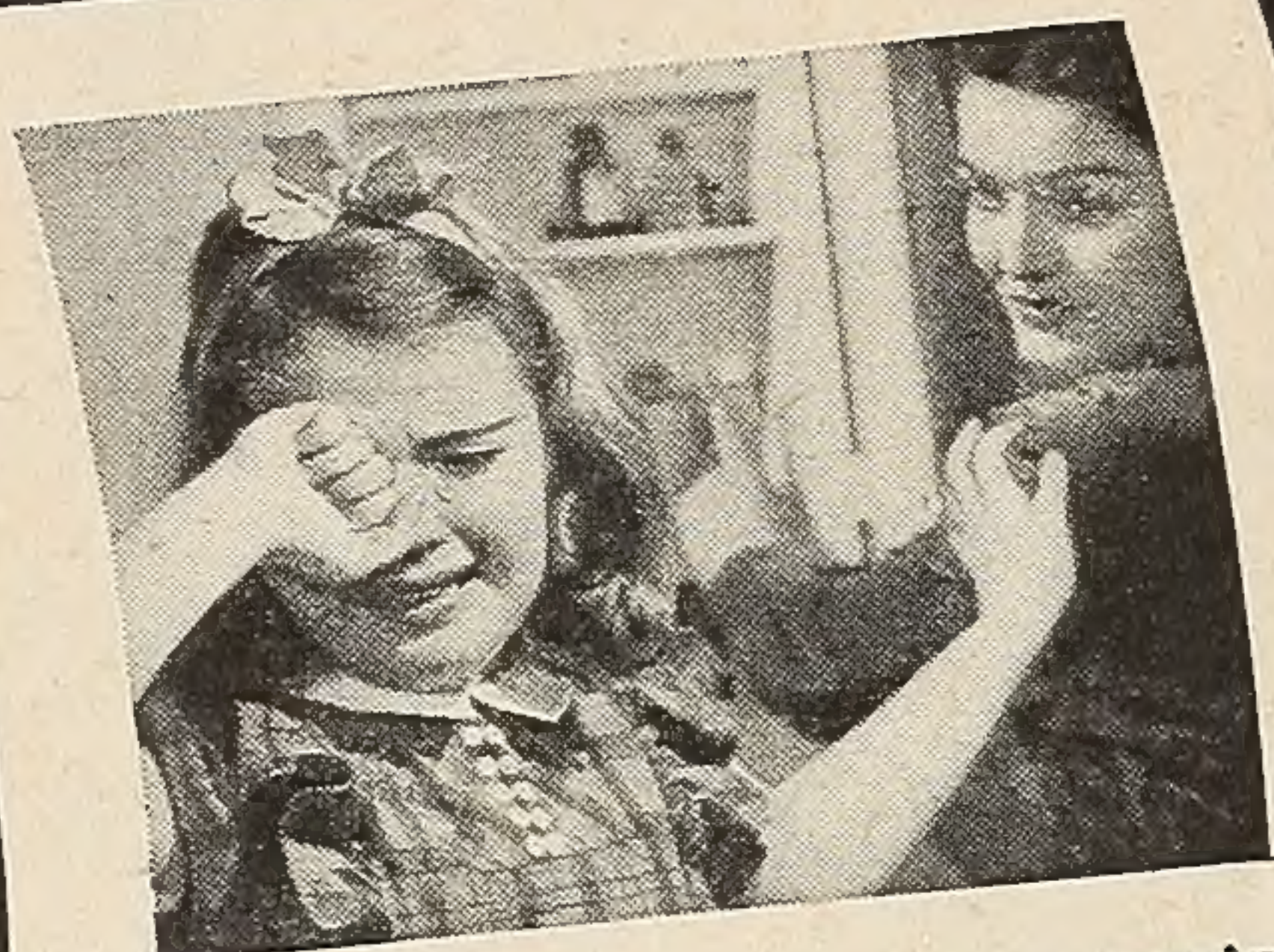
with **CHARLES COBURN · EUGENE PALLETTE**  
**Martha O'Driscoll · William Demarest · Eric Blore**

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

**Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming — You'll want to see it twice!**



# Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



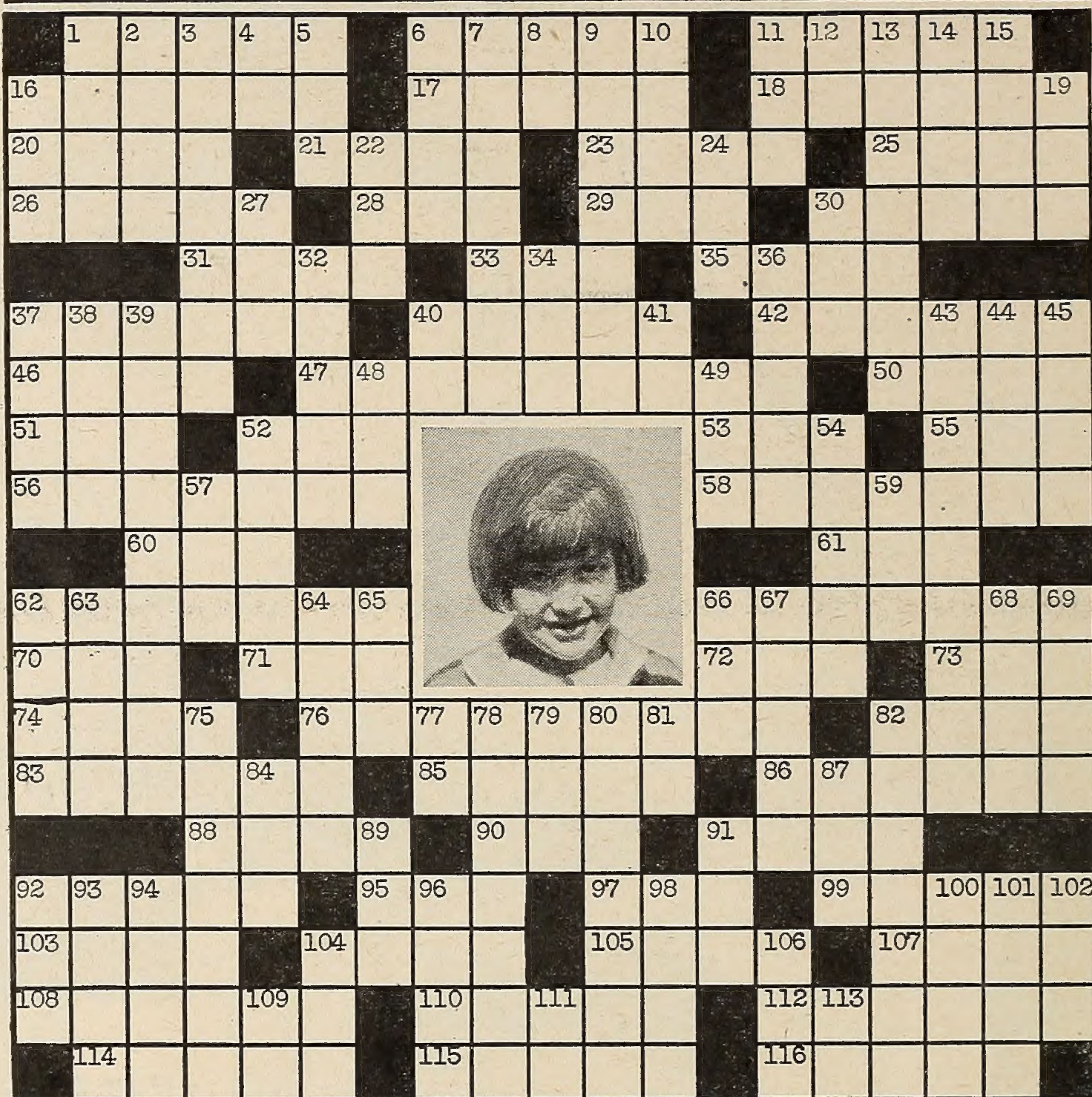
Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



## OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 73

### ACROSS

1. Star of "Come Live With Me"
6. She's in "They Met In Argentina"
11. Author in "Footsteps In The Dark"
16. Mrs. in "Mr. And Mrs. Smith"
17. Actors' parts
18. He's still "Box Office Champ"
20. Star of "No, No, Nanette"
21. "The 39 - - - s" starred Donat
23. Fondles
25. Unit of force
26. Girl's name
28. Writing fluid
29. Lord Shayne in "Bitter Sweet"
30. Linda Darnell's home state
31. Charles Win - - - r
33. Electrified atom
35. "The - - - Man"
37. - - - - - Duff
40. Beneath
42. Nora Bayes in "Tin Pan Alley"
46. Star of "Rhythm On The River"
47. Great German actor
50. Certain
51. Bride in "Keeping Company"
52. A high priest of Israel
53. 52: Rom. num.
55. Inlet
56. Played the principal role
58. Actor in "The Man I Married"
60. Former "It Girl"
61. Hawaiian garland
62. Forecast
66. Star of "Men of Boys Town"
70. Be ill
71. Negative reply
72. Roman bronze
73. Hail!
74. Inez in "Mark of Zorro"
76. Who is the star pictured?
82. Units
83. Snapping beetle
85. The famous "Judge Hardy"
86. Hell cat of "Flight Command"
88. Paramount gown designer
90. Reverence
91. Actress wife of Charles Laughton
92. Villain in "Mark of Zorro"
95. Jane's b. f. in "Honeymoon For Three"
97. Ginger Rogers' studio
99. Sylvia Sidney's husband
103. Jamison in "Lone Wolf Keeps A Date"
104. West Indian plant
105. - - - - Thayer
107. Shakespearean character
108. A star duck
110. Lukewarm
112. Given to using common but unauthorized words
114. Jacqueline - - - -
115. Book of charts
116. Pains

### DOWN

1. Star of "Golden Hoofs"
2. Errol Flynn's dog
3. Wailing
4. Olaf in "Gallant Sons"
5. "Woman Cha - - - Man"
6. Ex-hubby of our star
7. Mrs. Carter in "Lady With Red Hair"
8. Jimmy and Harry Ritz's brother
9. One who is discontented
10. On the deep
11. The "Four Daught - - -" series
12. "Angels Over B - - adway"
13. What Mickey and Minnie are
14. Variety of chalcidony
15. River in Siberia
16. Where Hollywood is: abbr.
19. " - - - , My Darling Daughter"
22. Bind
24. High explosive
27. Conjunction
30. United Ar - - - ts Studios
32. Star of "Comrade X"
34. Poem
36. The "One In a Million" star
37. Arabian garments
38. Coin
39. Suzanne Charpentier's reel name
40. Personal pronoun
41. He's in "I Wanted Wings": init.
43. Jon Hall's first film
44. City in Pennsylvania
45. Bring up
48. Help
49. Entire
52. Stack's pal in "Little Bit Of Heaven"
54. Wastes time
57. Scientist in "Monster And The Girl"
59. Evening: poet.
62. Our star's sis in 11 Down
63. Persian monetary unit
64. Director of "Meet John Doe"
65. - - - one Power
66. Salt
67. Old time "Serial Queen"
68. Always
69. Recline
75. Pertaining to right
77. "Three Cheers For The Ir - - h"
78. A young film personality
79. Elsie in "Little Men"
80. Lack of activity
81. French article
82. A book of the old Testament
84. Elongated fish
87. Julie in "Honeymoon For Three"
89. Mr. Ameche
91. Age
92. Cot
93. In order
94. Trigonometric function
96. Femme in "Strawberry Blonde"
98. "The Dead End - - -"
100. Last name of 76 Across
101. Incites
102. Star of "Colorado"
104. Paid notices
106. Masculine name
109. Wi - - iam Holden
111. Poet Laureate: abbr.
113. Girl in "Dancing On A Dime": init.



he put the **roar** in the roaring 20s...now

he's the  
**bad boy**  
of the  
naughty  
**90's!**

oh lady, can  
you picture this!

Jimmy as a  
gent in the days

when a mug  
was something

a fellow shaved

out of!...and

a racket was

strictly for tennis!

Warner Bros.

pictured it—

and it's the show

you've *really*

got to see!

**JAMES CAGNEY**

OLIVIA

**DE HAVILLAND**

in

**'Strawberry  
Blonde'**

(She's a honey...and so's the picture!)

with  
**RITA HAYWORTH**  
ALAN HALE • JACK CARSON  
GEORGE TOBIAS

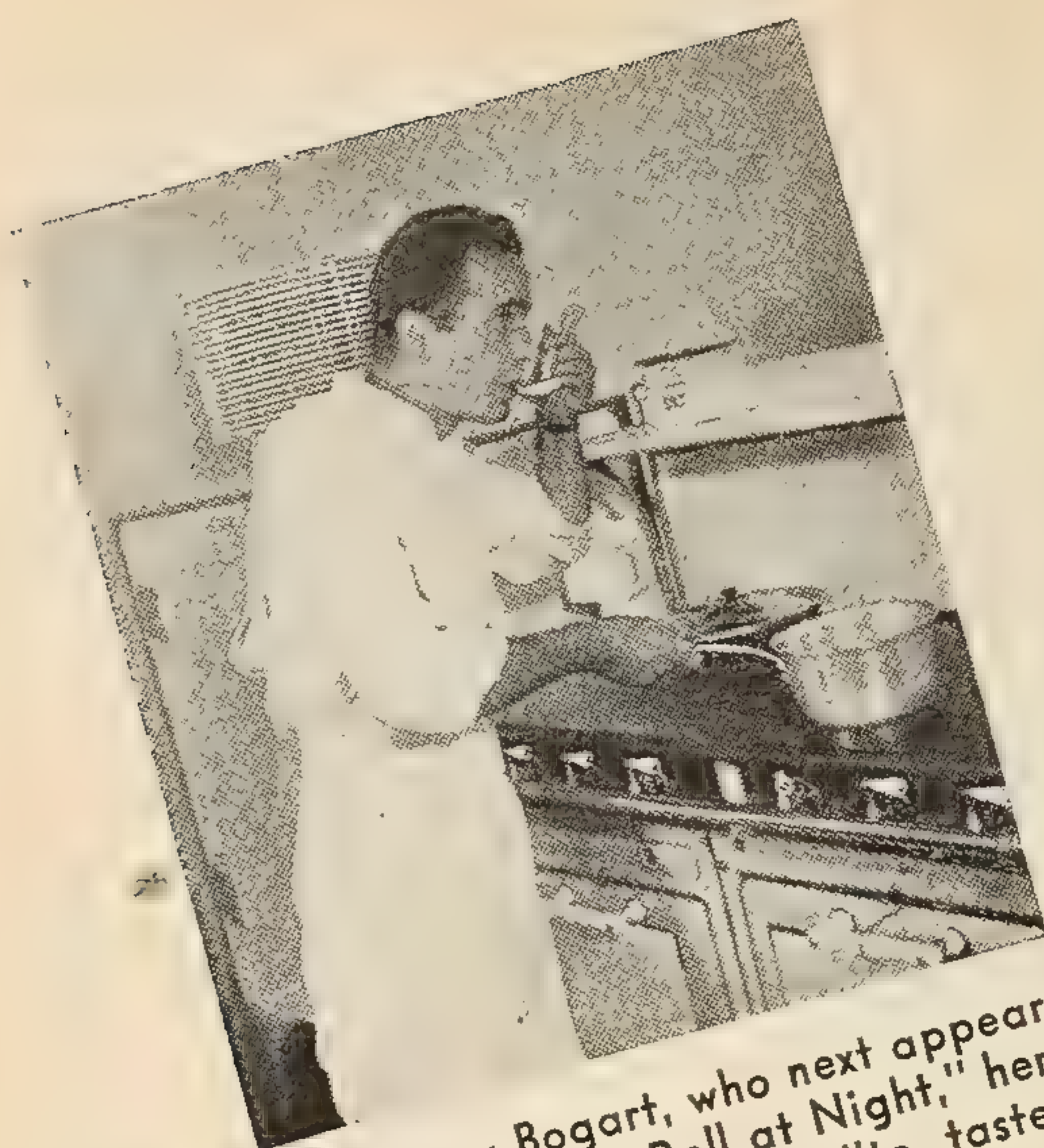
Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**  
Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein  
From a Play by James Hagan  
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



# SUCCESS IN CASSEROLES

... WITH THESE TIME AND TROUBLE SAVING SUGGESTIONS

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Humphrey Bogart, who next appears in "The Wagons Roll at Night," here shows how he seasons "to taste."

He may be a menace in "High Sierra," but to his friends around Hollywood Humphrey Bogart is known as the most benign of hosts. He is also, so I discovered, quite a connoisseur of foods with some very special ideas of his own on the subject. One thing he commented upon was the oft-overlooked advantages of casserole cookery—where about everything required for the main course arrives in a single dish. "Each food complementing the flavor of the other to the general betterment of the whole!" he observed.

This, according to Mr. Bogart, is the kind of meal that appeals to men and is the type of cooking that comes easy to amateur chefs like himself. For complete success along these lines he suggests taking the familiar admonition, "Season to taste," literally, by sampling as you go along and adding spices, herbs and bottled condiments with imagination and discrimination. Try it with these casseroles, and you'll be delighted with the magical effect they have on family and friends! Take it from Mr. Bogart!

Casseroles provide the finest way to combine ready-prepared and canned foods in quickest fashion. For example, the following takes only two minutes to

fix up and can then be heating while you are setting the table. By using different vegetables and soups, and with other types of ready-to-eat meats, many's the variation that can be played on this general theme.

## KITCHENETTE CASSEROLE

- 1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) lima beans
- ½ teaspoon salt
- a few grains pepper
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 small jar Vienna Style sausage (7 oz.)
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 can (condensed) tomato soup
- ½ cup hot water

Combine the lima beans, salt, pepper and mustard. Place sausages, cut in halves crosswise, in greased, heat-resistant glass baking dish—the shallow, oval, quart-size casserole is ideal for this purpose. Add seasoned beans, dot with butter. Pour in the soup combined with the hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until hot, approximately 20 minutes. Serves 4.

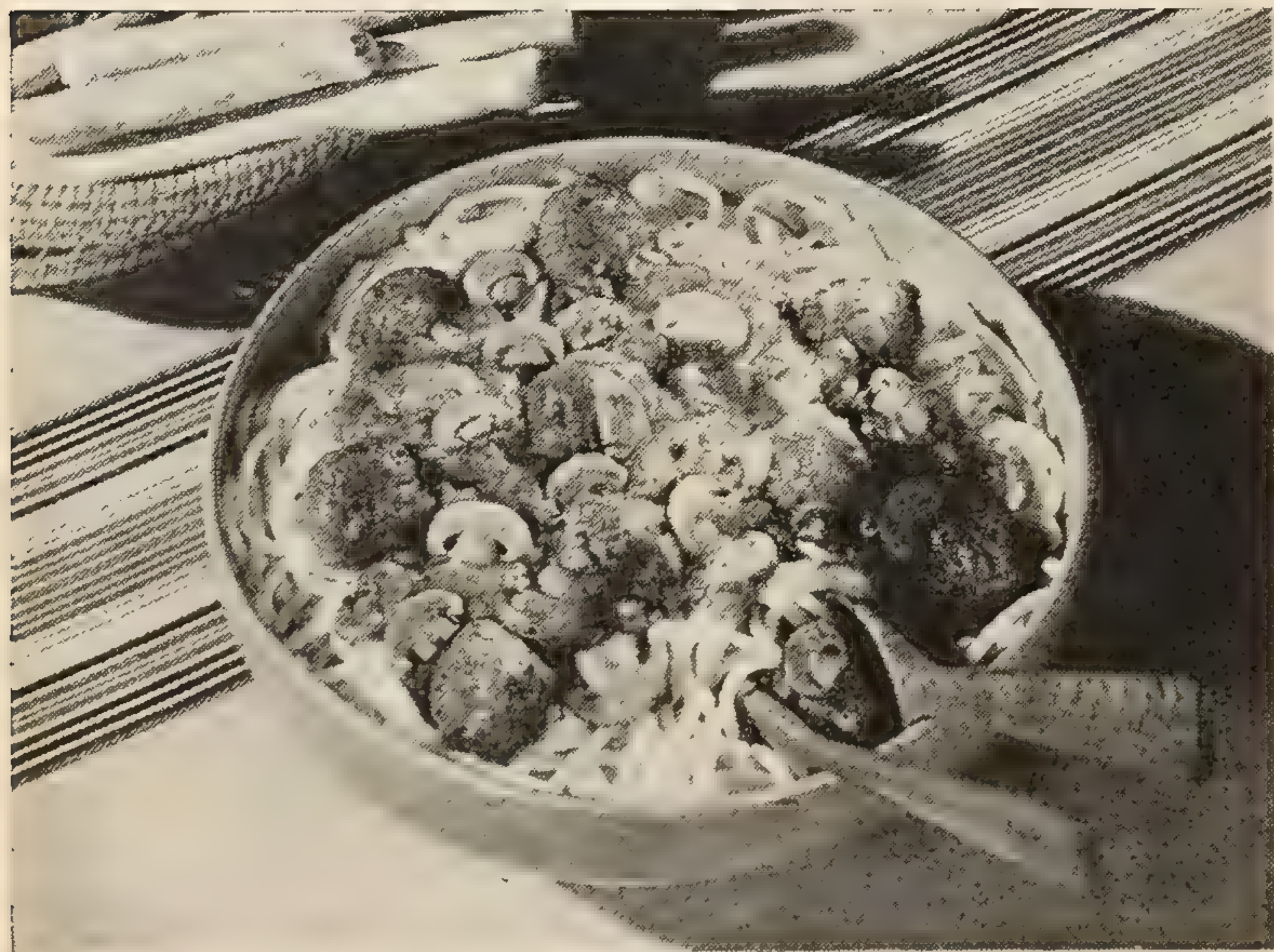
For a very special fish casserole, one that is a whole meal in itself, feature the sea-going flavor of shrimp. Right now this recipe, and the sure-to-be-popular

salmon one that follows, will help you to keep your Lenten menus up to par. While later on you will continue serving these dishes—often and enthusiastically—whenever meatless meals are in order.

## SHRIMP SPECIAL

- 2 (No. 1) cans shrimp
- 1½ cups coarsely broken, uncooked, wide noodles
- 2 medium onions, sliced thin
- 1 cup cooked peas
- 2½ cups canned tomatoes (or 5 fresh tomatoes, sliced)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter

Wash shrimps and remove black vein that runs down the back. Place a layer of noodles in greased casserole. Top with a layer of onions, mixed with some of the peas. Add some of the shrimps, season with salt and pepper, top with some of the tomatoes. Continue in this way until all ingredients have been used. Dot with butter. Herb-conscious cooks will wish to add a pinch of their favorite herb-mixture. For down N'Orleans way we suggest that this be Gumbo Filé. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Serves 4.



Here's a combination that will make a hit with the men . . . spaghetti and meat balls, enriched with a mushroom sauce!



Shrimps and vegetables cooked and served en casserole . . . a fine one-dish main course for you to feature during Lent.



### SALMON CHOWDER PIE

- 1/2 pound can (1 cup) salmon
- 1/2 cup salmon and vegetable juice
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 1 can (condensed) mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup rich milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt, a little pepper
- 1/2 cup cooked diced potatoes
- 1 cup cooked carrots and peas
- 1 recipe all-bran buttermilk biscuits

Drain salmon; reserve the juice and combine it with juice drained from vegetables, to make 1/2 cup liquid in all. Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, cook until tender. Add flour, stir until smooth, then add mushroom soup, milk, seasonings and the salmon-vegetable liquor. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add vegetables and the flaked and boned salmon. Turn into shallow greased casserole. Cover with unbaked bran biscuits. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes.

### BRAN-NEW BISCUIT TOPPING

- 1/2 cup all-bran
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup shortening

Soak all-bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cut in shortening until evenly distributed. Make a "well" in the center of mixture, turn all-bran into this depression, mix quickly—stirring only until all dry ingredients have been moistened. Turn out onto floured board, knead lightly. Pat out to 1/2-inch thickness and cut with floured biscuit cutter. Use as a covering for Salmon Pie or other casserole dishes.

Also fine for regulation biscuits baked in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes.

Like Humphrey Bogart, any man would go for a casserole that features snowy spaghetti topped with pint-size meat balls and further enriched with a mushroom-flavored sauce. An appetizing blending of color, flavor and textures such as this is seldom found in a single dish. Add a salad, follow with dessert and beverage, for a satisfying dinner.

### SPAGHETTI "IN STYLE"

- 1 package spaghetti
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1/2 pound ground veal
- 1/2 cup cracker (or fine bread) crumbs
- 1 small onion, minced fine
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 (8-oz.) can sliced mushrooms
- 1/2 cup mushroom liquor with water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 garlic bud (optional)
- 1 quart canned tomatoes
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Break spaghetti in pieces, boil in salted water until tender. Drain, rinse in cold water, drain again and place in greased casserole. Meanwhile combine meats (which should have been ground three times) with bread crumbs, onion, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Drain canned mushrooms (reserving liquor) add 1/4 cup of mushrooms to meat mixture; then moisten with mushroom liquor combined with water to make 1/2 cup liquid. Blend thoroughly, shape in small round balls, roll in flour. Melt butter in skillet, add remaining mushrooms and the garlic bud if desired. Brown slightly, add meat balls, brown them well on all sides. Remove garlic, add tomatoes. Add additional seasonings "to taste." Pour over spaghetti in casserole, cover tightly and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 1/2 hour. Pass grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.

**ARE YOU A WASH-DAY WIFE?**

**Does your husband have to give up one evening a week to wash-day? Does washing leave you so 'done in' you can't even drag yourself to a movie?**

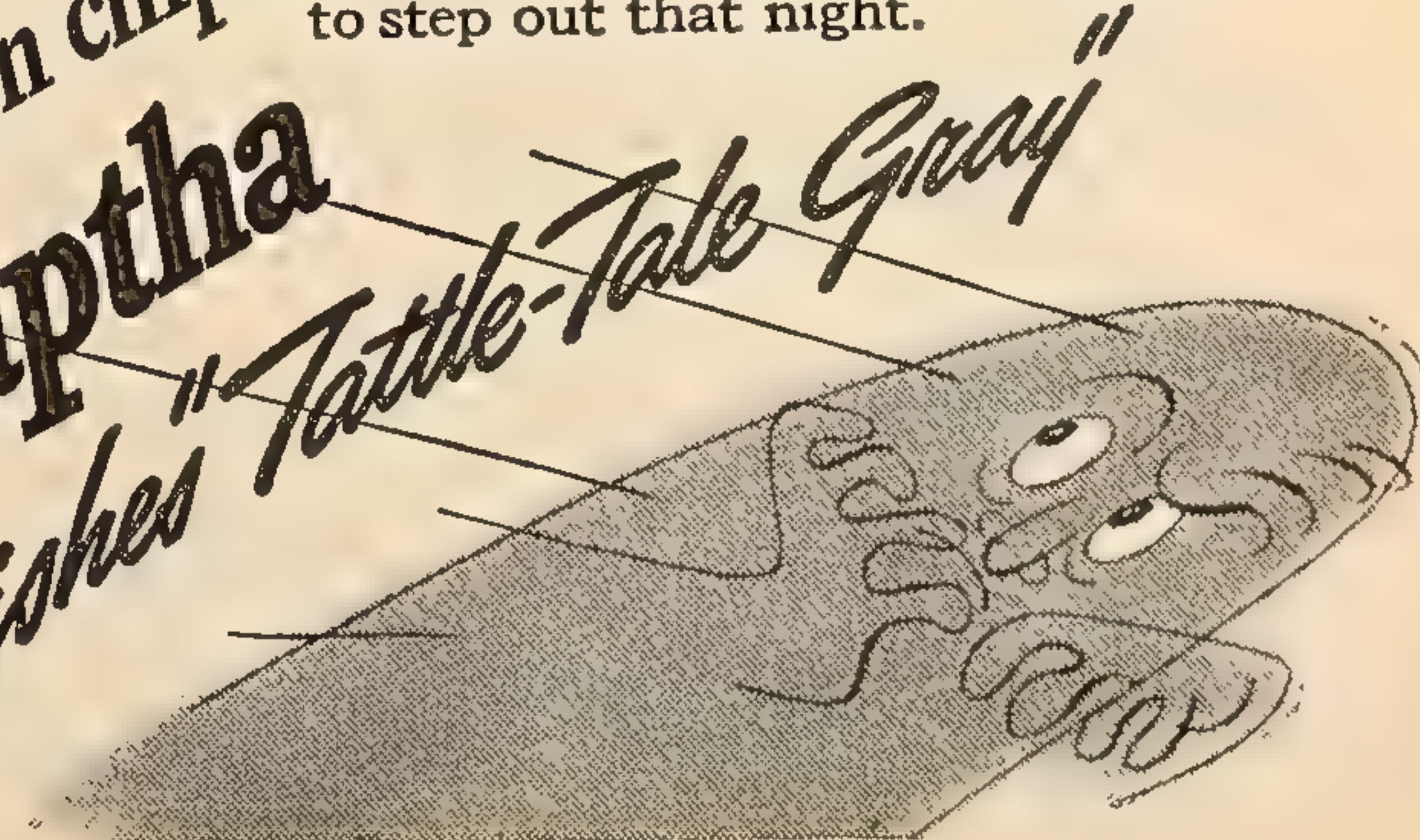
**T**HERE'S no better reason for using Fels-Naptha Soap than this: richer, *golden* soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha make a combination that can't be equalled for taking the back-breaking labor out of washday.

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If you have been a 'washday wife' write to Fels & Co., Dept. 11-D, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Use it next washday and warn your husband you'll be ready to step out that night.



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## INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 6)

### WE ASKED . . .

. . . **Judy Garland** how many hours a day she practises her voice lessons. The question seemed to shock her. "Sometimes," she told us, "weeks pass by, and I don't sing a note. And I'll have you know I've never taken singing lessons either!"

. . . **Box office Mickey** what part exercise played in his vigorous life. Said Rooney: "I've learned that playing golf, tennis, ping-pong, bowling and swimming can be largely responsible for the amount of work you are able to do. And if you can coordinate work, music and exercise along with the proper rest, your life can be really balanced."

. . . **Georgiana Young** to write us a little piece about herself and her illustrious family. We quote: "I was born in 1924 in Hollywood. My real name is Georgiana Belzer. As my whole family is Catholic, I attended Catholic schools. I had my first job in pictures in '33. The picture was 'Caravan,' in which I portrayed Loretta as a child. I can certainly say I can hope for no more than to reach the height of Loretta's success in the business. I've always looked up to 'Gretchen.' She's always said she'd never interfere in the least with my career, and if I do have one, it would have to be my own doing. I have altogether three sisters and one brother. My brother is a lawyer."

"Well, I think I've given you all the information you've asked for, and would you kindly send me **HOLLYWOOD WHO'S WHO C.O.D.** when it's finished?"

Here are some exciting facts about **WHO'S WHO**:

1. We editors of Information Desk put

it together ourselves. We know the questions you ask. **WHO'S WHO**, with the help of the entire movie industry, answers them!

2. You love biography. **WHO'S WHO** gives you 1000 biographies, 1000 portraits!

3. In increasing volume, you're peppering us with questions about how films are made. **WHO'S WHO** takes you to the source of production knowledge, presents bylined articles by: *Czar Will Hays, director Capra, producer Goldwyn, animator Disney, photogenius Hurrell, beautician Westmore*—enough others so that you could produce a picture yourself!

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**Information Desk, Modern Screen**  
**149 Madison Ave., New York City**

Star's name.....

Question .....

.....

.....

.....

My name.....

Street .....

City..... State.....

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

### ★★★½ High Sierra

It is many moons since we have been regaled with a high-tension action thriller like this one. It is a spine-tingler with all the blast and power of "Little Caesar," which started the original gangster picture cycle some years back, and which was written by the same gent who wrote "High Sierra," W. R. Burnett.

If it isn't enough to say that this is a good, exciting film, then the picture is also in the important class because it finally makes stars out of two troupers who should have been handed the laurel wreath before this. Here they are, Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino, stars at last. And after you get a load of their performances here, you will understand why they are quite likely to retain the classification from here on in.

It is not a simple assignment that Warners handed Humphrey in this one. He is asked to impersonate one of the toughest gunmen that ever was—but one who is a human being, who can do kind things for neighbors, who can love a dog, who can win a woman's respect. There is no toning down of the fact that he is a misfit in modern society, and he is meted out a bitter and stinging end.

Humphrey is paroled from a life term in an Eastern prison, as the picture opens, and immediately starts a new life of

crime. He takes up with a behind-the-scenes boss—Donald MacBride—and a couple of young amateur gangsters played by Alan Curtis and Arthur Kennedy. While plans are being made for a big haul, he gets himself involved in a romantic triangle because of two girls, a lovable tramp named Ida Lupino and a beautiful sap named Joan Leslie. Ida is his kind of gal, as any ten-year-old in the audience could have told him, but he goes the hard way for Joan—who eventually gives him the gate, because she prefers a jitterbug from Ohio. That's about all the story there is—except, of course, for the big hold-up, the exciting chase and the eventual blasting of Humphrey by the cops, as exciting and nerve-thrilling a movie finish as this reporter has ever seen.

Director Raoul Walsh has combined sentiment and melodramatic action in a neat blend here. The movie flows steadily, if a bit lethargically, and it always holds your attention.

The acting honors are about equally split between Lupino and Bogart, both of them are absolutely topnotch. Joan Leslie, whom Warners has a lot of big hopes for, does not quite come through. It is hard to understand, from this picture, just why Warners think she is a big star-to-be. But it is her first film, and she is immature and nervous. Let's



not make up our minds until we see her again.

There are a lot of supporting roles, and almost all of them are well handled, notably those by Arthur Kennedy, Henry Travers, Cornel Wilde and Donald MacBride. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Warners.*

### ★★★½ Reaching for the Sun

One of the most difficult problems movie-makers have to face is how to get out of the rut, how to keep from saying the same thing over and over again in the same old way. Once in a while someone thinks up a new formula, and eureka! Such a case, for instance, is "Reaching for the Sun." It's not the greatest movie ever made, it hasn't the finest acting or the most magnificent background—but it's real, and it packs a wallop. Hats off, lads!

You may have read this as a novel when it was named "F.O.B. Detroit." If so, it will surprise you to learn that it is a comedy now. And what will surprise you even more will be the knowledge that the transition was managed without a single change of the book's actual story line. It is still life as it is lived in Detroit in the shadow of the automobile industry, and it is not a very pretty picture—but it is good fun and real entertainment nevertheless.

Joel McCrea is shown as a big country kid with only one dream or hope; he wants to live in the open, in the woods, on the shore and scratch a living by digging clams. In order to do this, he needs an outboard motor for his dinghy, so he goes down to Detroit and gets a job on the assembly line. He meets a girl, Ellen Drew, marries her, and there is a baby. It looks as if the smoke and the filth of the factory have Joel down for the count. But at the end he wins out, gets his motor and takes his family up north—to the land, to life, to clean air, to sun.

Joel is very convincing and likeable as the country lad with simple desires and dreams. Ellen is a bit too pretty and ladylike for her role; the part was written with a tougher, rougher gal in mind. The reason Ellen got the assignment, probably, is that the producer figured he needed something good to look at, what with factories, machinery and such in the background. Another topnotch performance is turned in by Eddie Bracken, in his first starring role, as Joe's city-bred sidekick. He supplies most of the comedy, of course, and he's plenty good.

Director Wellman and scenarist W. L. River rate a lot of credit for this picture. There are very few men who could have taken such a basically depressing story and managed to keep it light and pleasant without deviating from the facts. Directed by William Wellman.—*Paramount.*

### ★★★½ The Lady Eve

There's a lot of fun in this movie and laughs galore—but that's not what makes it important; the reason it is an important movie is that it gives you a new Barbara Stanwyck and a new Henry Fonda. You think you know these two people? Well, you don't—as you will admit after you've seen them romp and cavort in "The Lady Eve." Neither one of them has had such opportunities previously—or taken them in stride as well.

There isn't an awful lot of sense in "The Lady Eve" as a story. It's not especially new and—well, we might as well admit it—some of it is certainly pretty corny. But it is the handling that counts. The dialogue is fresh, the acting is inspired, and the pace is terrific.

The story starts on a luxury cruiser



**Jane Macdonald**, Palm Beach teacher, the essence of whose charm is her daintiness.



**Vivien Reynolds**, of the Baltimore Studio, dances La Conga for hours without wilting! Lovely to watch? Just as "sweet" in a close-up!

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somewhere in the South Seas. Fonda is the very rich son of a very rich father and is returning from an expedition of some sort. On the boat are Barbara and her pop, Charles Coburn, a seemingly innocent and likeable gent who enjoys playing cards—but who never loses. Barbara is his foil. She goes after Hank, lands him with a thud, and then (yes, it's too bad, but we told you there isn't much basic story originality) she spoils it all by falling in love with the guy. He finds out about her past and gives her the air.

At this point, the story picks up steam and goes around a corner. Barbara vows revenge, masquerades as a titled British Lady, gets taken up by the smart set, is invited to Fonda's home and throws him into utter confusion. He thinks it is simply a case of remarkable similarity between two people, falls in love with her all over again, marries her—and then she gives him the gate.

Broken down this way, it doesn't sound too good—but honestly, it's very fast, very zippy, very amusing and full of honest-to-goodness belly-laughs.

Barbara and Henry are both topnotch, and you'll probably fall off your seat at Henry's deadpan business as he takes fall after fall in old-fashioned comedy routine manner. To help, there is an exceptionally capable cast including a magnificent job by Charles Coburn and excellent work by Will Demarest, Eugene Palette and Eric Blore.

While we're handing out laurels, let's not forget one of the top cups—which goes to writer-director Preston Sturges. Once more he comes through to the very top of the heap by instilling his characters with life and zest, dialogue and action—just as he did in "The Great McGinty" and "Christmas in July." Directed by Preston Sturges.—Paramount.

## ★★★ Mr. and Mrs. Smith

One of the more curious legends about show business is that the comic always wants to play Hamlet and vice versa. Here is more proof of this old saw. Alfred Hitchcock, who has built up a fully-deserved reputation as the top director of tense and melodramatic action, insists on going into competition with a dozen or so other topnotch directors—but in *their* field, not in *his*. "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is a comedy—and a pretty good one in spots—but it hasn't the pace or the timing which comedy (especially in American films) must have.

The story of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is the same comedy premise we've been kicking around in films for a year or so—two people are married, but they're not married, or are they? There have been about a dozen variations on this theme of late, and chances are that this is the picture which'll wash 'em all up. There can't be any more ways of twisting the theme around, we hope.

In this particular case, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery find out, after five years of married life, that because of a legal mistake, they are not man and wife. Bob is willing to go right ahead, but Carole has different ideas. So, too, has Bob's partner, Gene Raymond, who goes on the make for Carole. Oh, sure, it all ends happily with Carole and Bob reunited legally—but not until there has been some rather hilarious *double-entendre* business and a lot of chasing to and fro.

Thinking back on the film, it becomes obvious that there is a lot of good stuff in it; some of the business is screamingly funny. But a good deal of it is in shockingly bad taste—and almost all of it is paced in so lethargic and happy-go-lucky a manner as to annoy. The

only way this sort of thing can be sold is by playing it so fast that the audience doesn't get a chance to think. The audience will do a lot of thinking through this one.

Carole is beautiful and desirable in the lead role, her best part of the year, and Montgomery, too, is at top form; it should do both of them a lot of good. Raymond is not quite sure of himself as the other man; seems like a directorial fault, too, because Gene is forced to underplay Montgomery too much. There are several good bit performances, but this trio has by far the greatest percentage of the action. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.—RKO-Radio.

## ★★★ Come Live With Me

Jimmy Stewart and Hedy Lamarr are a happy enough combination to insure almost any movie, even when the story is as slim and lightweight as this one. It's a comedy with romance, and if it has to prove anything, it proves that Jimmy and Hedy complement each other beautifully. Both have a good deal of histrionic similarity, especially in their handling of whimsical comedy.

Hedy is a Viennese in the story, and it is important that she get married—but quick—in order to become an American citizen; otherwise, she'll be deported. She's infatuated with Ian Hunter, a publisher who happens to be married. She meets Jimmy Stewart, a literary novice without a dime, and they arrange an immediate wedding. In return for his citizenship protection, Jimmy is to get her money. Naturally, they are not to fall in love with each other, but as would happen, they do. How does Jimmy keep from being a heel? Simple. He sells a novel, makes a mint of money, pays Hedy back her investment, and they live happily ever after.

Pretty convenient, all that, and pretty obvious, but it's chuck-full of pleasant incidents, and the playing is fresh and sprightly throughout. Also, Clarence Brown's direction is deft and keeps things humming.

There's a little disappointment in the Hunter role; he deserves better things. Verree Teasdale and Donald Meek are swell, and there is a new actress, a 70-year-young woman named Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who grabs a surprisingly big hunk of the honors. Imagine getting a start in life at the age of 70! But she's good. Directed by Clarence Brown.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

## ★★★ Tall, Dark and Handsome

The studios are worrying about gangster pictures again, which is a bit strange, since you would think that everything there is to say on the subject has been said over and over again. Anyway, here is a lampoon of a gangster film, a cute comedy take-off which won't inspire you to write letters home, but which will give you a lot of chuckles and a couple of good full-throated laughs.

The title refers to Cesar Romero, a racketeer whom everyone fears as a nasty killer, but who actually is a softie with a heart of gold. He's so soft, in fact, that he can't get himself to knock off his rival gangsters. Instead, he kidnaps them and keeps them (luxuriously tended) in a private jail, while he sends out word that they've been erased. Which, of course, is what eventually gets him into trouble.

Virginia Gilmore, as his moll, is a lovely dish to set before anybody's eyes; she is probably the fastest stepping young filly in Hollywood these days, and she'll be an important star before you know it.



Milton Berle (with his new streamlined schnozz) is very funny as Romero's left-hand man. He's headed up again, probably to stay this time. Sheldon Leonard is a guy to watch and remember. He's a heavy who ought to find a lot of movie work. This is only his second picture (he did a small bit in a "Thin Man" movie about a year ago), but he makes a lasting impression.

Charlotte Greenwood, Frank Jenks and Marc Lawrence are best among the supporting players, and the director is deserving of a healthy nod for keeping things moving speedily and merrily throughout. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

### ★★★ Michael Shayne, Detective

This is a neat job which ought to be dished out to Hollywood film-makers as a good example of how it can be done. It's an inexpensive, unobtrusive little picture and has nothing at all to recommend it ahead of time (not even a good title, which is criminal), but once you get into the theatre, you'll love it. It's entertainment!

Most of the credit belongs to the writers, Stanley Rauh and Manning O'Connor, because what makes the picture sparkle is the crisp, easy dialogue and the newness of situations used to tell a routine murder yarn. Lloyd Nolan is in the title role, with Marjorie Weaver for the feminine lead, and both of them move up the ladder just by being associated with the film.

Nolan is a flip gumshoe who knows all the answers. Clarence Kolb is a rich gent who hires Lloyd to watch Miss Weaver because she can't keep away from race-tracks and roulette. Her boy friend, a big-time gambler, is knocked off; Nolan has to protect her, and almost gets himself in a pickle. Sure, the result is routine—but not before a terrifically tense finale chase.

Best among the supporting players are Walter Abel, Donald MacBride and George Meeker. And the direction is worthy of a nod; it's sure and perfectly paced. Directed by Eugene Forde.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

### ★★½ Maisie Was a Lady

Ann Sothern in a new Maisie picture is, of course, almost always good news. The current episode in the series, like its predecessors, has a lot of sparkle and good fun—but the authors cheated a bit on the story content, so that it emerges none too successfully.

Maisie manages to get herself a job as a maid in a houseful of rich people. They are the type of movie rich that you're supposed to feel sorry for, because they've got nothing but their millions to console 'em. Well, Maisie tells them what's the matter with them. She manages to get Lew Ayres off his daily binge and weans him down to a mild drunk every other Saturday; she convinces Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew's sister, that the guy she is about to marry is a cad who's only after her money; and so on and so forth. After everyone is told off, put on the road to pure and simple living standards, Maisie trudges on to, we suspect, another movie. Which is okay by us, because most of 'em are sure to be better than this one.

All the supporting roles are played in character and are very routine. Nothing is wrong with Maureen, Lew, C. Aubrey Smith, or any of the others—except that you know all about them the minute they first emerge on the screen. Directed by Edward L. Marin.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.



"Remember the tune they were singing...the night we fell in love?"

A picture for everyone who's ever been...or ever will be in love...a romantic note for heart-strings... joyously reuniting two exciting stars!

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*Margaret Sullavan*

the screen in 1933—and with Maggie Sullavan and Charles Boyer co-

starred in Universal's stirring re-make, it looks as if history's going to repeat itself!





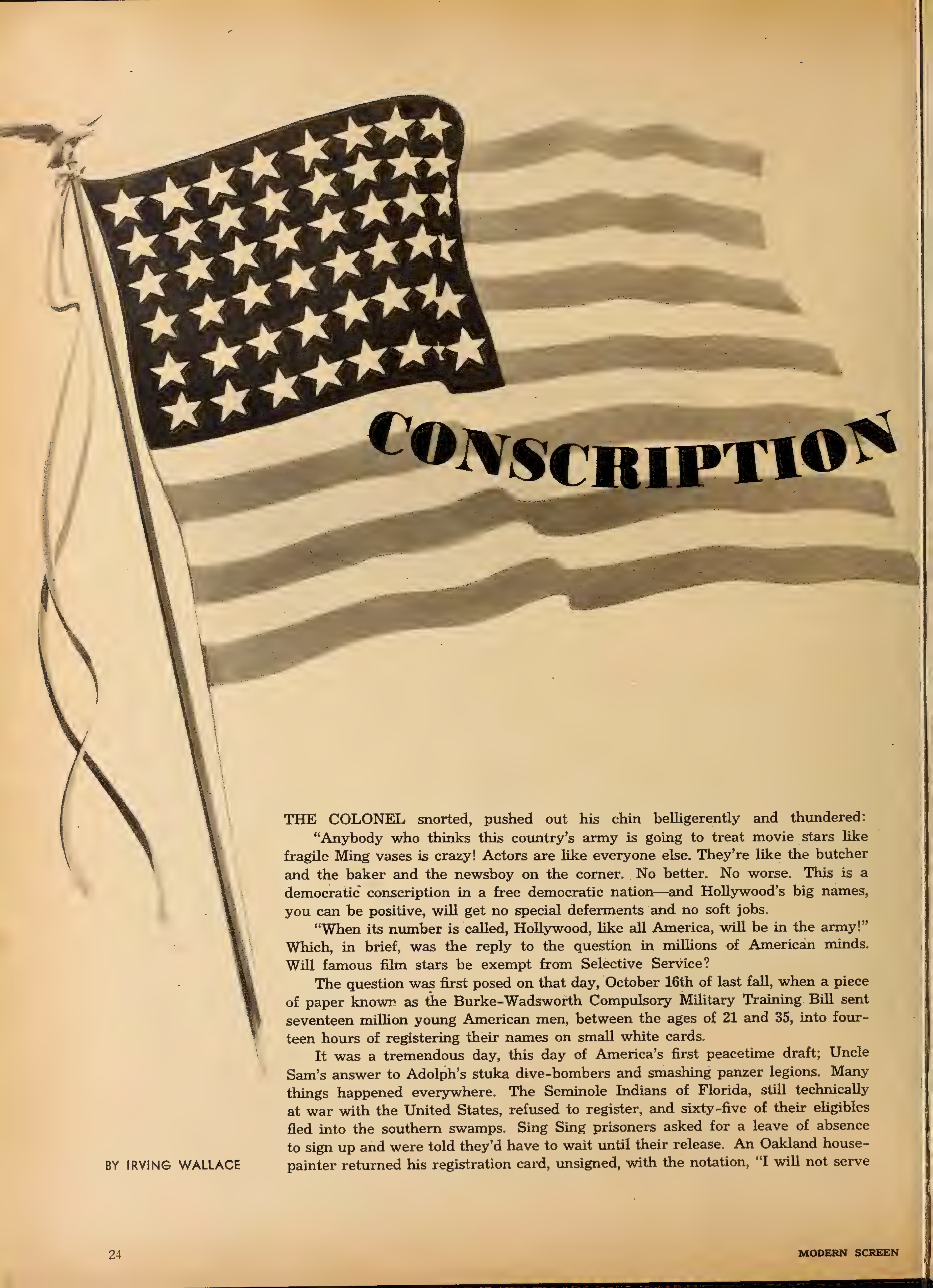




EUGENE ROBERT RICHEL

If you haven't been a Joel McCrea addict for years, his latest film  
will cinch it. He's wonderful as the big, bewildered factory worker in *Joel McCrea*  
Paramount's thrill-packed modern romance—"Reaching for the Sun"





# CONSCRIPTION

THE COLONEL snorted, pushed out his chin belligerently and thundered:

"Anybody who thinks this country's army is going to treat movie stars like fragile Ming vases is crazy! Actors are like everyone else. They're like the butcher and the baker and the newsboy on the corner. No better. No worse. This is a democratic conscription in a free democratic nation—and Hollywood's big names, you can be positive, will get no special deferments and no soft jobs.

"When its number is called, Hollywood, like all America, will be in the army!" Which, in brief, was the reply to the question in millions of American minds. Will famous film stars be exempt from Selective Service?

The question was first posed on that day, October 16th of last fall, when a piece of paper known as the Burke-Wadsworth Compulsory Military Training Bill sent seventeen million young American men, between the ages of 21 and 35, into fourteen hours of registering their names on small white cards.

It was a tremendous day, this day of America's first peacetime draft; Uncle Sam's answer to Adolph's stuka dive-bombers and smashing panzer legions. Many things happened everywhere. The Seminole Indians of Florida, still technically at war with the United States, refused to register, and sixty-five of their eligibles fled into the southern swamps. Sing Sing prisoners asked for a leave of absence to sign up and were told they'd have to wait until their release. An Oakland house-painter returned his registration card, unsigned, with the notation, "I will not serve

BY IRVING WALLACE



# HITS HOLLYWOOD ★★★

**WHO ARE THE ELIGIBLES? WHICH ONES  
WILL BE CONSCRIPTED? HERE, EXCLUSIVELY,  
ARE THE ANSWERS DIRECT  
FROM FILMVILLE'S DRAFT BOARDS!**

in any army or navy as long as Roosevelt is dictator of the United States." Eight New York divinity students, deaf to pleas of their instructors, accepted a year and a day in jail rather than join the draft. Mr. Yet Yow, a Chinese citizen of Manhattan, brought 5,000 fellow Chinese who could not speak English to the draft board, explaining, "I tell them they will get a chance to fight Japan. They come with me quick!"

Thus, on that day the melting pot registered for defense. And on that day, too, Hollywood joined the army, in a manner of speaking. Renowned actors in sleek black cars went to their local draft boards. And days later, Jimmy Stewart broke front pages coast to coast when his number was among the first drawn. Sterling Holloway and Lee Bowman followed him closely with low draft digits.

Hollywood promptly found the draft lucrative. Paramount lined up a picture, "Caught In The Draft," for Bob Hope. Republic started "You'll Never Get Rich," a conscription comedy. Two fellows wrote a song, "The Army Builds Men." Zanuck decided to do some short features for boys in the conscription camps. Woody Van Dyke, director of "Bitter Sweet," turned his M-G-M office into a Marine recruiting station and left to become a Major in the 22nd Battalion of the Marine Corps Reserves. Then, of course, there were some typical Hollywood gags on the draft, parody verses, ideas for three-act plays and plenty of gossip.

And American mothers, sisters, sweethearts, relatives, who had seen their beloved and near ones leave for a year's education in the Star Spangled Manner, looked questioningly at Hollywood. They looked at their cinema Gods, and they wondered. Did Clark Gable register? And Errol Flynn? And Tyrone Power? Had Hollywood sent anyone to the army camps? Would Hollywood send anyone in the future? And when the stars went, would they get the easiest jobs?

Well, to begin with, most of Hollywood's greatest names, many of them Academy Award winners, didn't even register! They didn't register, not because they were slackers or divinity students or Seminoles, but because they were under or over the draft age.

On October 16, 1940, Clark Gable did not appear for registration. He was 39 years old. Nelson Eddy and Gary Cooper did not appear. They, too, were 39. Brian Aherne didn't register. He was 38 years old. Fred Astaire and Spencer Tracy were 40. Pat O'Brien was 41.

And now remember again, please, that the Burke-Wadsworth Bill was directed exclusively at those Americans under the age of 35 and over 21!



Allan Jones would make a topnotch cavalryman.



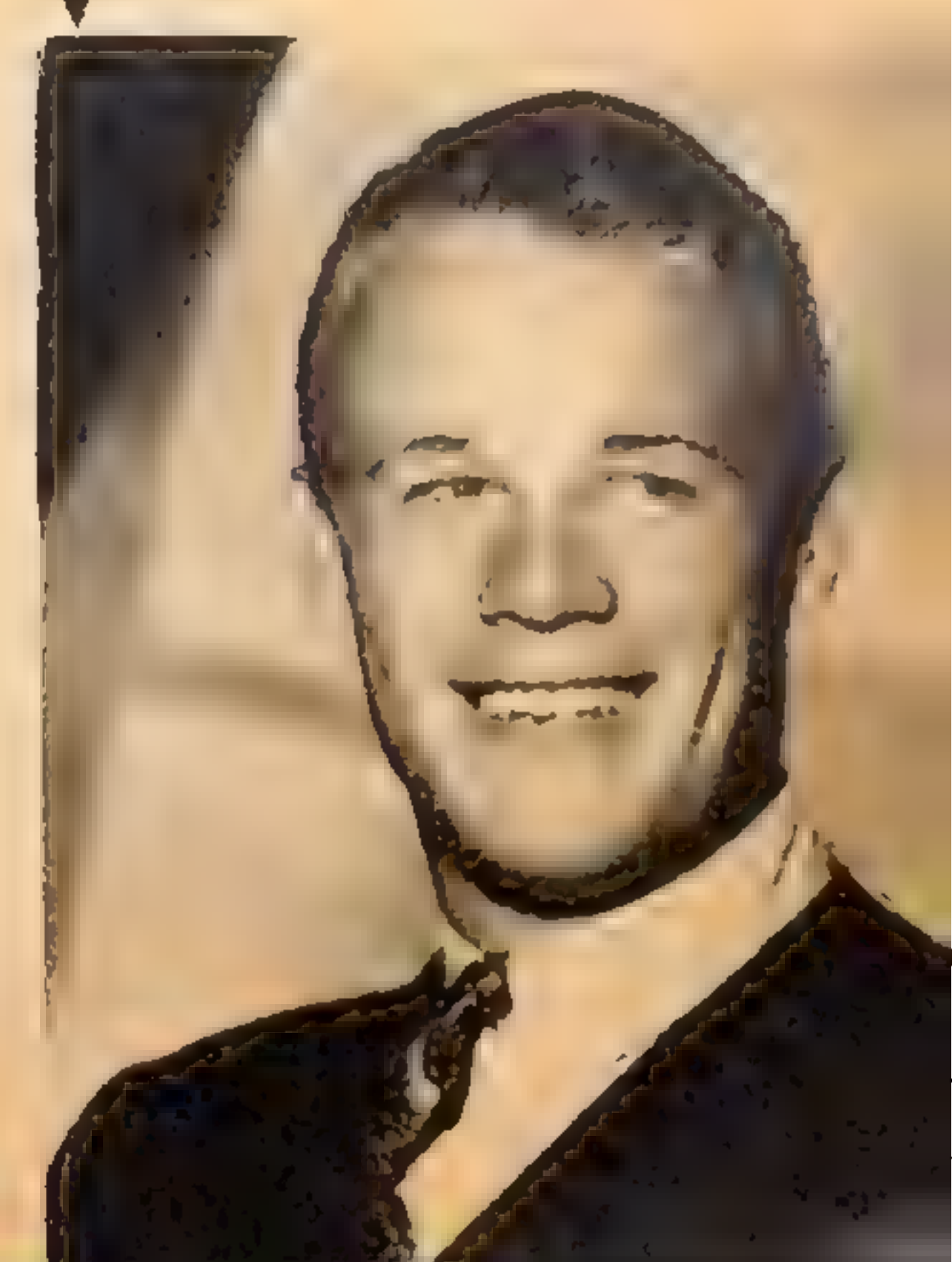
The army excludes crack-shooter Gary Cooper!



Licensed pilot Ty would choose the air corps.



Bellamy's just over-age. Wayne has dependents.







Brian fought with the Lafayette Escadrille.



Welshman Milland is an ex-British cavalryman.



George Brent is an experienced secret service man!



Jimmy's an ace flyer. Eddie likes the Navy.



## CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD

*Continued*

Many Hollywood stars just missed being eligible. Some by a matter of days or weeks. George Brent, whose experience as a flyer, miner and sailor might be invaluable to the army, was 36 years old. Bruce Cabot, Jim Cagney and Bing Crosby were all a year over the top eligibility age. Ralph Bellamy became 36 four months before registration. Buddy Ebsen turned ineligible six months before the draft. Robert Montgomery, fresh from piloting an ambulance through flame-gutted France, celebrated his 36th birthday five months before signature time. Lloyd Nolan's birthday came three months before the draft. And George Raft, whose lack of height would have made him ineligible anyway, was counted out by becoming 36 only four weeks before registration.

There was one stickler, however. Many stars, like other citizens throughout the nation, were in their 35th year and signed for the draft only a few days or weeks or months before their 36th birthdays. A delicate point arose. Would these men, perhaps 37 or 38 by the time they were called, finally be exempt?

For example, Mischa Auer, aged 35 at the time of the draft, had to sign the little white card for Selective Service; four weeks later, he became 36. And Brian Donlevy, whose knowledge of blacksmithing made him a great bet for the army, became 36 some four months after he'd registered. And the case of Dick Powell, aged 35 years 11 months when he signed up.

Well, what about Mischa, Brian and Dick? What about all men who'd signed just on the verge of their 36th birthdays? Would these men, at first eligible as draftees, now become ineligible? The answer, according to officials, is "These men are today eligible!" When they are called, they will have to reply.

Inversely, the same problem popped up among the younger set. Jackie Cooper, Gene Reynolds and most of the "Dead End" kids were under 21 and too young. Mickey Rooney, box office king of the year, was only 20 at the time of the conscription—and will not reach the eligible age until September of this year. And Tim Holt, son of the cowboy actor, did not become 21 until a third of a year after registration.

What about Mickey and Tim? When they reached the legal age, would they automatically become eligible for the draft? The answer on this point is, "No." In fact, all fellows who were under 21 last October 16 will not have to worry about army camps, not yet, anyway. Their time will come only, and if, President Roosevelt issues a new proclamation for another official registration. And even then, Mickey Rooney probably would not have to join a camp because his height, five feet two, and his weight, 127, would make him ineligible for the United States army; and Tim Holt, a married man of two years with wife and child already dependent upon his income, would probably also be exempt from donning the olive drab.

However, as most patriotic citizens already know, eligibility for Selective Service requires other factors besides proper age. The next consideration is exact weight and height plus good health.

No man under five feet or over six-feet-six will be considered. No man under 105 pounds of weight or over 205 pounds will be accepted, though the weight requirements have been and are being treated with more elasticity. The average six-footer is expected to tip the scale at no less than 145 pounds and no more than 190.

Other items such as bad eyes, flat feet, various illnesses will all be considered toward deferring a man. Thus, while there's no way of checking the physical health of most movie actors at the present time, it's not too difficult to recognize those who may be exempt from draft duty because of their personal peculiar height and weight problems.

John Howard, who made a great hit in "The Philadelphia Story," though eligible in every other way, may get the army go-by because he is so light. Jeffrey Lynn, unmarried and holder of a low draft number, available for call any day now, is also underweight for his six foot frame. Burgess Meredith, (Continued on page 85)



NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
AHERNE, BRIAN	38	•	6' 2"	•	186	•	married wife inactive
ALBERT, EDDIE	33	•	5' 11"	•	160	•	unmarried
ALLEN, FRED	46	•	5' 11½"	•	176	•	married wife working
AMECHE, DON	30	•	6'	•	170	•	married wife inactive four children
ARLEN, RICHARD	40	•	5' 11"	•	150	•	divorced one child
ARNAZ, DESI	23	•	5' 10"	•	145	•	married wife working
ASTAIRE, FRED	40	•	5' 9"	•	140	•	married wife inactive two children
ATWILL, LIONEL	55	•	5' 10½"	•	172	•	married wife inactive one child
AUER, MISCHA	36	•	6' 2"	•	165	•	divorced two children
AUTRY, GENE	33	•	6'	•	165	•	married wife inactive
AYRES, LEW	32	•	5' 9"	•	150	•	divorced
BAKER, BOB	26	•	6'	•	180	•	married wife inactive three children
BANCROFT, GEORGE	58	•	6' 2"	•	195	•	married wife inactive one child
BARRY, DON	29	•	5' 8"	•	160	•	married wife working
BARRYMORE, JOHN	58	•	5' 10"	•	150	•	divorced three children
BARRYMORE, LIONEL	62	•	6'	•	155	•	widower
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD	43	•	5' 9"	•	150	•	married wife inactive two children
BAXTER, WARNER	47	•	5' 10¾"	•	150	•	married wife inactive
BEERY, NOAH, JR.	25	•	6' 1"	•	170	•	married wife inactive
BEERY, WALLACE	52	•	6' 1"	•	189	•	divorced four children
BELLAMY, RALPH	36	•	6' ½"	•	189	•	married wife inactive
BENCHLEY, ROBERT	51	•	5' 7"	•	160	•	married wife inactive two children
BENNY, JACK	46	•	5' 9"	•	150	•	married wife working one child

(Continued on page 60)



# LOVE *vs.* CAREER...

BY IDA ZEITLIN

**GERALDINE FITZGERALD HAS  
AN EXTRAORDINARY SOLUTION  
TO THAT AGE-OLD STICKLER!**



When he married Geraldine four years ago, English-born Edward Lindsay-Hogg not only adopted her family — but her nationality!

Geraldine Fitzgerald met her husband at the horse show in Dublin. She was seventeen. He was a close friend of her elder brother's. She thought him very attractive, only she was engaged to someone else at the time. He, too, had other commitments. She remembered now having heard her brother say so. In view of her own situation, it was unreasonable that the memory should have irked her.

Suddenly her head started to swim. Not through love at first sight, but because crowds affect her that way. She fell flat on her face in a faint. In his agitation, her father picked her up face down while a helpful friend grabbed her by the heels. Thus, ignominiously, she was borne away in full view of young Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. "It was a flat beginning," she observes.

He's the chief reason behind her six-months-a-year contract with the brothers Warner, but her family runs him a close second. She puts human relationships above professional advancement. She's an actress, true, and wants to go on being one but not at the risk of her marriage nor of permanent separation from her beloved people in Ireland. If her movie career should sicken and die under six months' absent treatment, that would be sad, but she could bear it. What she couldn't bear would be any least weakening of the bond between herself and those she loves.

So her contract reads that she shall be free from March 1st to September 1st of each year. "That clause," she says, "is like my marriage lines. Nothing in heaven or earth can budge it. Come fire or flood or act of man or God, six months of the year are mine.

"I don't mean to imply that you can't be happily married in Hollywood. That would be silly and smug, nor is it true. But if I worked all year 'round, we'd be building our lives around my work. We'd be making my work the all-important crux of existence, which it isn't. We're the crux—my husband, the baby and I, my father and mother, my sister and brothers, my uncles and cousins and aunts. Eddy's an orphan, so he's taken my family over. We're never really happy unless we're all together. Even if some of us don't get on, we'd far rather scrap with each other than pine apart."

Miss Fitzgerald is slim and young and, in a dirndl, auburn hair falling to her shoulders, looks like a child. She meets you, too, with the gravity of a well-mannered child, behind which you soon detect an impish and beguiling humor. She's of the new breed of players that's vitalizing Hollywood's bloodstream. It wasn't her beauty that brought her crashing into the public eye in "Dark Victory," but a performance compelling in its truth and simplicity. The same kind of integrity is apparent in the girl. Plus a sparkle that may be Irish or may be pure Fitzgerald. If she's a fair sample of what her family produces, you don't wonder that they like being together.

It's a one-for-all-and-all-for-one clan. With all their young men in France during the last war, Geraldine's (Continued on page 75)





Geraldine started her career as "atmosphere" in Dublin theatricals at 19; at 26, she's a star in "Winged Victory!" Has four idiosyncrasies—can't stand perfume, caviar and Hollywood's famous climate, and will employ only female chauffeurs.





Incredible but true! Mary Beth Hughes, the twenty-one-year-old ex-convent gal who's currently dazzling Milton Berle, rises at six—regardless of her bedtime!

## *Candidly Yours,*

**CATCHING THEM OFF THEIR GUARD!**



We hear Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour are putting their 6-month-old romance on ice. His pals are betting that the rich and handsome Greg and Lana Turner will eventually take up where they left off.



Lovely Irene Hervey breaks up a bull session to ask Hank Fonda for the next rhumba. Her hubby, Allan Jones (who, incidentally, is sporting a twelve-dollar tie), is an incurable sitter-outer.



Greer Garson, who's 5' 8", and boss Ernst Lubitsch aren't letting a couple of measly inches come between them! They talk constantly on the dance floor in strong British and German accents respectively.





**1** The unpredictable John Carroll, who stunned Hollywood when he built a huge Southern mansion on top of Lookout Mountain, is now stunning Edmond O'Brien by dating his fiancée, Nancy Kelly.

**2** Bill Powell—who flunked out of Thin Man films when he gained a dozen pounds—terrorizes his wife of one year with an eyebrow pencil moustache. Ginger Rogers, unescorted, dead-panned it all.

**3** Ann Rutherford (who calls everyone she likes a “dream job”) checks up on the Auer and Devine calories. Andy—in sideburns for his next role—should drop 50 pounds; Mischa should gain 20!

**4** Since his marriage to socialite Lillian Barker, that erstwhile gloomy gus, Chester Morris, couldn't be up to more tricks! Would you believe he's the dad of 2 kids (10 and 12) by his first wife?



The Rog Pryors, who tiffed loud 'n' long, because Mr. P. loves to fly and Ann tried to clip his wings, have evidently signed an armistice. They're hand-holding practically nightly at the gay new Mocambo.

The Buddy Adlers—they'll soon be first anniversary-ing—ogle the colossal artificial orchid that rests on a special pillow in the elegant foyer of Hollywood's newest nitery—the Scheherezade.

Hollywood's official cheerer-upper, Eddie Bergen (just recuperated from a flu siege), does a job on Mary Pickford. She's been none too chipper since Buddy Rogers' studio sued her for breach of his contract.





In spite of skeptics, husky (6' 4", 200 lbs.) Forrest Tucker and wife, ex-Earl Carroll gal Sandra Jolley, are inseparable.



Alice Faye's ex, Tony Martin, still favors blondes, so Idaho's prodigy, Lana Turner, 20, lightens her locks accordingly!



Ex-football player Bill Marshall is fast upsetting Helen Gilbert's plans for an extended musical and movie career!



To date, New York deb Cobina Wright has netted herself a juicy Hollywood contract plus blueblood Bob Stack!





**British Binnie Barnes, 33, and husband No. 2, announcer Mike Frankovitch, fête their 6-month wedding anniversary!**



**Prettiest bride of the season was Brenda Joyce, 23, who wed first love Owen Ward, Los Angeles accountant, Jan. 18.**

**Margaret Roach, Hal's 19-year-old actress daughter, and airplane-producer Jeff Steele will make it a date in June!**

**Cuban Desi Arnaz's wife, 29-year-old Lucille Ball, just gobbles fattening food to add to her 120 pound, 5'6½" figure!**







Hedy plays opposite Jimmy Stewart in her latest picture, "Come Live With Me."

# THINK WITH YOUR Heart

Hollywood is second-guessing about Hedy Lamarr. This means Hedy, after a long time of getting nowhere, is going somewhere. This also means you don't have to play the Hollywood game if, by chance, you know a better one.

Hedy knows a better game. Her father taught it to her when she was a little girl. And through the years—even through the last six years since his death—her father has been on the sidelines calling the word that has always been a kind of signal between them . . . "Hedylendelein, Hedylendelein . . ."

To understand how Hedy and her father came to play this game, it's necessary to know about the underlying story of her life, a story which has never been told before.

When Hedy was a little girl in Vienna, her father used to go to the cathedral to pray for the woman she would one day be. He never beseeched wealth or fame for her, only happiness. For he knew she would not win happiness easily. Even as a child she gave promise of beauty that would spring like a bright flame from the tilt of her soft eyes, the cut of her ripe mouth, and the way her dark hair would lay against the pallor of her cheeks. And the price of such beauty is so often unhappiness.

"Think with your heart, Hedylendelein," Emil Kiesler used to caution his daughter. "For that's how the good Lord meant women to think. Think with your heart, and you'll win in the end, even though at times you seem to lose."

The Kieslers lived in a house in the hills. And, aware that words are not enough and the appetite grows on the food one tastes, Emil and Gertrude Kiesler sought to fill Hedy's life with warm, simple things, so that that would be the things she would seek for herself later on. They dressed her in little striped frocks with white collars and patent leather belts. They brushed her hair back smooth. They did not encourage her to dwell upon her looks. When spring came, supper was served outside under the trees. Mornings, before Emil Kiesler left for the Bank of Vienna where he was a director, Hedy carried the bird-cage into the garden where he fastened it on the green bough that reached across the sitting-room window. Solemn family councils decided who among their neighbors were kind enough to have one of the Kiesler's puppies. There were little jokes, and there were little ceremonies. And on birthdays and other occasions Hedy's mother always sent her a bouquet of forget-me-nots and a single pink rose.

Seasons swung into years. Hedy grew up.

"When I watch her, I'm afraid," Emil Kiesler told his wife one day. "She's impulsive and headstrong. Once she turns a certain way, it's impossible to swerve her. I used to fear for her to meet powerful men lest she learn their ambitious ways. Now I wonder where she'll find a man with a will to match her own."

Gertrude Kiesler drew the pale green floss through a leaf in her needlework. "Hedy's fifteen," she said. "Her nature is set. There's nothing we can do about her now. However, I feel it's just as well she's the way she is, Emil. For your prayers have been answered. She thinks with her heart. And I think that will mean she'll need courage and determination always."

Not long after this, Hedy quit school to work in the Sascha motion picture studios. She was fifteen-and-a-half, and she couldn't, she complained, wait any longer to start living. Then, completely unmindful of the criticism she invited, she appeared in the sensational "Ecstasy." And then she married very impressive and very important Fritz Mandl, the munitions tycoon.

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



**MORE IMPORTANT THAN HEDY'S TWO HUSBANDS OR HER DOZENS OF BEAUX, IS THE MAN HER BIOGRAPHERS FORGOT ALL ABOUT!**

In Fritz Mandl Hedy found a man with a will to match her own. Besides, she had never known such a young man before. The youth of post-war Austria lived more by words than deeds and thought more of what was their due than of what was their duty. And Hedy scorned them.

At first Hedy and Fritz Mandl were very happy. They lived in a great house in a great park. They entertained ambassadors, and their table was laid with gold plate. European couturiers, jewelers and furriers had orders to let Mandl know whenever they had a gown, a gem or a pelt that would suit his wife's famed beauty. And Hedy, in her youth, found natural excitement in all these things.

"Happy, Hedylendelein?" her father used to ask when he and her mother came to visit. "Happy?" And when she answered him, her eyes and her voice were as bright as her words.

Ever since Hedy had been a little girl, her mother had told her that her father was as kind as any man who ever lived. And although Hedy's love for her father had forever swung her eyes in his direction, she never had seen anything to make her doubt this was true. He always had a strange closeness with those who were worried or sad or in any pain. And in 1934, when he saw persecutions run rampant and realized it wouldn't be long before the cruelty and hatred would be far spread, it was more than he could endure. The shadow of things that were to come fell upon his heart and killed him.

Things were different with Hedy after her father died. Adult and realistic now, instead of young and romantic, she came to wonder if she was anything more than a rich man's possession, like the imported cars in the garage, the priceless wines in the cellar and the blooded dogs in the kennels. For Fritz Mandl, fearing Hedy's beauty might bewitch other men, (Continued on page 73)

Tucked away on her quiet farm, Hedy is still haunted by the eternal "Hedylendelein . . . Hedylendelein?"





# Tagging

## THE HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOYS ...

Believe me, I can't imagine why Modern Screen should consider me an authority on playboys. It came to me as rather a shock. Here I've always felt that I was pretty much of a Boy Scout, always preoccupied in the morning until I have thought out my good deed for the day. After that—sunny, gay, bright. A constant source of solace to family and friends. And now I find out I'm a night owl expert. It's discouraging, that's what it is. But a Boy Scout mustn't grumble, must he?

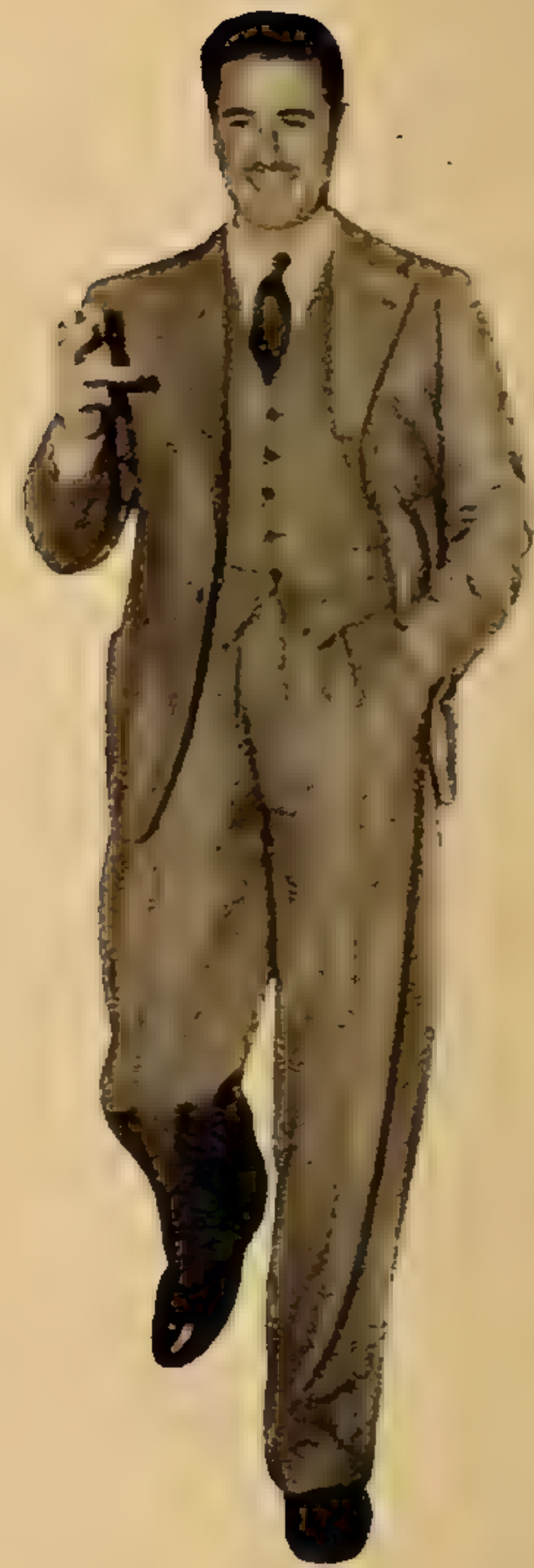
Now, in case my wife reads this, let me get this straight right away. I'm merely an observer taking an academic interest in the subject. Anything you've heard to the contrary is base slander. Of course some of the lads we are about to examine in the interest of science may feel the same way about it, and—if so—I can only advise them to use the same excuse I have laid out roughly above. Either that one, or the one about the whole thing being a sad case of mistaken identity. Thus, having provided them with two concrete alibis in advance and, at the same time, having accomplished my good deed for the day, we're ready to look over the various techniques.

Letting youth have its fling, let us first consider the younger generation. For example, there is Mickey Rooney. He and his cronies range through the late spots of a Saturday night with delicious little morsels, aged from sixteen to twenty-two. The truth is that these cubs play havoc in a den of iniquity, drinking Pepsi-Colas and, on a big night, even sinking to an ice cream soda. Thus fortified their hot, mad young blood racing, they take over the dance floor with such orgiastic enthusiasm that the more mature tacticians must retire sullenly to their tables and wait till the blitz dies down.

There is little to equal the fine disdain that curls the lips of Franchot Tone at one of these demonstrations. Franchot probably never went through that period. It is hard to imagine his cool suavity ever broken by loud and unrestrainable yelps of approval over a particularly neat roll on the drums. His forte in dealing with the opposite sex would seem to be reliance on well-rounded dialogue concerning a variety of artistic subjects. He might well have been a fraternity brother of Philo Vance, who professed to be a dilettante of considerable parts. There are girls, and dashed attractive ones, too, whom you can see sitting spellbound by the hour as Franchot discusses music, literature, painting with a casual accuracy that is astonishing and often misleading. Misleading, because as often as not Franchot's mind may not be on his chatter at all, but on the net effect he's having on the young lady. Eyes dizzy, head in a whirl from the subtleties of pure conversation, you can see her melt . . . and, in the quiver of a nostril, they are gone. . . .

And then there is di Cicco—Pat di Cicco, agent and *bon vivant*. Pat's place on the stagline is no passing thing. He is established. Solid as the Bank of England. He's been one of the more engaging "eligibles" for nigh onto a generation, and (Continued on page 94)

BY ERROL FLYNN



40-year-old Rudy Vallee (with Rosemary Coleman) was once married; prefers free-lancing.





Franchot Tone (with Carole Landis) is 35, very serious and a cynic about marriage.



"Butch" Romero (with Ann Sheridan) is 34—the ultimate in chivalry and a fabulous spender!



Reggie Gardiner (with Gertrude Niesen) never dates the same girl two nights in a row!

**BY THEIR "LINES" YOU SHALL KNOW 'EM, GIRLS—  
THE STAGLINE'S SMOOTHEST GRADUATE DIS-  
CLOSES TRADE SECRETS THAT'LL FLOOR YOU!**



Mickey Rooney (with Lois Ranson) is going on twenty-one and is the small fry's Diamond Jim Brady—doles out orchids, expensive perfume and even watches with his ice cream sodas!



Recently divorced from Bette Davis' stand-in, John Shelton forgets with Dot Heinz.



# happy ending

BY JEANNE KARR

**NEW KIND OF LOVE STORY—PROVING THAT TWO GUYS CAN LIKE THE SAME GIRL AND STILL BE PALS!**



Here's the story of a happy family: New arrangement.

The old arrangement must have been pretty good, too. It couldn't have been bad with Mary Martin as its hub. She's a girl who makes other people feel cheerful. But the old arrangement wasn't perfect. The new one is. Mary Martin thinks so; Richard Halliday, her husband, thinks so; and Larry Hagman, her nine-year-old son, pronounces it keen. While her mother beams at all three and works off her elation by hustling out to sell some more real estate.

There was just one feature of the marriage that disturbed Mary's offspring.

"Darling, I'm married," she told him. She'd flown to Las Vegas with Halliday the night before. Now the news had broken, and telephones were shrilling all over the house with calls from Texas and New York.

"Which one did you marry?"

"Dicky."

"That's good." Then a thought dropped like a pebble into the pool of his satisfaction. "Mimi—" (his name for her since babyhood, though now that he's nine, he's inclined to shorten it to Meem)—"Mimi, I have to talk to you quietly. Come on in here. It's the only place where they don't have telephones."

He led her to the bathroom. "Listen, Mimi, what are you going to do about all those other people?"

"What other people, honey?"

He named a number of Mary's ex-cavaliers. "What're *they* going to think?"

"Why, they'll think it's all right."

He shook a doubting head. "Those other people're going to feel pretty bad. I'll tell you what we mustn't do. We mustn't tell 'em."

It was shortly thereafter that his grandmother passed his room and heard sounds as of Larry talking to himself. She listened. He was weighing possible forms of address for his new parent. "Dicky—" he said, and let the sound fall on his ear—"Daddy Dick—Pal Dick—Dick, old boy." At the brisk note of the last, she choked and beat a hasty retreat. He settled for Dicky, though once in a while Dad pops out almost unaware and sets up a pleasant glow in Halliday's innards.

It was Larry's first wedding. He watched presents arrive by the bale and drew his own conclusions as to the proper course for a son of the house. Out driving with his grandmother one day, he said: "Stop the car, please, Nanny. I want to see that dog." A white wolfhound lay stretched on a lawn beside a sign that said: "Dog for sale."

"How much is it?" he asked the woman who answered their ring.

She smiled down at the very earnest face. "Too much for you, I'm afraid."

"Well, I want to buy it for my mother for her wedding present, and I picked this one out because it looks like them." (What he meant, nobody knows

Mary, star of "New York Town," is given to whims. She's constantly turning from blonde to brunette!



exactly, though the Princess Olga is long and lean like Dick and—like Mary—a dark-eyed blonde). “I have twenty-five dollars in the bank. Would that be enough?”

“Do you think your mother would love the dog? That’s pretty important.”

“Sure, I guess she would. She loves most anything I give her.”

So the bargain was struck. Larry phoned Mary at the studio. “When you get home, there’s something in the back yard. You’re supposed to love it.”

Mary got home early to find a wolfhound so desolate with homesickness that it barked and screamed at its new owner’s approach. Larry, who was spending the day with his grandmother, phoned again. “D’you love it?” he inquired anxiously.

“Honey, we’re crazy about it,” yelled Mary to make herself heard above the howls of the Princess Olga.



Mary (with Dick Powell) sings constantly for her own and Mr. H’s amusement, occasionally for radio listener-inners.

You should see her now, though—the darling of the house and eating it up. “Here comes my husband,” says Mary, pricking her ears to the sound of a step on the walk. The door opens. “Hello, beautiful,” calls a masculine voice. Olga, the Princess, having more legs, gets there first. You hear murmured endearments in the lobby, then Mary’s firm, “Shut up, Princess, he means me,” as she clammers over three feet of wriggling wolfhound to get into her husband’s arms.

They reappear together—a tall, dark man with his arm round a slim, small girl in a beige skirt and sweater. His features are those of a monk out of the Middle Ages—sensitive, fine-cut, almost ascetic—but his expression is that of a twentieth-century gent in love with his wife. She laughs at him—fetching with her soft brown eyes under soft blonde hair and her infectious good spirits. It seems that Richard, busy



Dick thinks Mary’s “the most beautiful thing that ever lived.” She thinks he’s “absolutely a genius—but sweet anyway.”

at the agency of which he’s story editor, hasn’t had lunch yet, though it’s three o’clock. She’s offered, not too convincingly, to fix him some.

“Just the busy little housewife,” he leers, “for benefit of press. Look, the press knows perfectly well that you can’t cook.”

“The press,” says Mary, “never tasted my chocolate cake.” She speaks with acid deliberation. “The press never made a pig of itself on my chocolate cake. The press never gorged on my chocolate cake till it fairly dripped out of the press’ ears.”

Richard throws up his hands and flees toward the lunch Mary never had any intention of fixing, leaving her to tell the story of her gradual metamorphosis into a housewife. “*Very gradual*,” she says.

First, there was the house. They had no trouble picking it. They’d fallen in love with it when they’d gone house-hunting with Richard’s mother, who was planning to move to the Coast. Her plans fell through, so the junior Hallidays snapped the treasure up. It’s white brick and frame, and stands on a minor hill in Bel-Air, the front lawn with its lovely trees sloping toward the road, the garden rising in terraces behind. They moved in twenty days after their marriage.

Then—not before—came the furniture. Mary’d lived in hotels and in homes run by her mother. She had the feeling that furniture came along and walked itself into one’s house. She was both hurt and indignant on discovering her error. But the business of Mary’s furniture is a twice-told tale, so we’ll skip it here.

Then came the servants. Mary handled the servant problem like a general. Her studio maid had proved a dud. “Call somewhere,” she told her secretary, “and get somebody.”

It was a feverish day on the set. “Hand me this,” said Mary. “Hand me that!” This and that were handed her. Not till the end of the day did she look up into a serene and (Continued on page 88)





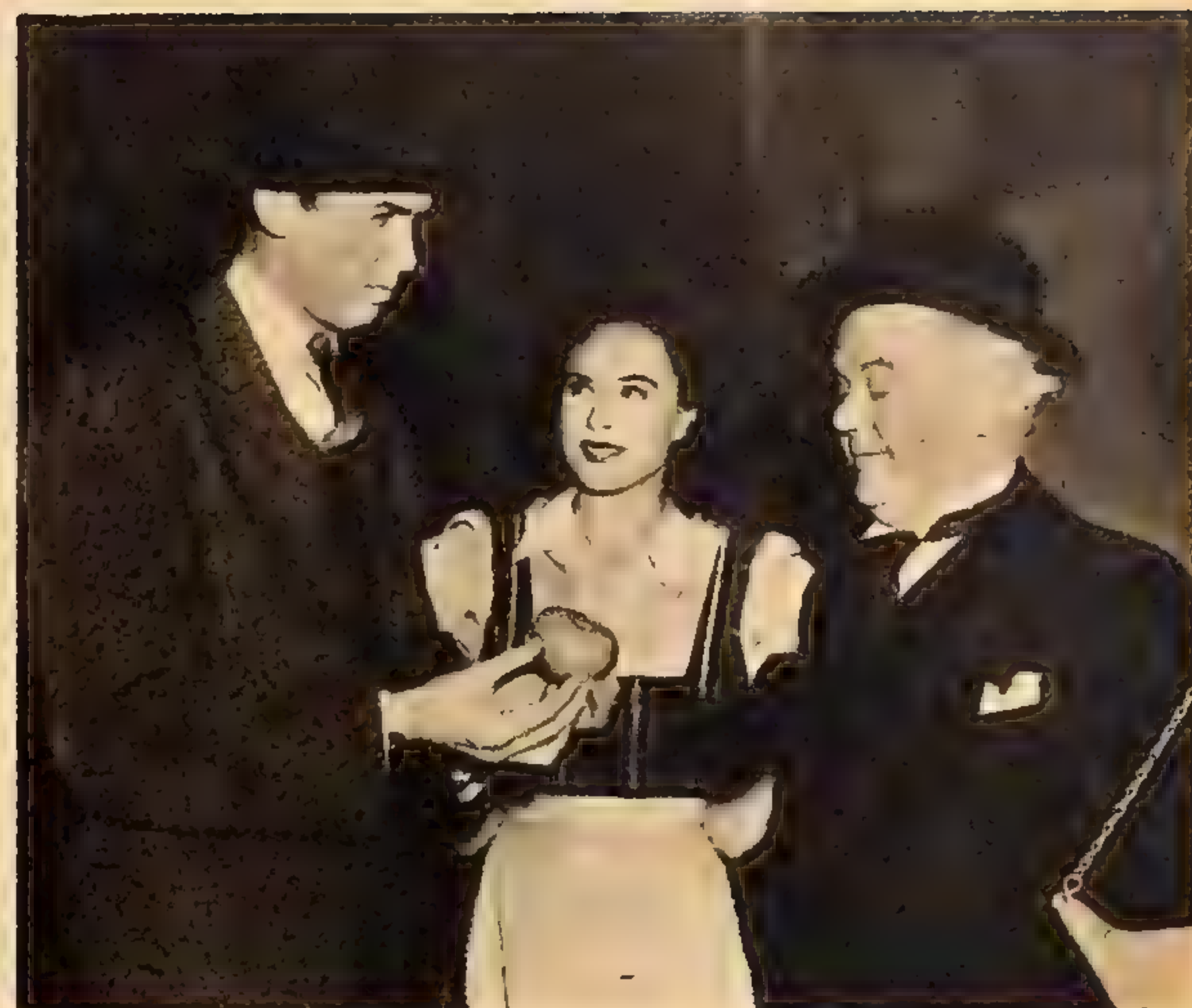




Plus the harmonica, Jimmy swings a mean accordion and a wicked flute!



Paulette's desire to avoid Jimmy Stewart is matched only by his yen to steer clear of her!



The tomatoes Stewart tosses at Winninger are stuffed with whipped cream, chocolate syrup and tomato catsup so they'll give a photogenic splash!

## GODDARD SWINGS, STEWART SINGS IN THIS SUPER-DUPER COMEDY PACKED WITH THRILLS AND TRILLS!

course, is movie-debuting bandleader Horace Heidt, whose famous "Pot O' Gold" radio show gave producer Roosevelt the inspiration for his picture.

In painful contrast to the easy informality of the script is the off-stage behavior of stars Goddard and Stewart. Though the two have never clashed openly, their side lines manner is frighteningly cool and distant. Not even their first love scene (which Paulette played in a nightgown) kindled the smallest ember of friendship. After completing a torrid take, Paulette invariably rushes off to her dressing-room to jab her energies into a piece of needle-point designed especially for her by Mexican artist Diego Rivera, while Jimmy goes off into a dark corner and sits silently with his elbows dug into his knees, his chin cupped in his hands and his eyes fastened to his feet. They'll clown only if the cameraman begs hard enough—and he seldom does.

Happily for James Roosevelt, little of this star strain is brought before his tired eyes. Shortly before his picture got rolling, he was summoned to Marine Corps duty at the United States Naval Base at San Diego, and now he can't spend more than week-ends at his beloved studio! Daily rushes are flown to him, however, (a distance of one hundred and twenty miles) and run off in the barracks' projection room for the benefit of him and his loyal boys.

Incidentally, so intimately do the young Corps members know the picture, they feel they own part of it, too! You might remember that, when you see "Pot O' Gold, if there's any griping to be done, don't bother Mr. Roosevelt—just tell it to the Marines!



Paulette chats with a script gal when noise from nosey airplanes holds up production.



"Polly" plays a brisk game of gin rummy with one of the studio cops. To keep warm she takes to her fur coat.



'Twixt incessant phone calls, visiting producers and "takes," Paulette tucks in some ice cream with a little admirer.



Glamour dress designer Helen Taylor turns out naive housedresses by the dozens for this picture!

BY SYLVIA KAHN





ik

## IT'S A

Lupe knows about love, about the ways of love, about the ways of lovers. By the time this piece appears, she and Big Boy Williams may be married and living out in the San Fernando Valley on Big Boy's ranch. Or, of course, they may not.

As Lupe, herself, puts it, "We may marry in five hours, in six months, in a year or maybe never. I do not say things unless I am sure. Besides, I have learned that we do not set times for love.

"Big Boy hated me before we met. He was my worst enemy in Hollywood because of the things he read about me. He said, 'that dizzy dame' and things like that. I tell you, girls, it is nothing to be afraid of if a boy starts by hating you."

"But when I met her," Big Boy explained, "she was altogether different from what I had imagined. I had read about the fiery, tempestuous Lupe Velez. I didn't like what I read. She was everything, I thought, that a man dislikes. I know better now. That temperament business was all bluff. Lupe loves her home and takes pride in it and works in it. Why, she even painted two rooms in her house herself with her own hands. And thrifty! She saves everything. The gardener mows the lawn, and she says, 'Don't throw that grass away. Save it for the pigs; they like it.' When she has mashed potatoes for dinner she saves the mashed potatoes, and the next night we have mashed potato soup, the best soup I've ever tasted. As for the famous Velez temper," said Big, "she must have lost it long before we met. All I know is that when we start to have an argument, she gets into her car and drives away, and there is no argument."

No doubt about it. Lupe, who once was wild, has now grown very wise. But when did the metamorphosis of the Mexican Spitfire take place?

Lupe laughed. "It's simpler than that. It's that I'm not a kid any longer. I'm a grown-up woman, and I behave as such. I do not deny my age. I tell it. I am twenty-nine. I do not want to be a Hollywood 'tradition' with curls on my head and baby-talk inside my head when I am fifty. I am young, yes, but not seventeen any longer. . . .

"Now I do not grease my hands with butter before I shake hands with visiting dignitaries. . . . I do not cut pranks on the sets as I did when first I came to Hollywood and played with Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, in 'The Gaucho.' When I first came to Hollywood, Fanny Brice invited me to a party. She told me, 'Wear an evening dress.' I thought, Migod, an evening dress, that is funny. But my mother always told me, 'When in Rome, do as

Lupe, who has the most fabulous collection of jewels in Hollywood, says a girl's worst mistake is to make the man she loves jealous!



# HUSBAND YOU'RE AFTER...

the Romans do,' so I went to that party in my *night-dress*! I did not understand the language, and I thought evening dress meant night-dress. If you should hear of me doing these things now, you would say 'that dame is crazy,' and you would be right.

"I do not scream and yell in public as I used to do, though they will write up that I do. They write of me today as I was ten years ago. That is why I do not let them write about me anymore. Because I am not as I was ten years ago. . . .

"I have travelled all over the world, in the United States, in South America and in Europe. I have had men of many races make love to me. I have been in love, and I have had my heart broken, too. And I have come back recovered and much the wiser.

"I have been married to Johnny Weissmuller. I have been divorced. I have had everything of this world—money, fame, flattery, jewels, furs. I still have everything, thank God, and thanks to America. I have worked for what I have; nobody has given me anything.

"A woman like me," said Lupe, "should know about life and love and men and women. I have made many mistakes, yet if I had my life to live again, I would do the same. Because we only learn by making mistakes, our own mistakes. That is why I am hesitating about advising girls about anything. Especially about men.

"But I will say a few down-to-earth truths I have found out about when you are in love—

"You girls say you want to be actresses; all the time you write to me and say you wish you could be actresses. Well, I say to you, you had *better* be actresses! Wherever you are, no matter what you are doing, whether you are housewives or stenographers or schoolteachers, when you are with men you had better be actresses, and *good* ones. Because unless a woman is an actress she will never have any success as a woman in love. She will never have any lasting success with men.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean you must be the phony kind of actress that imitates and does not mean what she is doing. I mean you must be a fine actress who lives your part because you love it and believe it. I mean you must play many characters with men, but you must truly be each one of them.

"My father was a very wise man. He told me, 'In the streets, be a queen; in the church, be a saint; in the home, be whatever you are. . . .' that is how it is with men; with different men, be different women.

"People are saying that I have changed, now, because of Big. No and yes. Let me (Continued on page 90)

**JUST LISTEN TO LUPE! WHEN A GAL'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF LOVE FOR OVER A DOZEN YEARS, SHE CAN REALLY GIVE YOU POINTERS!**



In Universal's "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga," the diminutive, red-haired Lupe (she's just five feet) co-stars with "Big Boy" Williams, who weighs exactly one hundred pounds more than she does!



# Party of the Month

THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, BUT HOLLYWOOD IS STILL A-BUZZ OVER THE HEAVENLY TIME IT HAD!



Guest-of-honor Cobina Wright, Jr., and Fanny Brice at Rex St. Cyr's \$6,000 party at Ciro's for Hollywood's 400.



Top-flight society man Alfred Vanderbilt and Ginny Field, who displayed her English patriotism dressed as a British showgirl.



Dennis O'Keefe and wife Steffi Duna were among the 250 costumed guests who danced to Emil Coleman's band until 4:30 A. M.



Photos by staff photographer Nat Dallinger



Warner's new starlet, Juanita Starke—who was an unemployed waitress three months ago, takes over McCarthy's spot on Eddie Bergen's knee.

Roz Russell of the mad millinery danced every dance with agent Freddie Brisson who came garbed as a Russian count.



Greg Bautzer took his costume so seriously he began handing Dottie Lamour (who came as a chorine) a line in Spanish!



Host Rex St. Cyr (with Earl Carroll's latest romance, Beryl Wallace) is a transplanted New York socialite. He danced with over a hundred gals! There were guards galore to make sure there were no gate-crashers. The only entertainment provided was the music and a few songs by post-débutante Cobina.





CONTINUED . . .



That old lady-killer Frank Morgan made a scandalous play for his good pal Paul Lukas' lovely wife, Daisy.



Randy Scott (in-name-only hubby of Marion Dupont Somerville) and Britisher June Duprez were muchly photographed.



Patricia Morison with "Pierrot" Alan Mowbray, who was the very last one to go home even though he had an 8 o'clock appointment next morning!



At 10:30 when masks came off, Raggedy Ann emerged as Ruth Hussey and the Egyptian sheik turned up as her fiancé Raphael Hakim, who's an honest-to-goodness Egyptian in real life!



Walter Pidgeon (looking like something out of Dickens) came with his wife, from whom he's been separated for years, but devoted himself exclusively to Gayle Mellott.



"All this rapturous talk about soft, silken, rose-petal complexions is just ducky," writes one of our young friends, "but what if a girl has lost that skin-men-love-to-look-at? Can she ever get it back and, if so, how?"

Indeed, you can recapture the loveliness of a flawless complexion. Thousands of glamour girls, careerists, students and busy homebodies everywhere, after slightly rearranging their designs for living and revising their beauty rituals, have discovered underneath that top layer of blemishes a skin as smooth and lovely as a six-year-old's!

That's because skin is constantly changing and renewing itself—the old sloughing off, the new replacing it. As long as your blemishes affect only the top layer, or epidermis, your task will be simple. There are three layers of skin, you know. The top skin is formed of tiny, horny, scale-like cells which are kept smooth and soft by natural lubricating oils. The second, or true skin, contains all the blood vessels, nerves, glands, ducts, hair follicles and also the pigments which decide your skin coloring. The third layer, or subdermis, is sometimes called the fatty skin. But we won't go into these second two layers, for blemishes affecting them should be treated by doctors, not beauticians. What can be done for the top skin is exciting enough. It's a case of save the surface and you save all.

The worst and most common enemies of skin beauty are dirt, a sluggish system and harsh, drying, aging elements, such as steam-heated air and hard water. These, separately, or in combinations, cause enlarged pores, blackheads, acne, rough patches, red blotches, "fever" blisters and practically every other form of surface blemish you can think of.

Enlarged pores are usually the result of a sluggish system, careless cleanliness or a combination of the two. Vigorous and regular outdoor exercise, a diet of light foods, including lots of garden-fresh fruits and vegetables and a minimum of sweet, rich, heavy foods, together with six or eight glasses of water every day may not sound super-glamorous, but they'll do a lot toward restoring your skin to that enviable condition. Add to this care a daily scrubbing with a soft-bristled complexion brush, warm water and mild soap suds. Always follow with a cold water rinse and an ice-cold astringent. Use the finest, fluffiest of creams and powders you can find—and you'll have the perfect formula for a skin as fine as velvet.

Blackheads are enlarged pores that have become clogged, sometimes even infected with a combination of oil and grime, and the overworked pores have relaxed and expanded. To help them back to normal, give them the same care you give to enlarged pores and, in addition, steam the face, either over a bowl of boiling water for five minutes, or via the applied towel-wrung-out-in-piping-hot-water method. This will help soften the hardened masses so they may be more easily dislodged by gentle pressure.

Before either kind of steaming, apply lots of cold or cleansing cream to the skin to aid and hasten the softening process. After your blackheads are thoroughly softened, wrap two fingers in a soft linen towel or two thicknesses of clean facial tissues, and gently press out the contents of each separate pore. There are good little metal gadgets, too, with a tiny hole devised to press down over each blackhead. Either of these methods is safe, but never, never use a bare finger or any part of your finger nail, unless you want a permanent and (Continued on page 93)

Joan Fontaine says that a flawless complexion has boosted her steady climb up the ladder of fame.

# HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

BY CAROL CARTER

**Take a leaf from Hollywood's beauty  
book and recapture the charm of a skin  
as fresh as April! Here's how it's done**





# NEW FACES



After cleansing, massage your neck from base to jawbone, all over.



With back of hands well-creamed, pat and stroke firmly under chin.



Massage from chin to nose, to ears, then chin to temples.



Massage from chin to nostrils, to cheeks, to temples, in curves.

Stroke forehead firmly from center first up, then up and outward.



ANY DAY now the first crocus is going to poke its bright little face right through your garden wall, the first robin will perch outside your sunny window sill, and you, all of a sudden, saturated with the spirit of spring are going to ransack your wardrobe for clothes to match your mood and scan your mirror in search of a face to go

with all this budding loveliness of a newborn season.

But what do you see when you look in that mirror of yours? Does your face go with the rest of the picture? Or is it a bit winter-worn and sorry-looking, lined from dryness and exposure, chapped or clogged, or just a trifle dull and pasty in appearance? No wonder, after a winter full of indoor inactivity, too many changes from wet to dry, from hot to cold and back again, too many colds and too little sunshine, too many pastries and not enough vitamins.

Then out with those cleansing creams, astringents and tissues. Bring on your complexion soap, soft brushes and lotions. That skin of yours is coaxing for a stimulating facial to restore its glowing freshness—and here's how you go about it.

First, bind back your hair with a towel, net or lastex band. Now cleanse your face and neck thoroughly with warm water, soap and a complexion brush.

Second: Slather your face and neck with your favorite cleansing cream and, with the back of your hands also creamed, pat firmly, first, under the chin, stroking from side to side with alternating hands. Then, with fingers on your chin, massage in a crescent stroke from chin to directly in front of each ear. Next, from chin across the cheeks, massage upward toward your temples.

Third: Continuing the massage, start again at the chin and work in firm, rotary, parenthesis-shaped lines around your mouth and up to the base of each nostril, then following the curve of your cheekbone, continue up and out, ending again at the temples. Fourth: With gentler, lighter strokes, massage from the sides of your nose, around under each eye. Repeat this several times, each time beginning higher up beside the bridge of your nose, and always ending at the temples.

Fifth: Place fingers on your forehead, between the brows, and stroke firmly upward, then up and outward, until you've included the entire forehead. Sixth: Massage horizontally across your forehead to relax tired nerves and stimulate circulation.

Seventh: Now remove all the cleansing cream with cotton wrung out in a skin freshener or astringent. Eighth: Your skin is ready for a rich, oily lubricating cream to be left on for five or ten minutes while your eyes are covered with cotton pads soaked in either eye lotion or skin tonic. Ninth: Remove this lubricating cream with skin freshener and go over your entire face and neck lightly with an ice cube wrapped in thin cloth, or a square of cotton wrung out in ice cold astringent.

Tenth: Dry your face with a clean towel and, if you're going out, apply make-up lightly and with care.

Now, take another look in that mirror. What

**AWAKEN YOUR WINTER-WEARY SKIN WITH**



# FOR OLD . . .

a different picture! If such a facial massage is repeated once a week throughout the spring, your skin will respond quickly and gratefully with a soft, smooth, fresh and dewy look that will put spring itself in second place.

Between facials, practice some of the exercises pictured on these pages. They will not only make muscles firm and mobile but, by stimulating circulation, they will add extra glow and color, fill out hollows and help ward off those bug-a-boo wrinkles.

You see, the same old faithful trio for skin care—cleansing, stimulation and lubrication—has been at work here in a different but very important guise. Whether glamour girl, careerist or homebody, this same famous combination will work minor miracles for you if you will follow faithfully the way it is practiced in Hollywood. Then, no matter what the season, with a little care your skin can be made to look as fresh and radiant as spring itself.

Beauty masks are another short-cut to skin loveliness which may be achieved in anywhere from five to thirty minutes and are real lifesavers when you're in a hurry. There are several kinds of facial masks. The mildest is the quick pick-up type which creates a temporary illusion of beauty when there's no time for more fundamental refurbishing. These are all in cream form. Some dry on the face and should be washed off with a skin freshener or cold water. Others come off easily with clean, absorbent facial tissues. Such masks make your skin feel by turns both warm and cold. You see, they stimulate surface circulation and create a glowing freshness in even the drabdest complexion. Pick-up masks are usually pleasantly perfumed and their very scent gives your spirits a lift while their magic is at work on your skin. The directions on these cream masks prescribe anywhere from a ten to thirty minute application and, for perfect results, you should follow them explicitly. So before your next big date, put one on and watch your skin blossom with new life and radiance.

Oily, sluggish skins are immensely stimulated and enlivened by the use of what might be called circulation masks. These are more drastic than those just described and should not be applied to thin, sensitive skin or to faces with any trace of broken veins. The action of these masks may be slightly burning or uncomfortable but, if your skin is coarse or heavy, they are just what you need. Three to five minutes is all the time circulation masks usually require. And they should be followed by a softening or lubricating cream, either cold or cleansing.

A third type of mask will help to contract large, relaxed pores. And a first cousin to this one is a mask to help dislodge blackheads and hasten the blooming of blemishes that are still partly concealed under your skin's surface. Both of these might be called pore masks. They are penetrating, stimulating as well as astringent and usually require ten to thirty minutes to do their work and restore the bloom to your cheeks.

Directions on package labels will guide you in the accurate use of all facial masks. A rule which always holds, though, is to start with a thoroughly clean skin and, for best results, rest or relax while your mask is at work. You'll be rewarded.

## A STIMULATING AND REFRESHING FACIAL



Massage across forehead, rotating fingers. This relaxes tired nerves.



While massaging flabby cheeks, smile broadly, open and close jaws.



For under-eye pouches, draw fingers lightly over closed eyes.



For heavy jowls, lift muscles, pinch gently. Increase pressure gradually.

Hearty laughter helps correct crépy throat, stimulates sluggish glands.



Posed by Dorothy Darrell, starlet of Universal's "Meet the Chump."



Some of them were handsome—not all. But their faces had this in common—they all looked alive, and they all looked sheepish. Wonder why men act so shy about discussing their favorite topic—women!

There were ten of them altogether—ten stars whom we considered authorities on the subject—and we put our problem before them without preamble. “Our girls,” we told them, “want to know what you boys consider a beautiful woman, and they wouldn’t mind having a few tips on how to get and hold their boy-friends while you’re at it! Don’t try to squirm out of it by saying a beautiful woman’s Hedy Lamarr or Loretta Young. They can’t turn themselves into Youngs and Lamarrs. Keep it practical. Give them some hints that’ll help them make the most of their good points and tone down the bad. All right. What do you notice first about a woman?”

Cagney, the bravest, stepped forward. “I notice the eyes first,” he said. “I think everyone does. Personally, I like them dark. But that’s beside the point. Any color can be beautiful—any shape—wide eyes, like a kid’s listening to a fairy tale, or the oblong Oriental type. What’s important is the way they’re set, the surrounding terrain and the expression. They should be far enough apart for good proportion. If

went out with bustles. Not a finely-chiseled mouth, it’s too cold. Not a square-cut mouth, makes you think she’d rather play tennis than—”

“Kissing games?” we inquired.

“Well, I wouldn’t put it that way—but I’ll take what you’d call a generous mouth—full at the center and curling a little at the corners. There’s something ravishing about that curl at the corners, especially when it’s downy like a peach. It’s as if a direct wire were strung between her mouth and her mind. When she’s amused or feels a little devilish, that’s where it shows up first—just a fleeting shadow—it’s there and it melts away.”

“Gosh!” breathed Jackie Cooper.

“May I also ask,” continued Ray with some heat, “why women don’t leave their mouths alone? Take a purely hypothetical case. Take a man who wants to kiss a girl. He gets close enough to do it, then he sees the lipline here and the lip somewhere else. Being polite, he’ll kiss her anyway. But he kisses her, saying nuts. He’s disillusioned. Why can’t women learn to put on lipstick a little more subtly? A woman’s mouth is herself as much as her eyes. She’s not fooling anyone when she tries to change it.”

Well, we had the eyes and mouth—who, we asked,

## BEAUTY AND THE MALE . . .

they give the impression of trying to meet over the nose, I don’t know what a girl can do about it, but anything she does is okay with me.

“There’s plenty she can do about the second point. She can stop plucking her eyebrows like an aborigine. I don’t mean, if her forehead sprouts thatches, she shouldn’t thin ’em out. But if there’s anything attractive about a couple of wizened hairs that make the whole face look naked, I’ll eat mine. Also, when a man looks into a girl’s eyes, it’s eyes he wants to see not a smear of make-up. Long lashes are fine, but I’d rather have ’em short than tacked on, and I’d rather see honesty in a woman’s eyes than phony allure.”

“What about the third point? Is there anything she can do about the expression of her eyes?”

“Sure,” Jimmy grinned. “She can be a nice kid. Give me a woman whose eyes are clear and soft and friendly, whether she’s stroking a kitten or asking about the price of beans, and there’s a woman a man can cleave to. Blue shadows and mascara wash off, and when there’s a pair of glazed fish-eyes behind them, you’re left with nothing and worse than nothing. So I say, watch the eyes, boys. Whatever she is, good or bad, the eyes will have it.”

We summed up. “Eyes clear, friendly and soft, without too much make-up. Who’ll give us a mouth?” Several hands shot up. Mr. Milland was called on.

“No rosebud of a mouth,” said Ray firmly. “That

would give us a beautiful setting for ’em?”

Gable elbowed his way forward. “Let me do my stuff and get it over.” A nervous huskiness in his throat wore off after a minute or two. “Oval face, high cheekbones, little hollows under ’em. High forehead going up and back. Don’t doody it up with a mess of curls. Leave it bare, makes the face look open. Deep-set eyes, arched brows, kind of astonished looking—hope I’m not horning in on you, Cagney. I like ’em that way, kind of tasty touch. A nose that knows where it belongs and stays there, takes up just enough room, no more, no less. Nicely curved ears, close to the head, not too small—and no cracks, brother. Long neck, but long or short, hold your head high on it.” He took a step back, paused and added paternally: “Don’t put too much junk on your face—scares a man off. That’s all.”

“No fair, teacher.” Crosby was waving his hand. “All he had to do was describe Lombard.”

“Who has a better right? You, young man, what are you so excited about?”

“I want hair,” said Jackie, “before someone else grabs it.”

“Bonita’s, huh?” came a derisive chorus.

“Well, if Mr. Gable has a right—” Jackie ploughed in. “I like it blonde—not yellow or platinum—sort of a soft blonde. But if it has to be dark, it ought to have reddish lights. You can almost always get ’em, my girl says, with a lot of brushing. And that’s the important thing for any hair, (Continued on page 84)



**IF YOU'RE OUT TO CAPTIVATE, TAKE YOUR CUE  
FROM HOLLYWOOD'S FOREMOST CONNOISSEURS!**



Hollywood glamour gal Veronica Lake has more than the usual quota of feminine wiles. She's currently starring in "I Wanted Wings."



**BING CROSBY**



**MELVYN DOUGLAS**



**CLARK GABLE**



**JACKIE COOPER**



**HUMPHREY BOGART**

**JAMES CAGNEY**



**BY BETTY HARRIS**



# Good News

## SUPER SCOOPS FROM THE GAY HOLLYWOOD FRONT!



Louis Hayward's puns still stump Ida Lupino even after two years of living with 'em!

### SAY IT ISN'T SO

The marriage of the Gary Coopers is the latest to land in the Hollywood frying pan. Friends hope it's not true, but rumor has it that the splutterings and sparks heard around the Cooper home aren't all coming from the kitchen stove. Divorce for shy Gary and his handsome wife would be a tragic, agonizing experience which both would do anything to avoid. If any trouble is brewing, they'll do their darndest to clear it up behind bolted doors, and it's our hunch—as well as our hope—that the last laugh will be theirs and not the gossips'.

### PUTTING UP A FRONT

Biggest giggle-getter of the month is the story of a top-notch glamour girl whose boy friend took her to the Arrowhead Springs Hotel pool for her first swimming lesson. The cute little suitful breezed through the preliminaries and then, weary of the water, deposited herself at the poolside to pose casually for the benefit of the other patrons. She was languidly flexing her muscles and squirming her shoulders when her boy-friend got a bright idea. Curious to know how much she'd learned, he sneaked up behind her and dumped her back into the water. The onlookers howled, but not nearly as hard as they did when the poor girl had sputtered her way back from aqua to air. For only then did they realize that the show-offish glamour queen was equipped with a built-in bosom—and that the bosom had slipped its moorings and was nestled coyly under her chin!

### LUXURIOUS NECESSITY

It was Paulette Goddard who recently stated that no girl need spend more than \$16.50 for a dress in order to be attrac-

tively garbed. An intelligent observation, we'll admit. But it's our duty to report that no sooner had Miss Goddard rid herself of this important message, than she was discovered in a swank gown shop ordering a little number that answered to the price of \$150! Her explanation? She simply had to have it to properly set off a stunning diamond necklace she'd just received! Modern Screen makes no extra charge for this fashion hint.

### DIDJA KNOW

That Tyrone Power is the toughest guy in Hollywood to shoot for color because his heavy beard makes him photograph like one of the Two Black Crows . . . That Cary Grant is now working as Cary Grant's stand-in, the original jobholder being busy with British war relief work . . . That Joan Blondell is president of "Blondes Preferred," an honest-to-goodness corporation dedicated to correcting the impression that "blondes are less desirable mates than brunettes" . . . That George Murphy's recent flu attack laid



Discount Bill Holden-Brenda Marshall marriage rumors. It's just an "understanding."

him unconscious for 24 hours . . . That Patsy Kelly is the only Hollywood star mentioned by Gogo Schiaparelli in her list of America's 10 most interesting women . . . That 15-year-old Jane Withers is burning up the town with her new fire-engine red convertible coupé . . . That Bonita Granville is jealous of the time Jackie Cooper spends with his drums, and that's the only reason they fight . . . That Jimmy Stewart, one of the few licensed airplane pilots in the colony, gets woozy when he climbs a ladder . . . That Rita Lowe, asked why she separated from husband Edmund, replied: "I just couldn't stand the man another minute?"

### DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

Angel-voiced Susanna Foster can sure pack a mean verbal wallop when the mood is upon her. Unlike most actresses who eternally gush and goo about all the things they lo-ove, Susanna has two pet peeves and doesn't care who knows it! Her first is Mickey Rooney. "I can't stand the way he carries on," says she, "and I wouldn't go out with him even if he asked me!" Her second gripe, aimed at an important star on her lot, is a little more violent. "She makes me sore because she thinks she's so beautiful." And I don't like the way she gets so much publicity out of her romances either. But what gets me good and mad is the way she acts whenever we meet. We've been introduced about four times, and each

time she just looks at me sort of empty-faced and says: 'Oh, are you little Susanna Foster?'"

### SAD SONG OF INDIA

Producers who dread location trips—because Alicia Applebottom always faints in the sun and Roland Ripplepuss likes to get drunk with the natives—ought to lend an ear to what Michael Gordon, Bombay film producer, has to say. Gordon, just arrived in the United States from India, claims Hollywood location headaches can't hold a candle to what goes on when he takes a troupe away from a studio. "Our big difficulty is feeding the cast," says he. "In America, you ring a dinner bell, and all your actors come scrambling. In India it's different. A Mohammedan won't eat what a Hindu will, a Hindu won't eat at the same table with a Mohammedan, and a Hindu of one caste will scream if a Hindu of another caste prepares his food. We're faced with the problem of setting up a half dozen different kitchens! "That," says long-suffering producer Gordon, "is what I call trouble."

### SOME SERVICE!

Spotted at the House of Murphy—Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton chuckling in the candlelight over a table card reading: "In case I'm too G . . . D . . . inebriated to get out of this joint, please deliver me and send the bill to: Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone Number (Just in case I won't go)\_\_\_\_\_"



Alice Faye makes news when she lures reclusive George Sanders into the social whirl!

### BRIEF RAPTURE

Just to give you an idea of what some guys will do for a girl in this town, take the case of Rudy Vallee and Gene Tierney. Rudy lamped Gene at a night club one evening and all but fell on his face with joy. There, he decided, was the answer to his prayers—a girl he absolutely had to know. Not the least dismayed by the fact that they'd never been introduced, he began showering her with flowers, gifts and invitations to dinner. To his astonishment, his efforts drew a complete blank. Gene wouldn't go out with him. She dates no man unless he's okayed by her mother—and her mother hadn't okayed Rudy. But did that stump our hero? Not a bit. For the sole purpose of meeting his lady-love, he persuaded a good-hearted friend to throw a huge party to which Gene would be invited. The friend complied, Gene turned up and Rudy had one blissful evening of basking in her smile. What he'll do about their next meeting, we don't know. After all, even friendship has its limits!



## SHORT SHOTS

Confidential to Paramount: Mary Martin would like to have a little girl this year . . . The Robert Prestons have a pact never to appear in a picture together . . . Joel McCrea still wears the 50c hat he bought in Manchester, N. H., where he honeymooned with Frances Dee . . . On strict orders from M-G-M, Johnny Weissmuller must snub the barber chair for another year . . . Stirling Hayden is shopping for a houseboat. He wants to anchor it at Santa Monica and live there with one manservant . . . The Dionne kids will trill "There'll Always Be An England" for a British War Relief short. Fox wrote "finis" to their movie career, however, when they failed to lift the quint's option . . . April 1st is the happy day for Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis. His divorce becomes final 18 days earlier . . . Susan Hayward's ice cream company keeps the Brown Derby supplied with the stuff . . . Nigel Bruce, the most English Englishman of them all, was born in San Diego, Calif. His parents were on a world tour at the time . . . Penny Singleton's daughter, "Dee Gee," was guest of honor when her mother honeymooned with Producer Bob Sparks.

## POCKET GUIDE TO HOLLYWOOD

Fred Allen, whose coolness toward Hollywood is matched only by Hollywood's coolness toward him, contributes the following Movietown glossary to the "Hollywood Reporter"—**BROWN DERBY:** A popular café where people from Iowa mistake each other for movie stars. **CIRO'S:** The Brown Derby with white tie, where movie stars mistake each other for movie stars. **NATIVE:** A New York actor whose option wasn't taken up in 1926. **MOVIE STAR'S HOME:** The ultimate in stucco. An edifice erected on a beautiful lawn to keep strangers from getting a direct view of the star's swimming pool from the street. **SWIMMING POOL:** A demi-tasse pond that draws flies and guests. **BARBECUE:** A Hollywood function at which food is cooked and served in the back yard. A barbecue



One reason why Ma Robinson still adores Eddie after twenty-six years of wedlock!

enables the hostess to get guests and mice out of the house simultaneously. **DOUBLE FEATURE:** Twin mistakes made by the same—or two different—picture companies. **PRODUCER:** A dynamic ulcer in charge of making a picture. **ASSOCIATE PROD.:** The man who gets fired when the producer makes a bad film.

## A MATTER OF OPINION

Barbara Stanwyck ran into Bill Holden a few days after his salary tiff with Para-

mount. Bill was blue, discouraged, hurt. He was thinking of quitting pictures, he told Barbara. "What'll you do then?" she wanted to know. "Oh, I'll go into my father's business," replied Bill. "He wants me to and, besides, in his business you never have the heartaches you have in the movies." "Zat so?" up-eyebrowed Barbara. "What business is that?" "Why, er, fertilizer, of course," said Bill. Barbara choked. "Fertilizer business! And what the heck do you think you're in now?"

## ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

At the same time he was having contract trouble, Bill got into a little scrap with Brenda Marshall. Feeling lowdown, he hied himself to the Beachcombers where he embarked on a meal consisting exclusively of Dry Martinis. He was soon joined by Wayne Morris, fresh from a tiff with Pat Stewart and a few minutes later, by Buddy Westmore, who'd just scrapped with Rosemary Lane. For hours the unhappy trio sat at a corner table, pouring Martinis into their miserable systems. Finally, feeling considerably mellowed, Wayne and Buddy got up and left, but Bill wouldn't budge. He wasn't mellow enough. He budgeted plenty though, when a short while later, a grinning waiter informed him that he and his pals had guzzled \$35 worth of Martinis—and he was stuck with the check! That wasn't the end of the incident, however. The next day Bill slunk back to the Beachcombers with a little sign in his hand. When no one was looking, he hung it over the table at which he'd "celebrated" and slunk out again. You can see the sign there now. It reads: "This is Bill Holden's table. He paid for it—and how!"

## IT'S THE SENTIMENT THAT COUNTS

For months Hollywood has buzzed and whispered about the Great Nelson Eddy Mystery. What, they have asked, is the secret of his closely guarded study? What strange object lies behind the black curtains in a corner of the room? Why does Nelson stare rapturously at the "thing" within when the curtains are parted? And why does his wife lead intimate friends to it as reverently as one might lead a worshipper to the Holy Grail? Modern Screen was intrigued. So intrigued, in fact, that we sent one of our ace scouts to the Eddy home with orders not to return until he had found the reason for these goings-on. Well, he's back now—and with a story that's guaranteed to astound you. The curtains, he reports, conceal a glass-fronted showcase built



18-year-olds Cooper and Granville celebrate fifteen months of mutual adoration!

by Mrs. Eddy herself. Within the showcase is a tiny satin-covered pillow and, on the pillow in sweet repose, is—the toy top Nelson used to play with when he was a little boy!

## PARAMOUNT PATTI

Patti McCarty is Dorothy Lamour's secretary. But Patti McCarty is no ordinary secretary. Far from being a mousy little creature staring out of shell-rimmed glasses and consumed with envy for her beautiful boss, Patti is a soft-lipped, well-rounded female, whose private life is as glamorous as Dottie's own. Patti travels in the same circles as Dottie, dates Greg Bautzer's law partner, once made the rounds with Robert Preston and is currently engaged in snapping Bob Stack from the tentacles of a furious movie queen. That's not all that's unusual about Patti, however. What's even more surprising—she's the only secretary in the world who has an agent! Though she capably stenogs and cheerfully runs all errands for the gorgeous Lamour, Patti has strong movie aspirations of her own. "Someday I'll be a great star, too," she says. "Why, I just turned down a movie contract for \$100 a week because my agent wouldn't let me sign at such a small salary! What do I get from Miss Lamour, you ask? Oh, that. \$25 a week. Nice, isn't it?"

## HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

It was midnight at the Mocambo. The lights were dim; music sobbed in the background. Suddenly a woman entered alone. She looked about; took a few steps forward. Finally her eyes found the man she sought. She hurried toward him, oblivious to the gasps and stares that followed her to his table and sunk into a seat beside him. For two hours she sat there, her head close to his, words flowing quickly. Then suddenly she rose, drew her furs about her and, crossing the room, slipped silently into the night. The woman? Alice Faye. The man? David O. Selznick. But hold on a minute! We are not dishing up another juicy scandal! We're merely reporting that David O. is planning another Selznick super-duper, and Alice, long hungry for an important dramatic role, may play a part in same. Their meeting was strictly business and probably sowed the seed from which another great dramatic star will grow.

## ALL BUT THE WEDDING MARCH

Mrs. Tierney might have hastened her official okay on Rudy if she knew what a really bright fellow he is. Come to think of it, who but a bright fellow could have dreamed up a stunt such as Rudy inaugurated at his beautiful Maine hunting lodge? Soon after he bought the place, Rudy named every room in the house after a song with which he'd been associated, and in each room installed a music box which plays that special tune. Thus—his barroom is dedicated to the "Stein Song," his study is called "My Sin" and his bedroom—well, you probably guessed it—his bedroom is called "The Vagabond Lover". . . .

*by Sylvia Kahn*





Gracie Allen watches the ponies at Santa Anita with the perpetually devoted Stu Erwins, celebrating their 10th anniversary this summer.



Statistically speaking, it's three years of bliss for 30-year-old Virginia Bruce and hubby, ex-stage player, J. Walter Ruben who's 40.



Bob Taylor chats with Mrs. Gary Cooper, whose jewels contributed to an estimated \$100,000 collection of gems at their table.

### HORRIBLE PAST

Two suffering sisters who ought to know each other are Hedy Lamarr and Mary Livingstone. Both are bawling in their broth over the same problem, and they might as well bawl together. Their mutual headache is, of course, pictures. Only this time it's not a matter of making them, but of destroying them. Hedy, though she may hee-haw the idea, is still tearing her hair because "Ecstasy," her European contribution to the art of cinematic undress, continues to goose-pimple American audiences. And Mary's trouble is very similar. She'd spend every last cent of Jack Benny's allowance, if she could round up all photographs of herself taken before her recent facial alteration. We just don't understand these actresses. First they knock themselves out trying to get their pictures before the public—then they knock themselves out all over again trying to get them back!

### FOR SHAME, HEDY!

Note to Hedy Lamarr: If you've been wonder-

ing why George Sanders never phoned for a second date, here's your answer. George went to a lot of trouble getting himself introduced to you. When your first appointment was set up, he looked forward to a full evening of fun. He wanted to hold you in his arms as you danced at Ciro's; to look deep into your eyes as you cocktailed at the Mocambo—and he even hoped he might snatch a kiss before you parted for the night. And do you remember what happened, Hedy? No? Well, we'll tell you. You greeted him warmly, invited him into your dimly-lit living room . . . and spent the entire evening talking philosophy! Not even Hedy Lamarr can get away with that!

### LEAVE IT TO ANNIE!

Unless Warner Bros. bigwigs scan this column, they're going to go right on wondering about the identity of the mysterious "Mrs. Finklestein" who's flooding the studio with phone calls. They haven't the slightest suspicion that the lady is none other than their own Ann Sheridan! When the Brothers flipped Annie off their payroll they also forbade her to have any contact with studio employees. But silly regulations can't stop that Sheridan gal! Now, whenever she feels the urge to gab with one of her pals down at the office, she wraps herself around a telephone, dials the studio and blithely informs the operator that "Missie Finklestein is callink Chimmy Cegney, pliz!"

### FOWL PLAY

At least one person was saddened by Ann's studio break—her old friend, Cesar Romero. Cesar got to worrying about Annie, one day, and about how she was out of work and all alone in a big house with no one to take care of her. So unhappy did his wondering make him, he was finally moved to go out and buy a little skinny chicken, which he had feathered and delivered to Ann's house. Accompanying the chicken was a note. It read: "Hope this will tide you over till better times arrive!" Topper to the story is that the chicken came on Ann's cook's day off—and Ann was expecting George Brent for dinner. Having nothing ready to feed him, she popped the bird into the oven and that same evening served a delicious roast to her present beau with the unintentional compliments of her old one!

### MATER DATA

Joan Crawford hasn't been doing much talking since she returned from New York. However, since one can learn much about a child by studying its parent, we asked our agents to dig up some inside information on Anna LeSueur, Joan's pretty little mother. Here's what they found out: (a) Mrs. LeSueur lives in a seven-room apartment, maintained by Joan. (b) The apartment is furnished with pieces left over from Joan's marriages to Franchot Tone and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (c) She uses the names "LeSueur" and "Crawford" alternately as the whim takes her. (d) She scorns maids—does all her own housework. (e) She still calls Joan "Lucille." (f) She often drives miles into the country for fresh eggs which she brings to Joan's house. She also brings homemade pies and cakes to the studio. (g) Doug, Jr., is her great friend. He never fails to visit her when he's in the neighborhood. (h) She owns five enormous scrapbooks containing clippings about Joan. (i) She is very proud of two pictures displayed in her living-room. The first is of Joan and her daughter Christina, dressed in identical sweaters, and inscribed "To our dear mother,

from her two babies." The second is a portrait of Jeanette MacDonald. That one is inscribed: "To Mrs. LeSueur. How proud you must be! Admiringly, Jeanette MacDonald."

### ALOHA DEANNA

Deanna Durbin has chosen her honeymoon spot. It's lush, seductive Hawaii. The newly-wedded Vaughn Pauls will have six weeks on the islands—six weeks of thrilling tropical nights and glorious sun-filled days—before settling down as old married folk in Hollywood. We understand that Deanna named June 7th as her wedding date because there's a boat leaving for Honolulu that same evening. She's fearful of practical jokers and prefers to spend her wedding night risking seasickness on the Pacific to remaining within easy reach of her prankster friends.

### FWANTIC MISS FWANCIS

Someday, movie fans of America are going to pick up their morning newspapers and discover that an infuriated writer has clunked Kay Francis over the head with a vase. When that day comes, not even Kay will be surprised. She's been angling for just that for a long time. The whole trouble is her "r's." After all these years, Kay still can't pronounce them! Therefore, whenever she's presented with a new script, she simply sits herself down, cheerfully scratches out every word that contains the offending letter and replaces it with a word of her own! The fact that the author may have labored six months over his beautiful prose doesn't faze Miss Francis in the least. As she explained to fuming writer Eddie Moran on the set of "The Man Who Lost Himself," "I hate to do this, but I must because of those damned cwitics! They just wip me to pieces, ewewy time I have a bit of twouble with a scwipt!"

### ENTER MAUREEN ELIZABETH

Here's one angle the birth notices skipped when they recorded the début of the Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan initial production. The morning Jane discovered she was to become a mother, she put in a mental order for a son. Ronnie, meanwhile, began praying passionately that Reagan, Jr., would be a girl. When the day came for Jane's entrance into a hospital, the Reagans were faced with a problem. Should Jane enter the Queen of Angels Hospital, which is famous for its wholesale output of boy babies, or the Cedars of Lebanon which has an almost unbroken record for producing girl babies? Jane and Ronnie debated the question earnestly. But not for long. Being a loving husband, Ronnie yielded to his wife's pleas, and Jane entered the boy hospital. Two days later she gave birth to a girl!

### HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Fred Astaire, nutty about horse racing, keeps a radio in his bathroom so that he can keep up with the Santa Anita bangtails even when he's tubbing. . . . A bowl of guppies, presented to him by a fan, lend a cheerful, if somewhat unique, note to Ray Milland's bathroom. . . . A powder blue rug, almost three inches thick, greets Ann Sothern's tootsies when she steps out of her shower. The rug completely covers her bathroom floor.

### TIME MARCHES ON

From the casual manner in which Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford hello-ed each other on the Metro lot, the other day, one would think



they'd just been introduced. Actually, the pair have known each other 15 years. They probably don't even remember it themselves, but they worked together in a picture in 1926! Neither was a star then, but both were young and so very beautiful that a sharp-eyed director who noticed them, signed them up promptly. Their first assignment demanded that they get into scanty costumes and with a dozen chorines form a "living chandelier" over the head of the star. The name of the picture? "Pretty Ladies." The name of the star? Zasu Pitts.

### HOPE AND CHARITY

Bob Hope, whose army of gag writers has risen to the astonishing number of 11, got off the best Hope-ism of the month without the aid of any of his high-salaried funnymen. Asked by a busybody when he was going to quit appearing at "all those darned benefits," Bob spanked back with: "When kids no longer have infantile paralysis, when old folks have enough to eat, and when bombs stop dropping on defenseless people's homes."

### BILLS FOR BILL

Marriage to Diana Lewis has done something for William Powell that neither of his previous altar treks could accomplish. It's rid him of the haunting fear that he would someday land in a pauper's grave. In the old days, though he was right up in the chips, Bill always handled his dough caressingly, spent what he had to, and stored the rest away for hard times. Since wedding Diana, however, he's done an amazing turn-about. He's been pouring dollars on his bride from the day he made her Mrs. Powell, and to the moment of this writing, has never come home to dinner without bringing her an expensive gift! Twenty-year-old Diana is said to have more furs than any star in Hollywood, plus a gem collection that could rank with the finest. Why, just the other day, she wandered into a local jewelry shop, admired a \$7,000 diamond encrusted cigarette case and wandered out again. When she returned home the case was waiting on her dressing-room table. She doesn't know how Bill learned she wanted it—but we do. Her adoring groom has asked the town's leading merchants to tip him off whenever his wife displays a yen for an item in their stock—and with sables and sapphires involved, you can bet your last year's snood the boys lose no time whatsoever in doing just that!

### THE PIPINGS OF PAN

Having taught a thing or two to some of the most terrific women in Hollywood, dance director Hermes Pan (where did he get that name!) is better qualified than most men to name the perfect Movietown star. According to Pan, the gal who would sock Hollywood right between the eyes would be a composite cutie made up of Betty Grable's figure, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Alice Faye's lips (He could stop right there!), Hedy Lamarr's eyes, Greta Garbo's shoulders, Lana Turner's nose, Linda Darnell's complexion, Loretta Young's height and Bette Davis' ability. That's what you say, Mr. Pan! According to some beauties we know, your patchwork doll would still require the interest of a producer before she'd stand a chance of getting ahead!

### DISA AND DATA

Tony Martin, excited owner of four new race horses, has named them Lana, Hedy, Judy

and Jimmy—after friends you can probably identify . . . Humphrey Bogart and wife returned from New York with 18 dogs, 5 cats and 12 canaries . . . No one's happier than their stand-ins when Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope are co-starred in a picture. The two stand-ins are husband and wife . . . Jane Withers' salary will soon jump to \$2500 weekly . . . Billy Gilbert's mom and pop were once Metropolitan Opera stars. Billy, himself, has a remarkable voice . . . Laraine Day, too busy to do much reading as a youngster, is now catching up on children's books. She's completed "Water Babies" and is ready to start "Elsie Dinsmore" . . . Rumors wafted in from the Riviera say that Danielle Darrieux is separating from her husband and returning to Hollywood shortly . . . Gaylord Hauser's pet name for Garbo is "Liebchen." She calls him "Bengamino" . . . Stirling Hayden receives more phone calls from femmes in a week than he's made to them in a year . . . There's a bedroom and dressing-room standing empty in Cesar Romero's home—waiting for a wife . . . Gene Tierney always leaves her shoes under the table when she gets up to dance with Mickey Rooney. She doesn't want to embarrass him by flaunting her height . . . The bangs which fans will see on Claudette Colbert in "Skylark" are the same ones that have been hanging over her brow for the last ten years.

### TURNER-BOU

Lana Turner has learned from bitter experience what Miriam Hopkins, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire and many others have learned before her. That Hollywood fan magazine photographers are the friends of the star and, for the stars' own sake, mustn't be antagonized. Lately the camera-boys have been of the opinion that Lana has grown less co-operative than she was in her struggling starlet days. To punish her, they completely ignored her at a recent dinner party while they enthusiastically focused their attention on everyone else in her group. Before the evening was out, Lana was sniffling, her mother was in tears, and Louis B. Mayer, himself, had intervened. However, as we go to press, everything is lovely again and Lana is once more dimpling her beautiful phiz for all of the boys with the little black boxes.

### SEQUEL

Others who previously have been given the brush-off by the photogs are Adolphe Menjou, who once accused them of being "as annoying as autograph hounds;" Bing Crosby, who used to claim he was getting along well enough without bowing to flashbulbs; and Ginger Rogers, who covered her face with her hands whenever she saw a lens coming at her. Most unfortunate victim of the candid-makers' ire was Carole Lombard. Carole was snubbed for months before the boys realized the whole thing had been a misunderstanding. They later apologized by snapping her so often that poor Carole finally had to beg them to lay off for a little while.

### THE CASE OF THE MISSING MISSUS

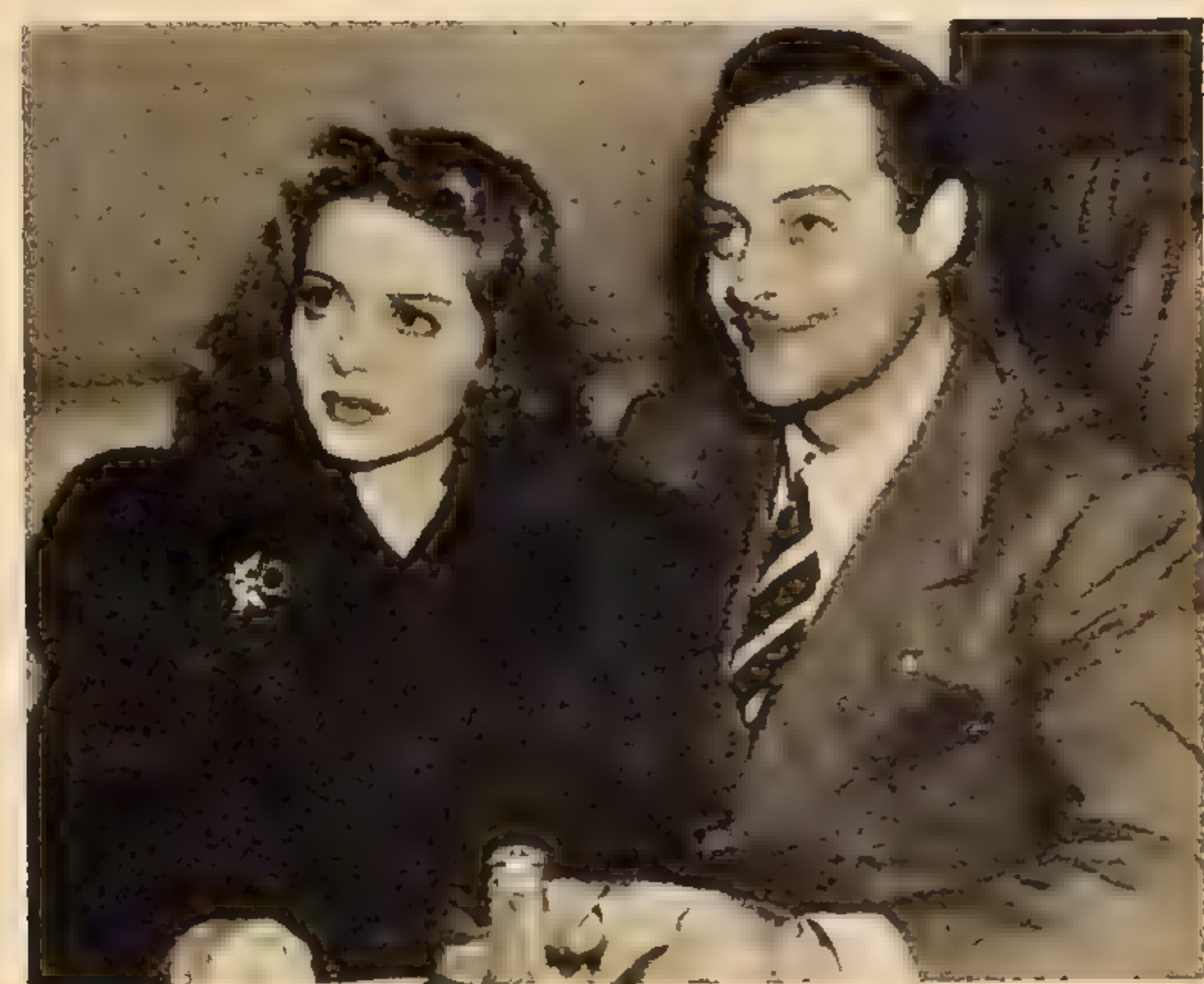
Though we doubt the applause of the crowd could ever swell Pat O'Brien's head—we're certain it could never swell his wife's. There's no more real, down-to-earth unaffected person in all of Hollywood than Mrs. O'Brien. Here's what we mean. A few months ago, Mrs. O'Brien accompanied her husband to the "Knute Rockne" premiere in

South Bend. There, from the moment they left the train, the O'Briens were wined, dined and hurrah-ed by the town's most distinguished citizens. But the activities of the first few days were just a warm-up for the tremendous parade, luncheon, reception and cocktail party scheduled to precede their departure. When the big day dawned, Pat dressed himself prettily and looked about for his wife. She was nowhere in sight. Pat was upset. He didn't want to leave without her. But South Bend was waiting and though he was ill with worry, he had to push through the day without her. Several hours later Mrs. O'Brien turned up. Shamefacedly she explained her absence. She'd discovered that the firm which had manufactured her new washing machine was located in town. Her new machine wasn't working properly. So, while an entire city was playing host to her husband, she had crept off to see the president of the company and find out what the heck he was going to do about his deficient product! P. S. She got a new machine.

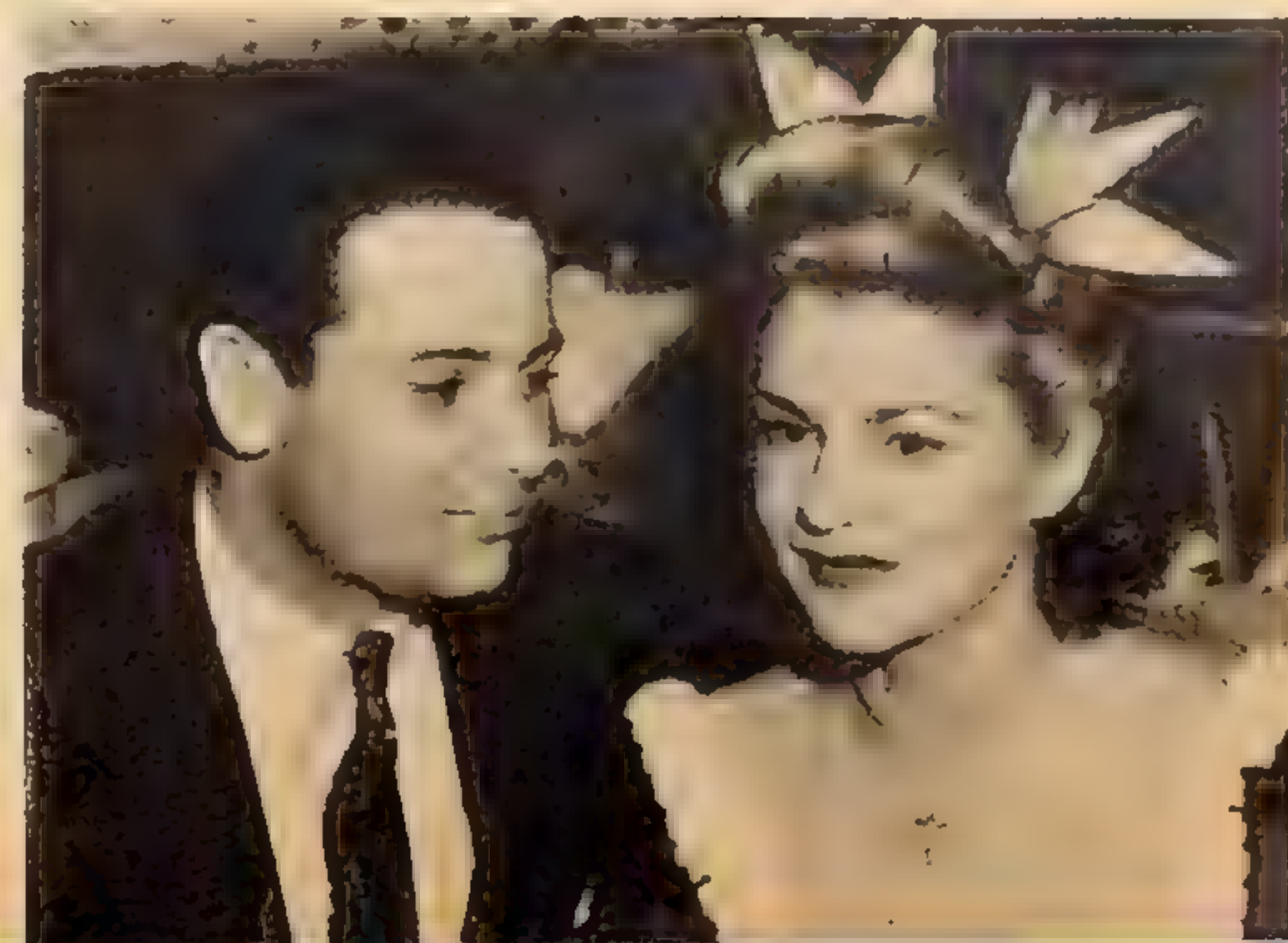
Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are the living picture of domestic felicity despite widespread rumors of a matrimonial upset.



Arleen Whelan and her Egyptian-born spouse, Alexander D'Arcy, who was recently voted one of the best-dressed men in the world.



It's all come true for Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews who vowed 3 years ago to make marriage the big thing in both their lives!





Cathleen Cordell appearing in the Gabriel Pascal production, "Major Barbara"



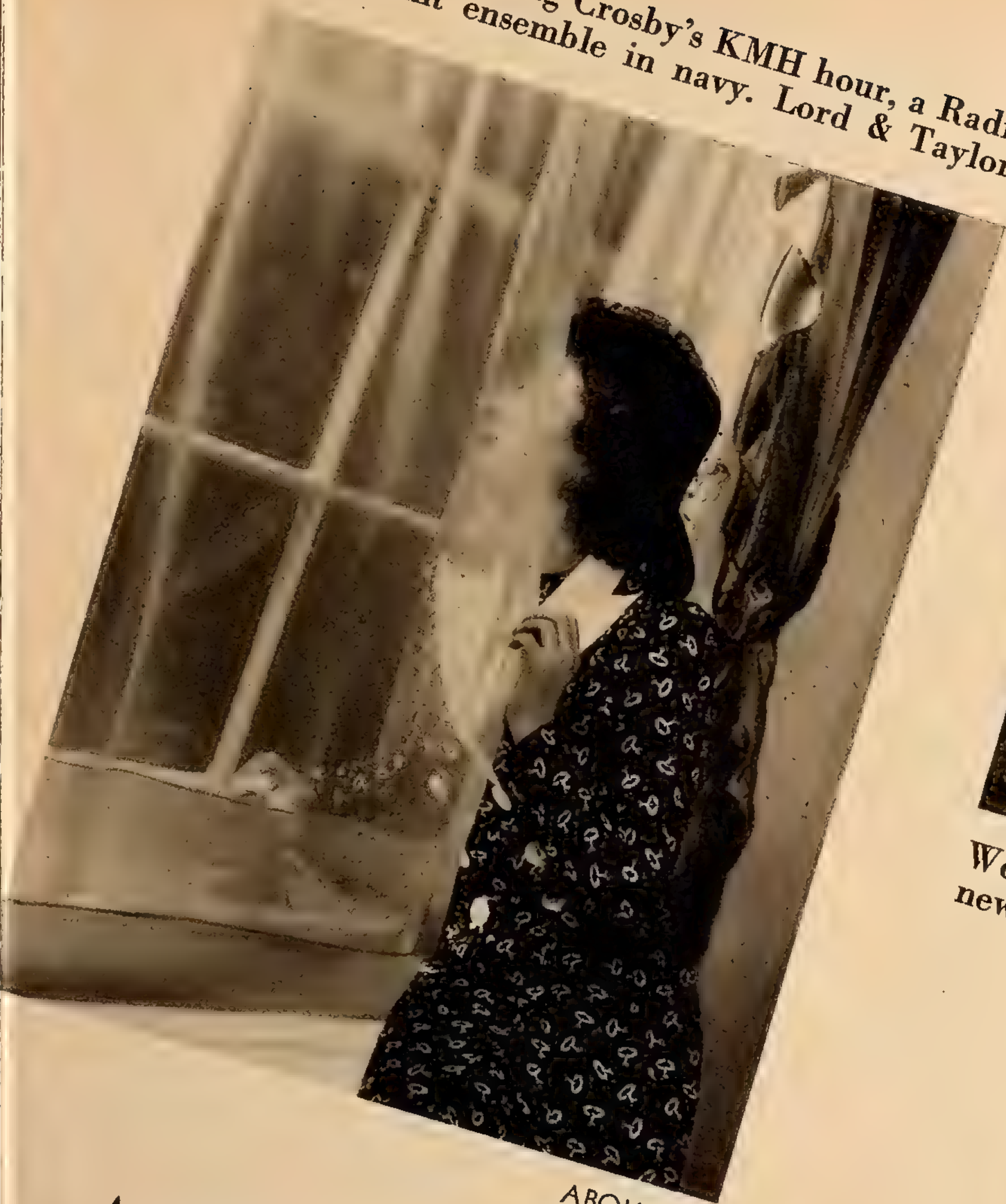
ABOUT \$15

Have at least one Selective Service print! An Enka rayon in red, white and navy. At Betty Blanc, Hollywood.

*Suit Yourself*



Inspired by Bing Crosby's KMH hour, a Radio  
Star print ensemble in navy. Lord & Taylor.



ABOUT \$15

ABOUT \$11



Wear a blue flower clip on the lapel of your  
new gold wool suit with tied-in waist. R.H. Macy.

A dashing bolero suit of navy faille outlined  
in bright red, with white blouse. B. Altman.



ABOUT \$18

ABOUT \$15



Win fresh praise in a little navy wool suit with  
peplum and white pique. Bloomingdale's.

By Elizabeth Willguss



# Carefree Cottons

Constance Moore featured in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings"



1. Pink rambler roses with dark green leaves are boldly splashed on yellow piqué. Tiny green buttons all the way to hem.
2. For play or for town. A two-piece dress of red and white checked seersucker, tailored stitching on collar and cuffs.
3. A gay seersucker with slim, diagonal lines — red, blue, green and yellow stripes — banded in blue chambray.



# How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

## Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*



You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



**DON'T** at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

1



**DO** line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!



**DON'T** let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

2



**DO** stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!



**DON'T** take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

3



**DO** have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that*!



**DON'T** try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing*!—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

4



**DO** look flower-fresh and dream-girlly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



**DON'T** sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



**DO** send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVD  
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right*! Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_







EASY... SQUEEZY

*Pledge*



(Choose your enamel shade by the color on the cap)



New nail glamour

*straight from a tube!*

• Now you just *squeeze* a manicure! The tube is the brush. It paints your nails in a flash. Try it, and you'll never go back to bottles. Carry the light little tubes with you, keep a set in your desk. Never mind a chip... whip out PLEDGE wherever you are and repair it! Glamorous nails for every date, this new easy-squeezy way. Choose from 15 thrilling new colors. At leading variety chain store cosmetics counters.

Complete manicure in 4 tubes

★ **LIQUID NAIL ENAMEL**... Almost applies itself... from new brush-tube.

★ **POLISH REMOVER**... Felt-tip tube does the job... no cotton necessary.

★ **CUTICLE SOFTENER**... Flows from tube into small NYLON brush-tip.

★ **NAIL CREAM**... Felt-tipped tube is cleverly shaped to massage the nails.

COPYRIGHT 1941.  
THE OHIO COSMETICS CO. • FREMONT, OHIO • NEW YORK CITY

*20¢ a tube*

(Continued from page 27)

NAME	AGE	•	HEIGHT	•	WEIGHT	•	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
BERGEN, EDGAR	38	•	5' 8"	•	135	•	unmarried
BOGART, HUMPHREY	40	•	5' 11"	•	150	•	married wife working
BOLGER, RAY	38	•	5' 10½"	•	135	•	married wife inactive
BOWMAN, LEE	27	•	6' 1"	•	160	•	unmarried
BOYD, WILLIAM	42	•	6' 0"	•	180	•	married wife working
BOYER, CHARLES	41	•	5' 9"	•	150	•	married wife working
BRENT, GEORGE	36	•	6' 1"	•	170	•	divorced
BROWN, JOE E.	48	•	5' 7½"	•	149	•	married wife inactive five children
BROWN, JOHN MACK	36	•	6' 1"	•	165	•	married wife inactive three children
BROWN, TOM	28	•	5' 10½"	•	162	•	divorced
BURNETTE, SMILEY	30	•	6' 0"	•	230	•	married wife inactive two children
BURNS, BOB	44	•	6' 2"	•	201	•	married wife inactive four children
BURNS, GEORGE	41	•	5' 9"	•	151	•	married wife working two children
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES	41	•	5' 7"	•	145	•	married wife inactive
BYRD, RALPH	32	•	6' 1"	•	180	•	married wife working
CABOT, BRUCE	36	•	6' 1½"	•	180	•	divorced
CAGNEY, JAMES	36	•	5' 8½"	•	150	•	married wife inactive
CANTOR, EDDIE	48	•	5' 7"	•	135	•	married wife inactive five children
CARLSON, RICHARD	29	•	6' 0"	•	170	•	married
CARRADINE, JOHN	35	•	6' 1"	•	150	•	married wife inactive two children
CARRILLO, LEO	41	•	5' 10"	•	178	•	married wife inactive one child
CARROLL, JOHN	28	•	6' 1"	•	196	•	divorced one child
CARSON, JACK	30	•	6' 2"	•	195	•	married wife working
CHANEY, LON, JR.	26	•	6' 2"	•	190	•	married wife inactive two children
CHAPLIN, CHARLES	52	•	5' 6"	•	130	•	married wife working two children
COLMAN, RONALD	50	•	5' 11"	•	158	•	married wife inactive
CONNOLLY, WALTER	53	•	5' 9"	•	190	•	married one child

(Continued on page 62)



# "finders keepers... losers weepers"



**Y**ou're fit to be tied! Furious! Your *steady*—out with somebody else! "It's not fair," you wail jealously. But since when has love been fair? Nowadays you've got to be on your toes *every day* to keep some pretty panther from pouncing on your "heart interest"!

Break a date or two, and next thing you know you're sitting home twiddling your thumbs! Popular girls know how to keep going, and keep smiling, regardless of what day of the month it is... know how to take "difficult days" in their stride!

How do they do it...? Well—just up and ask 'em! You'll learn something worth knowing...

You'll learn that *most* of those carefree, "always-on-the-go" girls use Kotex sanitary napkins.

Ask why and they'll tell you it's because Kotex is so *comfortable*!

The more talkative ones will even explain the reason. They'll say Kotex is less bulky... less apt to chafe... because it's made in soft *folds*!

Others will praise the flat, invisible ends... and rave about the moisture-resistant "safety panel". (They're the girls who value peace of mind!)

But the majority will just say, "Kotex is so comfortable" and let it go at that. After all, comfort is the *main* thing!

And it's comfort that has made Kotex so popular. More popular, in fact, than all other brands *put together*!

Have you read the much-talked-about booklet "As One Girl To Another"? It's new. It's *free*! And it tells just what you need to know! Discusses swimming, bathing, dancing, social contacts, mental attitude, good grooming, tampons. Like to have a copy? Then send your name and address (a penny post-card will do) to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-4, Chicago, Illinois. Send today! Before you forget.

Kotex\* means  
comfort... at  
the time you  
need it most



20¢

Regular—Junior—Super—sell for the same low price!

\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LOST AMONG THE  
LIPSTICKS?...JUST

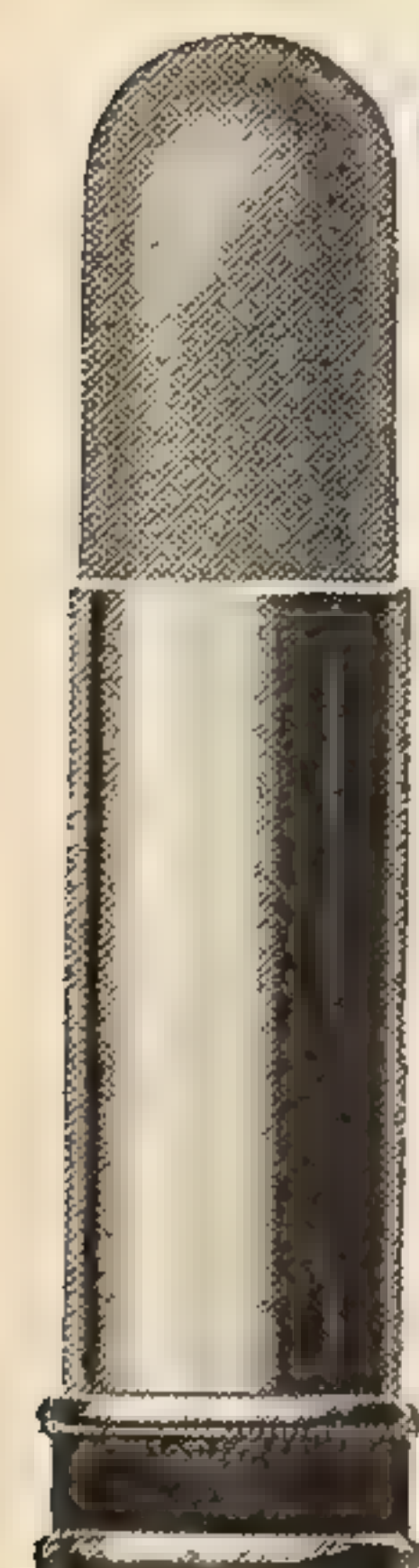
Be Yourself..  
Be Natural!



STOP experimenting with "fad" shades and ask for Tangee NATURAL Lipstick. As you apply it, notice how it changes from *orange* in the stick to produce *your own* most flattering shade of vibrant blush rose.

You'll thrill to the smartness of the "Matched Make-Up" that harmonizes with this famous lipstick...Tangee NATURAL Rouge, and the famous Tangee Face Powder.

Remember: Tangee NATURAL Lipstick is made with a pure cream base which helps prevent chapping and ends that dry, "drawn" feeling.



**TANGEE**  
*Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE  
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist.,  
417 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan ☐ Flesh

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ VM41

(Continued from page 60)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
COOPER, GARY	39	6' 2"	175	married wife inactive one child
COOPER, JACKIE	18	5' 9"	145	unmarried
CORRIGAN, RAY	34	6' 2"	199	unmarried
CORSON, WILLIAM	31	6' 1"	170	unmarried
CRAIG, JAMES	29	6' 3"	190	unmarried
CRAVEN, FRANK	66	5' 8½"	142	married one child
CRAWFORD, BRODERICK	36	6' 1¼"	190	married wife working
CROMWELL, RICHARD	31	5' 10"	148	unmarried
CROSBY, BING	36	5' 9"	165	married three children
CROSBY, BOB	27	6' 0"	185	married wife inactive one child
CUMMINGS, BOB	30	6' 1"	178	married wife inactive
CURTIS, ALAN	30	6' 1"	180	married
CURTIS, DICK	39	6' 3"	204	married
DARRO, FRANKIE	23	5' 3"	114	married wife inactive
DAVIS, JOHNNY	31	5' 10"	158	married wife inactive one child
DEKKER, ALBERT	37	6' 2½"	190	married wife inactive two children
DENNING, RICHARD	25	6' 1"	180	unmarried
DEVINE, ANDY	35	6' 2"	245	married two children
DINEHART, ALAN	51	6' 0"	165	married one child
DIX, RICHARD	45	6' 0"	180	married two children
DONAT, RICHARD	36	6' 0"	165	married three children
DONLEVY, BRIAN	36	6' 0"	190	married
DOUGLAS, MELVYN	40	6' 1½"	180	married three children
DUNN, JAMES	35	6' 0"	157	married wife inactive
EBSEN, BUDDY	36	6' 2"	174	married wife working
EDDY, NELSON	39	6' 0"	173	married wife inactive one child
ELLIOTT, BILL	26	6' 1"	173	married wife inactive one child
ELLISON, JAMES	31	6' 3"	170	married one child
ERIKSON, LEIF	26	6' 3½"	195	married wife working

(Continued on page 64)





*The most beautiful  
fingernails  
in the world!*

**COLOR FLASH**

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors  
Dura-Gloss Indian Red  
Dura-Gloss Zombie

*Are your fingernails the most beautiful?*



Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

Genuine **DURA-GLOSS** <sup>10¢</sup>  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

**THE DIFFERENCE  
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Some nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Some nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Some nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.



## Key up your fascination by changing your "beauty pace"

THREE DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROUGE  
MAKE YOU THREE DIFFERENT WOMEN



Miss Gloria Brewster,  
charming screen actress,  
smiles her approval  
of Princess Pat rouge.

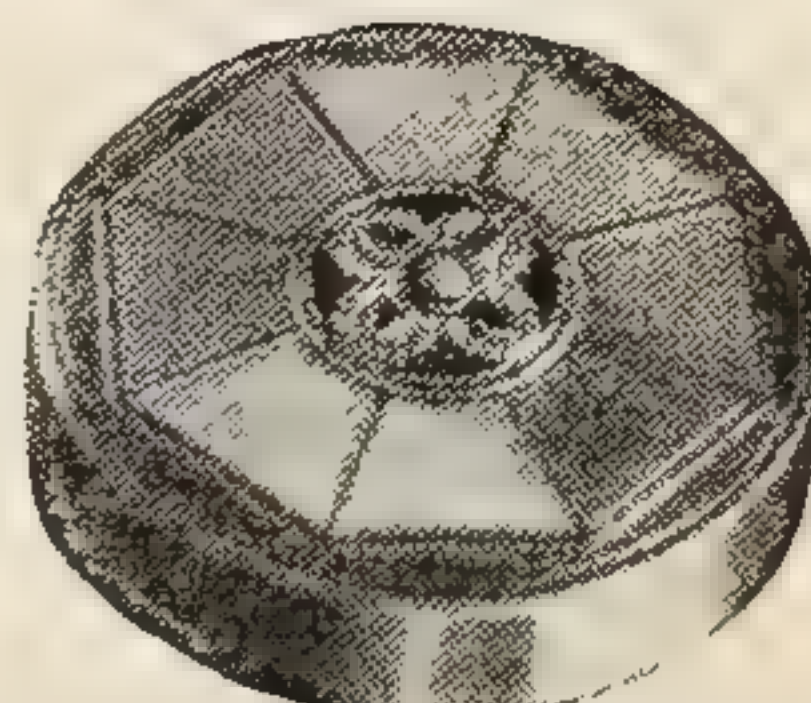
"Variety is the spice of life." To keep his interest highly spiced—be one woman today—another tomorrow—still another the next day. Change your "beauty pace"! Varying your shade of rouge does it—amazingly—but you can't perform the miracle successfully with single-tone, flat-color rouges. A strange shade of such rouge would look artificial and out-of-place on you. You CAN do it perfectly with Princess Pat duo-tone rouge—(an undertone and overtone). Any of the shades will so perfectly blend into your skin color as to seem exactly, entirely *yours*! Try this experiment in the interest of brightening your glamour. Get several shades of Princess Pat rouge. See how a change in your "beauty pace" keys up your fascination! You'll be delighted and thrilled beyond words to tell.

### The Right Way to Rouge.

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



## PRINCESS PAT duo-tone Rouge



... use Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone. Positively cannot smear... won't rub off, no matter what your lips may touch. One application stays on many hours. Heavenly shades. At the smarter stores \$1. Send quarter for generous trial bottles of LIQUID Lip Tone and Remover (both for only 25c coin). State color of hair and eyes so correct shade can be sent.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. L-2741, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

(Continued from page 62)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
ERWIN, STUART	39	5' 9"	165	married wife inactive two children
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS	33	6' 1"	170	married wife inactive one child
FLYNN, ERROL	31	6' 2"	180	married wife inactive
FONDA, HENRY	32	6' 1"	170	married wife inactive two children
FORAN, DICK	30	6' 2½"	205	separated two children
FORD, GLENN	25	6' 1½"	155	unmarried
FOSTER, PRESTON	38	6' 2"	200	married one child
GABLE, CLARK	39	6' 1"	190	married wife working
GARFIELD, JOHN	28	5' 9"	193	married wife inactive one child
GARGAN, WILLIAM	35	6' 0"	170	married wife inactive two children
GORCEY, LEO	24	5' 7"	145	married wife inactive
GRANT, CARY	31	6' 1"	172	divorced
GREENE, RICHARD	26	6' 0"	170	unmarried
HALE, ALAN	49	6' 2"	210	married wife inactive two children
HALL, JON	28	6' 2"	195	married wife working
HAYDEN, RUSSELL	28	6' 3"	170	married one child
HAYES, GEORGE	52	5' 11"	168	married one child
HAYES, PETER	23	5' 11"	168	married wife working
HAYWARD, LOUIS	32	5' 11"	154	married wife working
HENRY, WILLIAM	34	5' 11"	155	married one child
HERBERT, HUGH	53	5' 8½"	170	married wife inactive
HERSHOLT, JEAN	54	5' 11"	185	married wife inactive one child
HINDS, SAMUEL	66	5' 11"	150	married wife inactive two children
HOLDEN, WILLIAM	23	6' 0"	165	unmarried
HOLT, TIM	21	5' 11"	165	married wife inactive one child
HOLT, JACK	52	6' 0"	180	divorced two children

(Continued on page 66)





## She advises millions on marriage *but she ruined her own*

She was guilty of  
*"One Neglect"*  
few husbands ever forgive . . .  
"Lysol" helps prevent this

HER newspaper column is eagerly read by millions who seek advice on marital problems. When it comes to keeping love and romance alive, she thinks she knows all the answers.

Yet, there is *one* important answer she has never learned . . . and so, despite all her beauty, talent and charm, her *own* marriage is a tragic failure.

There is always a reason when a husband's love grows cold. Sometimes the cause is the woman's neglect of intimate, personal hygiene. Thousands of women

make sure of their bodily daintiness by the regular use of "Lysol".

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for feminine hygiene.

### 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. **Non-Caustic** . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. **Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic

matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3. **Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. 4. **Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5. **Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. **Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



*Lysol*  
Disinfectant  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

### What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.  
Dept. M.S.-441, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



New Make-up  
Sensation

Deep Sea

LIPSTICK and ROUGE

by Elmo

Deep Sea Make-up, the new Fashion sensation, is now available in fifty-cent sizes. It's utterly smart and very, very flattering—the most glamorous make-up you have ever worn!

Ask for the Varsity size Climatized\* Lipstick in these lovely high fashion shades—FIRE CORAL, a deep flaming coral; Fathom Red, a rich luscious red with rose overtones. Made from the same exclusive formula as the luxury size lipstick, giving your lips the same protection from harsh weather. Dry Rouge to match, in a dainty, convenient enamel case.

Varsity Lipstick and  
Dry Rouge

50¢  
EACH



\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Elmo

PHILADELPHIA

SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 64)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
HOPE, BOB	33	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive two children
HOWARD, JOHN	28	5' 10"	150	unmarried
HOWARD, LESLIE	48	5' 10½"	145	married wife inactive two children
HUBBARD, JOHN	27	6' 0"	165	married wife inactive one child
HUNTER, IAN	40	6' 0"	195	married wife inactive two children
JAGGER, DEAN	37	6' 2"	198	married wife inactive
JENKINS, ALLEN	41	5' 10½"	150	married wife inactive one child
JONES, ALLAN	36	6' 0"	175	married wife working two children
JONES, BUCK	51	6' 0"	173	married two children
JORY, VICTOR	38	6' 1½"	190	married wife inactive one child
KARLOFF, BORIS	53	6' 0"	175	married wife inactive
KIBBEE, GUY	55	5' 10"	200	married wife inactive four children
KRUGER, OTTO	55	5' 9"	130	married wife inactive one child
LAKE, ARTHUR	27	6' 0"	169	married wife working
LAUGHTON, CHARLES	41	5' 10½"	190	married wife working
LEDERER, FRANCIS	34	6' 0"	170	divorced
LITEL, JOHN	46	5' 11"	180	married wife inactive
LIVINGSTON, BOB	32	6' 0"	180	married wife inactive
LOCKHART, GENE	48	5' 7"	165	married wife inactive one child
LORRE, PETER	36	5' 5"	160	married wife inactive
LUGOSI, BELA	52	5' 1"	167	married wife inactive
LUKAS, PAUL	50	6' 2"	182	married wife inactive
LUNDIGAN, WILLIAM	26	6' 2"	170	unmarried
LYNN, JEFFREY	32	6' 0"	158	unmarried
MacLANE, BARTON	38	6' 1"	198	married wife working

(Continued on page 68)



# NOW-Right in Your Own Home- HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!

HERE'S ALL YOU  
DO TO TAKE A  
LUX SOAP  
**ACTIVE-LATHER  
FACIAL.** PAT THE  
LATHER LIGHTLY  
INTO YOUR SKIN

RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN COOL

PAT LIGHTLY TO DRY.  
SKIN FEELS SOFTER,  
**SMOOTHER.**  
AND LOVELY SKIN'S  
**IMPORTANT!**

Lux Soap **ACTIVE-LATHER  
FACIALS** are *quick, easy*  
and they **WORK!**

This lovely Hollywood star shows  
you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap  
to guard her priceless complexion.  
This gentle care removes every trace  
of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try  
Active-Lather Facials for 30 days!  
See what they can do for *you!*

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

*OLIVIA de HAVILLAND*

**Milder! Costly Perfume!  
Pure! ACTIVE lather!**

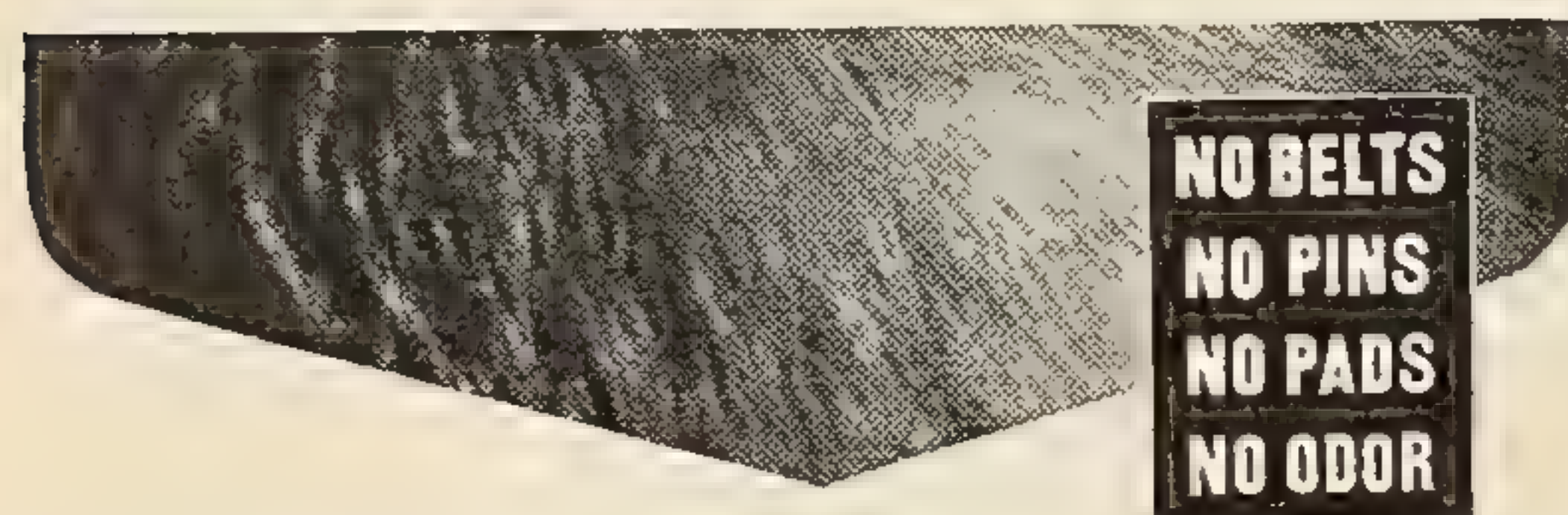
LUX  
TOILET SOAP

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness**





**SOCIALLY ALERT  
WOMEN  
USE TAMPAX**



STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves* . . . For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn *internally*. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer *does not feel* Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. *Now in three sizes:* Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

Accepted for Advertising by  
the Journal of the American  
Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED  
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 66)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MacMURRAY, FRED	32	6' 3 1/2"	185	married wife inactive one child
MARCH, FREDRIC	43	6' 0"	175	married wife working two children
MARSHAL, ALAN	32	6' 1/2"	165	married wife inactive one child
MARSHALL, HERBERT	47	5' 10"	155	married wife inactive one child
MARTIN, TONY	28	6' 0"	175	divorced
MARX, CHICO	50	5' 6"	135	married wife inactive one child
MARX, GROUCHO	45	5' 7"	155	married wife inactive
MARX, HARPO	47	5' 7"	140	married one child
MASSEY, RAYMOND	44	6' 2"	158	married wife inactive three children
McCREA, JOEL	35	6' 2"	185	married wife working two children
McHUGH, FRANK	42	5' 7"	147	married wife inactive three children
McLAGLEN, VICTOR	54	6' 3"	225	married wife inactive two children
McPHAIL, DOUGLAS	31	6' 0"	170	married wife working one child
MENJOU, ADOLPHE	51	5' 9"	153	married wife working one child
MEREDITH, BURGESS	32	5' 8"	134	divorced
MILLAND, RAY	34	6' 1/2"	170	married wife inactive one child
MITCHELL, THOMAS	45	5' 9"	160	married wife inactive one child
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT	36	6' 1"	165	married wife inactive two children
MORGAN, DENNIS	30	6' 2"	195	married wife inactive two children
MORGAN, FRANK	50	6' 1"	190	married wife inactive
MORRIS, CHESTER	40	5' 9"	155	married wife inactive two children
MORRIS, WAYNE	27	6' 2"	190	divorced one child
MOWBRAY, ALAN	44	6' 0"	158	married wife inactive two children

(Continued on page 70)



WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

# *World's Most Beautiful Bottle*

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE  
ON THE CAP

10¢

NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY  
DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS  
NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER



TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.



**CUTEX POLISH**  
*is Porous*



"I held wonderful cards



**BUT I FELT  
LIKE A  
BIG DUMMY!"**

**You can't HIDE  
underarm stain but  
you CAN PREVENT IT!**



**25¢**

Why be self-conscious and embarrassed, why spoil both your dress and your fun for lack of a little forethought and a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields! End those unhappy moments of anxiety and useless regret — promise yourself NOW to put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress before you wear it even once!

There are so many "Kleinert" ways to daintiness—shields to sew in, shields that require less than a minute to pin in—and shields attached to little bras so they're always ready to wear with any dress. Shields in colors, sizes and shapes to fill every need.

They're inexpensive, too, and simple to keep dainty and fresh. Just swish them through lukewarm Ivory suds and press them with a warm iron. Good Notion Counters offer Kleinert's Dress Shields from 25¢ up — and you can be sure of guaranteed satisfaction if you ask for Kleinert's and look for the name on the shield itself.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

*You, too, will find it PAYS to buy*



**Kleinert's**  
U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**DRESS SHIELDS**

(Continued from page 68)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
MUNI, PAUL	43	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive
MURPHY, GEORGE	37	5' 11"	178	married wife inactive one child
NAISH, J. CARROL	41	5' 9½"	152	married wife inactive one child
NIVEN, DAVID	32	6' 0"	170	married wife inactive
NOLAN, LLOYD	36	5' 10½"	184	married wife inactive
OAKIE, JACK	37	5' 11"	170	married wife inactive
O'BRIEN, EDMOND	25	5' 9"	170	unmarried
O'BRIEN, GEORGE	41	6' 1"	200	married wife inactive two children
O'BRIEN, PAT	41	5' 11"	199	married wife inactive three children
O'KEEFE, DENNIS	29	6' 2"	175	married wife working
OLIVIER, LAURENCE	34	5' 10"	165	married wife working one child
OVERMAN, LYNNE	53	5' 11½"	142	married wife inactive
PALLETTE, EUGENE	51	5' 9"	185	married wife inactive
PAYNE, JOHN	28	6' 2"	175	married wife working one child
PENDLETON, NAT	41	6' 0"	200	divorced one child
PIDGEON, WALTER	42	6' 2"	190	separated one child
POWELL, DICK	36	6' 0"	172	married wife working two children
POWELL, LEE	32	6' 2"	190	unmarried
POWELL, WILLIAM	48	6' 2"	168	married wife working one child
POWER, TYRONE	26	5' 11"	155	married wife inactive
PRESTON, ROBERT	23	6' 0"	175	married wife working
PRICE, VINCENT	29	6' 4"	180	married wife inactive one child
QUINN, ANTHONY	26	6' 2"	192	married wife working one child
RAFT, GEORGE	36	5' 10"	155	separated one child

(Continued on page 72)





*Does your skin look dull, lifeless?...*

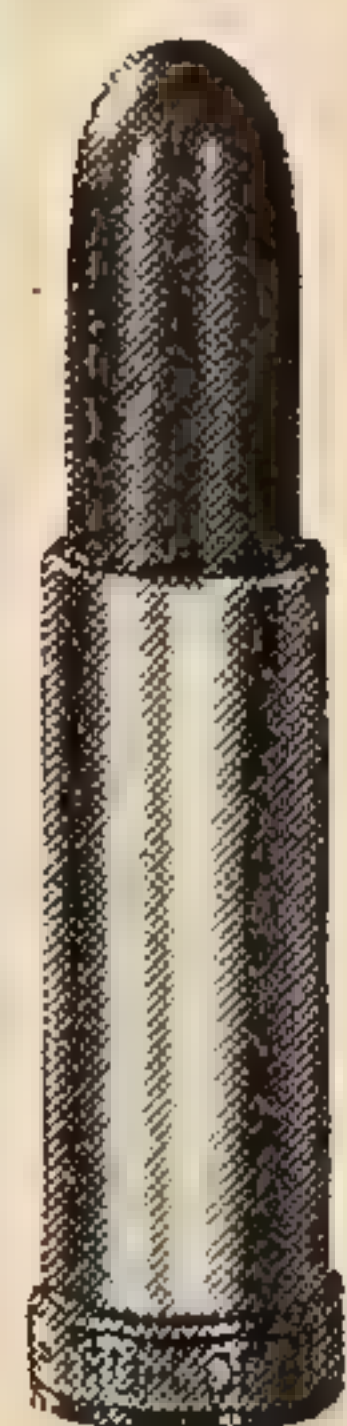
## Try **HOLLYWOOD'S** **FACE POWDER**



**H**AVE YOU been looking for a powder that would give your skin the color, the appeal of youthful beauty? Then try this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

*First*, you'll marvel at the glorious beauty of the original color harmony shades. *Second*, you'll be amazed how the unusual clinging quality aids in creating a lasting, satin-smooth make-up.

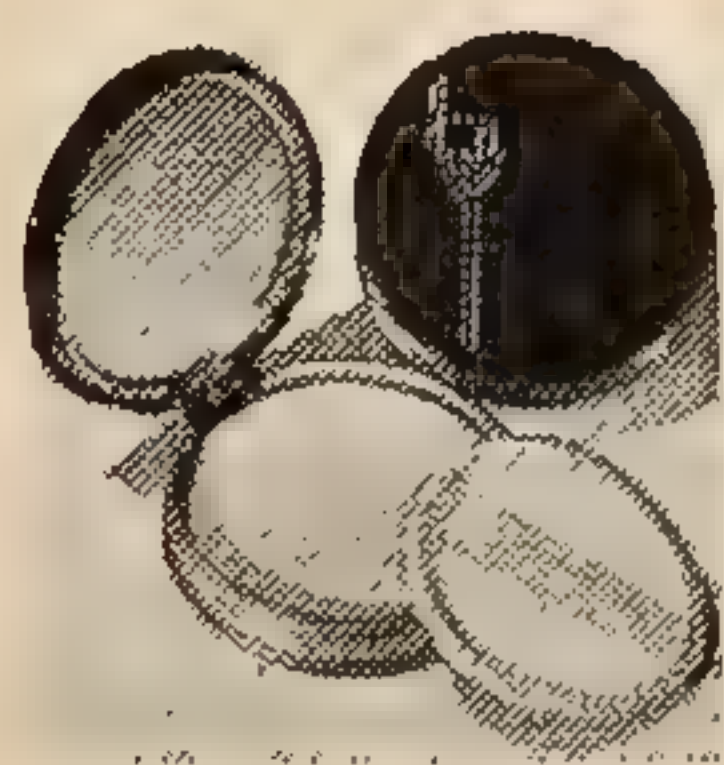
Try the color harmony shade for your type... see how it adds loveliness to your looks... \$1.00



### TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...

Originated by *Max Factor Hollywood*, this remarkable lipstick has four features...  
1. lifelike red of your lips... 2. non-drying, but indelible... 3. safe for sensitive lips... 4. eliminates lipstick line. Color harmony shades for your type... \$1.00

*Max Factor \* Hollywood*



### ROUGE...

There's a lifelike shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Rouge for your type to complete your make-up in color harmony... 50¢



### PURSE MAKE-UP KIT

### Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Make-Up"..... FREE. 24-4-64

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

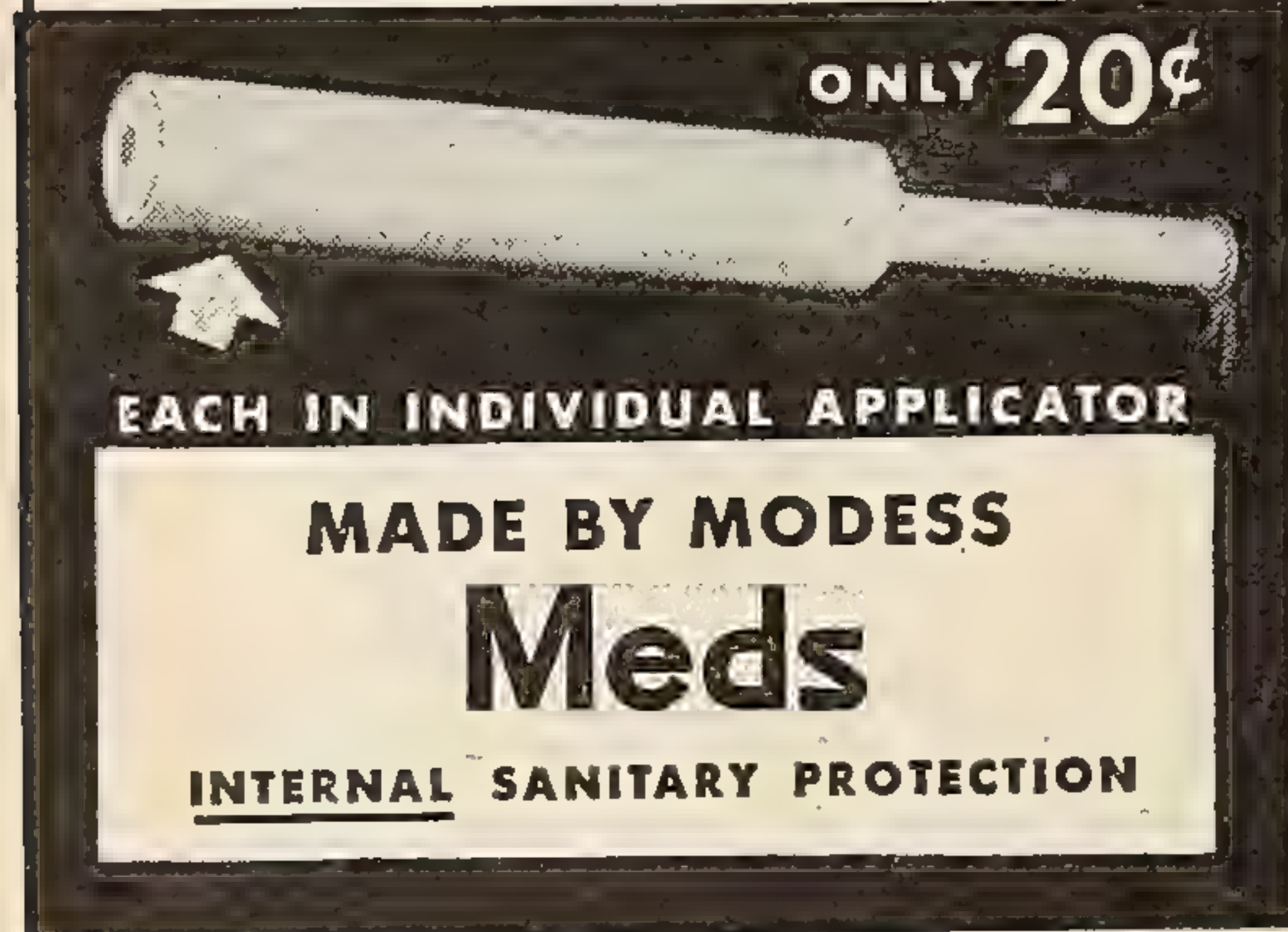


## Why I switched to Meds



### —by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, *internal* way. And I've always wished I didn't have to pay extra to get it. So I certainly was delighted when Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



## NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!



### New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowing lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores.

(Continued from page 70)

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	MATRIMONIAL STATUS
RAINS, CLAUDE	41	5' 10½"	165	married wife inactive one child
RATHBONE, BASIL	48	6' 1½"	174	married wife working one child
RAYMOND, GENE	32	5' 10"	165	married wife working
REAGAN, RONALD	26	6' 0"	170	married wife working one child
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.	47	5' 8"	158	married wife inactive two children
ROGERS, BUDDY	36	6' 0"	175	married wife inactive
ROGERS, ROY	28	5' 10¾"	155	married wife inactive one child
ROMERO, CESAR	34	6' 2"	170	unmarried
ROONEY, MICKEY	20	5' 2"	128	unmarried
RUGGLES, CHARLES	51	5' 6"	145	divorced
SANDERS, GEORGE	35	6' 3"	215	unmarried
SCOTT, RANDOLPH	38	6' 2"	190	separated
SHELTON, JOHN	27	6' 1"	171	divorced
STACK, ROBERT	22	6' 1"	175	unmarried
STARRETT, CHARLES	37	6' 2"	180	married wife inactive two children
STEPHENSON, JAMES	38	6' 0"	172	married wife inactive one child
STERLING, ROBERT	24	6' 1½"	175	unmarried
STEWART, JAMES	32	6' 3"	158	unmarried
STONE, LEWIS	61	5' 10½"	160	married wife inactive two children
TAMIROFF, AKIM	42	5' 8"	180	married wife inactive
TAYLOR, ROBERT	29	6' 0"	165	married wife working
TONE, FRANCHOT	36	6' 0"	160	divorced
TRACY, SPENCER	40	5' 10"	165	married wife inactive two children
TUCKER, FORREST	26	6' 4"	205	married wife working
WAYNE, JOHN	33	6' 2"	198	married wife inactive three children
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY	35	6' 3"	190	married wife inactive one child
WELLES, ORSON	25	6' 3"	200	divorced one child



## THINK WITH YOUR HEART

(Continued from page 35)

as it had him, allowed her less and less freedom.

She grew homesick for the warm, simple things of her youth. Behind the constant talk of munitions which had once thrilled her as intrigue, she could hear women crying for the men those munitions were designed to kill. And the jewels bought with their profits lay against her throat and arms cold as death.

"Let me go back to the studios!" she implored Mandl. Work had saved others from unhappiness, and she hoped it would do as much for her. She wanted her marriage to endure.

But Fritz Mandl forbade her even to think of such a thing.

One dog in the kennels Hedy loved more than all the rest. Walking with this dog in the woods that lay beyond the lawns and gardens and meadow, she tried to outdistance her restlessness and apprehension. And it was in those woods, where the moss made a soft carpet, and it was always twilight, that she heard her father's voice again for the first time.

"Hedylendelein?" It came as gently and clearly as when they had been together in the same room. "Hedylendelein?"

Simply enough she explains his voice reaching her. "Either he was there in spirit, or I heard him in spirit," she says. "Which it was doesn't matter in the least." The result was the same! "Hedylendelein" had been her father's endearment for her, and it reminded her of things she had nearly forgotten. It reminded her, among other things, to think with her heart.

In 1937, when Fritz Mandl was in the mountains hunting, Hedy ran away. She went from Austria to France. She crossed the channel to England. She crossed the sea to New York. She crossed the continent to California. For there comes a time when those who listen to their heart must turn away from security and go on alone no matter how rough or uncertain the road may be.

"She's just another foreigner!" Hollywood said. There was no fanfare over her arrival. And Metro, aware Hedy was not an actress of any wide experience, put her to work with a dramatic coach.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, and nothing happened. Hedy might have changed this by impressing many with talk of the splendor she had known and by entertaining

### Solution to Puzzle on Page 10

J	A	M	E	S		O	H	A	R	A		E	R	R	O	L					
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A	M	A	N	D	A		U	N	D	E	R		E	S	T	H	E	R			
B	I	N	G		B	A	S	S	E	R	M	A	N		S	U	R	E			
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D	O	N	A	L	D		T	E	P	I	D		S	L	A	N	G	Y			
					W	E	L	L	S		A	T	L	A	S		A	C	H	E	S

## "They said I shouldn't have adopted the baby!"

A new mother teaches an older one a lesson in modern child care



1. The girls didn't realize that I was on the bench behind them, or they wouldn't have been talking about me. I didn't interrupt them because I was naturally curious to hear what they'd say.



2. "She should never have adopted that baby! She's spoiling it terribly," Jane was saying. "Why, I was there the other day and, my dear, I wish you could see the things she has for that child! She's raising her like an orchid!"



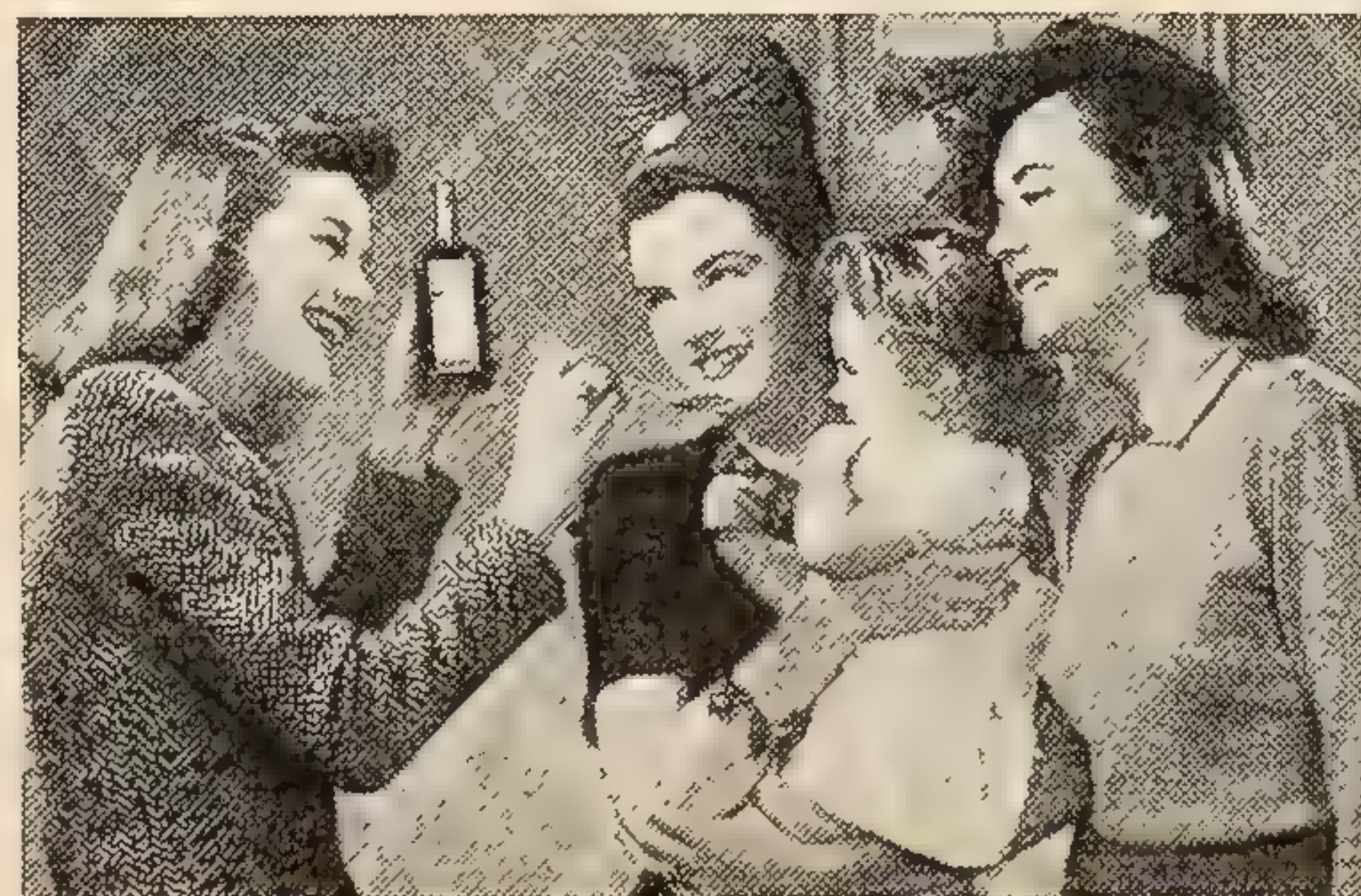
3. "Special diapers, foods, soap, and I'll be darned if she didn't even have a special laxative!" That was my cue! "Jane Thompson," I cried, "how can you say I'm spoiling my baby when I'm following the doctor's orders!"



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby needs things designed especially for her. You give her special foods, so of course she should get a special laxative. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh adult drug in it. It's effective but mild. And *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system."



6. Well, the girls came home with me. And when they saw how the baby loves the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria, that clinched it! Jane said if it was *that* easy, she was certainly going to get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on the way home, and try it for *her* children!

### HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**  
The **SAFE** laxative for children





EVERY day, more and more women are discovering this amazing advancement in feminine hygiene. A method that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without the use of poisons. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

**FREE** revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope. Write to Zonitors, 370 Lexington Ave., Dept. 3407-B, New York City

**Zonitors**



**FRECKLES?**  
Skin Clear and  
Exquisitely LOVELY!

DR. C. H. BERRY'S FRECKLE OINTMENT—used for over 40 years. \$1.25 and 65c at your druggists! For FREE samples address **KREMOLA**, Dept. M-6, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

## GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE



You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "died".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock snipped from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8421 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.  
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown  
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

lavishly. Instead, heeding the voice she could still hear calling "Hedylendelein... Hedylendelein?" she proceeded differently. She worked hard. She lived simply. And she sent every dollar she could spare to her mother in England.

At last Walter Wanger borrowed Hedy from Metro for "Algiers."

Long before "Algiers" was released, Hollywood knew it was a hit. On the opening night they couldn't fill the requests for seats. The crowd in the lobby and on the street was tremendous. There was commotion every time a car discharged a famous star at the marquee. The photographers' flashes were continuous.

"Miss Hedy Lamarr!" announced the master of ceremonies.

You could hear the intake of breath. Most of those who were there were seeing Hedy for the first time. The crowd surged. Men stared. And women, reaching for their little mirrors, freshened their lips and gave reassuring pats to their hair.

Hedy wore orchids. But at home on her bedside table there was a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. Her mother counted this a particular occasion.

They put plenty of pressure on Hedy after "Algiers."

"Follow up this success," they told her. "Play all the publicity angles. Be a glamour girl in everything you do, wear and say. Speak slowly. Be seen with the right men. Live luxuriously."

Hedy was impressed. There was much at stake. She tried to slow down her naturally quick motions. She began looking for a properly luxurious house. She went about more. Then she met Gene Markey, and everything changed. When she was with him, it was as if she closed a door on the cold winds of loneliness and warmed herself by a friendly fire.

The groans which Leo the Lion emitted over Hedy's marriage to Gene grew louder as the pattern of their married life resolved itself. They bought a farm in the hills. They had Scotties named Jack and Jill, a Great Dane named Dona and an amber cat named Mitzi. They raised ducks and chickens, and every day Hedy stamped the eggs that came from the hen house. She painted the weather-vane rooster golden and gave him a red crest. She searched high and low for upholstery for the dining-room chairs that would embrace every color in the wallpaper. She furnished her bedroom with peasant furniture like that she had had in Vienna and bought brown blankets and a brown and white candlewick spread for her simple bed. She wore slacks and shirt-waist dresses which were not unlike the striped frocks of her childhood. She and Gene had their supper outside under the trees. She hung her bird-cage on a green bough that reached across her window. And she was ecstatically happy. But her producers weren't happy at all.

"One picture doesn't make a star," cried Hollywood, still skeptical about her as an actress. "And they can't keep on finding stories like 'Algiers,' in which she doesn't have to do anything but look beautiful!"

Hedy knew what they were saying. She's far from a fool. In fact, she was much concerned over the work she would do in "I Take This Woman," her next production.

"Phyllis," she said to her dramatic coach, Phyllis Laughton, one day, "I'm worried about the scene where Spencer Tracy walks out on me, where I have to cry. I'm afraid I won't be able to do it!"

"Just listen to Spencer," Phyllis told her. "If he can't make you cry, no power on earth can!"

They did the scene in a long shot first. Then Hedy faced the camera alone for the close-up in which her tears must show

while Spencer, behind the camera now, read his lines for cues. Being a fine gentleman, Spencer didn't merely read his lines; he gave them everything he had. And Hedy, listening, cried easily enough.

"Print it!" called Van Dyke, who was directing. "Wonderful, Hedy!"

They had said she couldn't act. But hard-boiled Van was satisfied with the first take of her big emotional scene. And they hadn't had to bring glycerine for her tears. Her head rose. She turned proud.

"Hedylendelein... Hedylendelein?" Again she heard her father calling.

She went straight to Spencer. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you very much." Her courtesy was the lovely, generous courtesy she had learned as a little girl. It left no doubt in the mind of anyone that she knew full well how much she owed Spencer for her performance. And many who heard her never again were to stand by silently if she was criticized.

"I Take This Woman" was no better than the croakers predicted it would be. Neither was "The Lady of the Tropics," her next picture. This resulted in the pressure being put on, harder than ever.

"You can't sit back now!" they warned. "You've got to buy smart clothes, furs, load yourself with jewels, be seen at smart places, pose for seductive pictures and give interviews in which you sound as if you know everything there is to know about men and love. Baby, you're in a spot!"

But Hedy continued to live quietly on the farm, stamp the eggs, play with the dogs, work in the flower garden. She continued to live her life her own way.

Marriages contracted as speedily as Hedy's and Gene's rarely survive. Theirs was no exception. Soon enough both realized that, because of the great loneliness they had known when they met, they had made a mistake.

IT was during this unhappy time that Phyllis Laughton, who had just had her first baby, telephoned Hedy one day. "I've let my nurse go, and this is the maid's afternoon out," she explained, "so I don't think we'd better try to work today."

The maid had been gone only an hour when Hedy arrived. But the baby had brought up some of her bottle, and Phyllis, her hands shaking, was in tears.

"Mary's sick," she sobbed when Hedy came in. "Mary's sick, Hedy!"

Hedy took the baby in one arm and put her other arm around Phyllis.

"And," Phyllis says telling about it. "I can never explain the relief I knew when I saw my Mary in Hedy's arms, I had a feeling she was home."

I think Phyllis Laughton realized then what "Boom Town" and "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me" have since proven—that, because Hedy didn't allow ambition to drive her away from the things that are important in a woman's life, she slowly and surely is developing into one of the most truly glamorous women Hollywood has ever known.

"Think with your heart, and you'll win in the end," Emil Kiesler told Hedy. He meant, of course, that thinking with her heart she would find her way to the things that are right for a woman, and so in the end find happiness. He didn't know she also would find fame and riches.

As for her future, that's safe, too, unless all signs fail. Because, irrespective of how great her fame and the demands it makes upon her, she won't be allowed to forget to think with her heart. On special occasions for a long time to come, God willing, there'll be a little bouquet of forget-me-nots with one pink rose. And there will be her father's voice calling "Hedylendelein... Hedylendelein..."



## LOVE VS. CAREER

(Continued from page 29)

grandmother gathered her daughters, daughters-in-law and their children under the roof of the eighteenth-century house on Fitzwilliam Street in Dublin and kept them there for the duration. Even when the several units scattered, they didn't scatter far and, in spirit, not at all. Family affection reaches back to embrace the more remote ancestors. "It's a haunted house," says Geraldine serenely. "But none of us minds being haunted by his own dear relatives."

Her parents are Edith and Edward Fitzgerald. As far back as the record goes, the men on both sides have been lawyers and jurists. "That's why I'm able to understand my own contracts," she observes, "and have even been known to pick flaws in them." Edward Fitzgerald is a lawyer and citizen of such repute that his daughter winces at the disproportion implied in his being referred to in print as Geraldine Fitzgerald's father.

Her older brother is a lawyer, too, in his father's office. Her younger brother is the first of many generations to forsake the legal tradition for medicine. Geraldine herself, until she was eighteen, had no intention of being an actress, though the idea had often been urged on her by her mother. Mrs. Fitzgerald's younger sister, Sheila Richards, was leading woman at the Abbey Theatre, and it seemed to her that Geraldine, the family clown, might do worse than follow in her aunt's footsteps. But "No, no, no," the daughter protested, "I shouldn't like that a bit." Till one night in bed, a thunderstorm shattering her eardrums, she suddenly decided for no reason she can give a name to that she'd like it very much.

This happened in London, where she'd gone to be near her fiancé. Next morning she betook herself to a theatre. "I want to be an actress," she told the man at the box-office.

"Think of that!" he marveled. "Well, you can't be an actress here. This theatre's gone bankrupt."

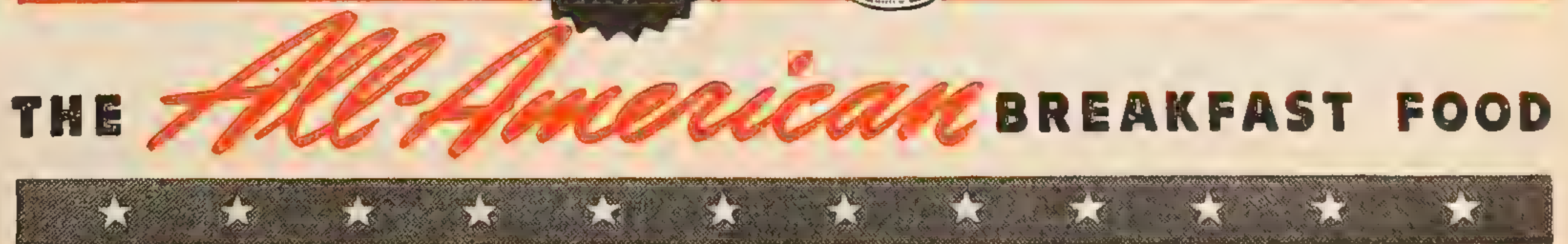
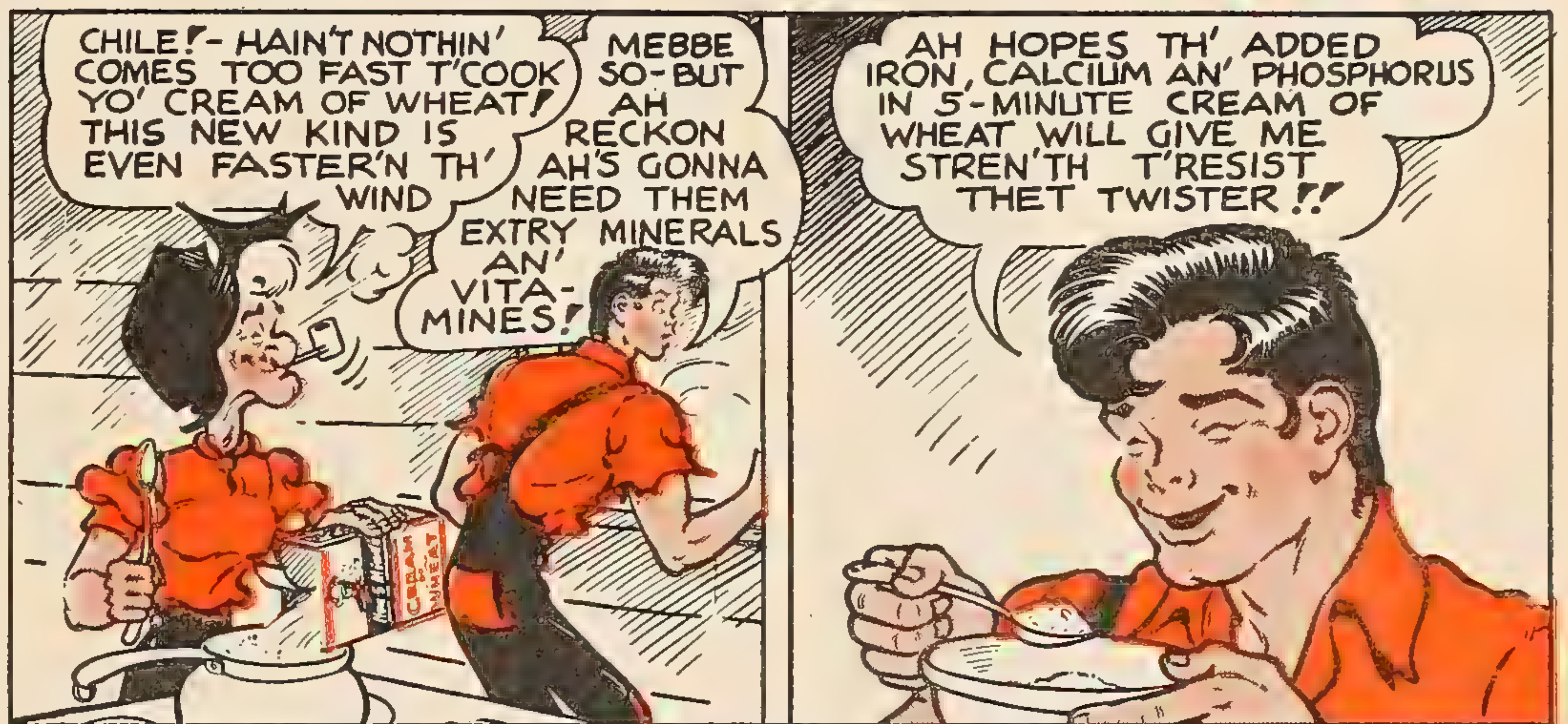
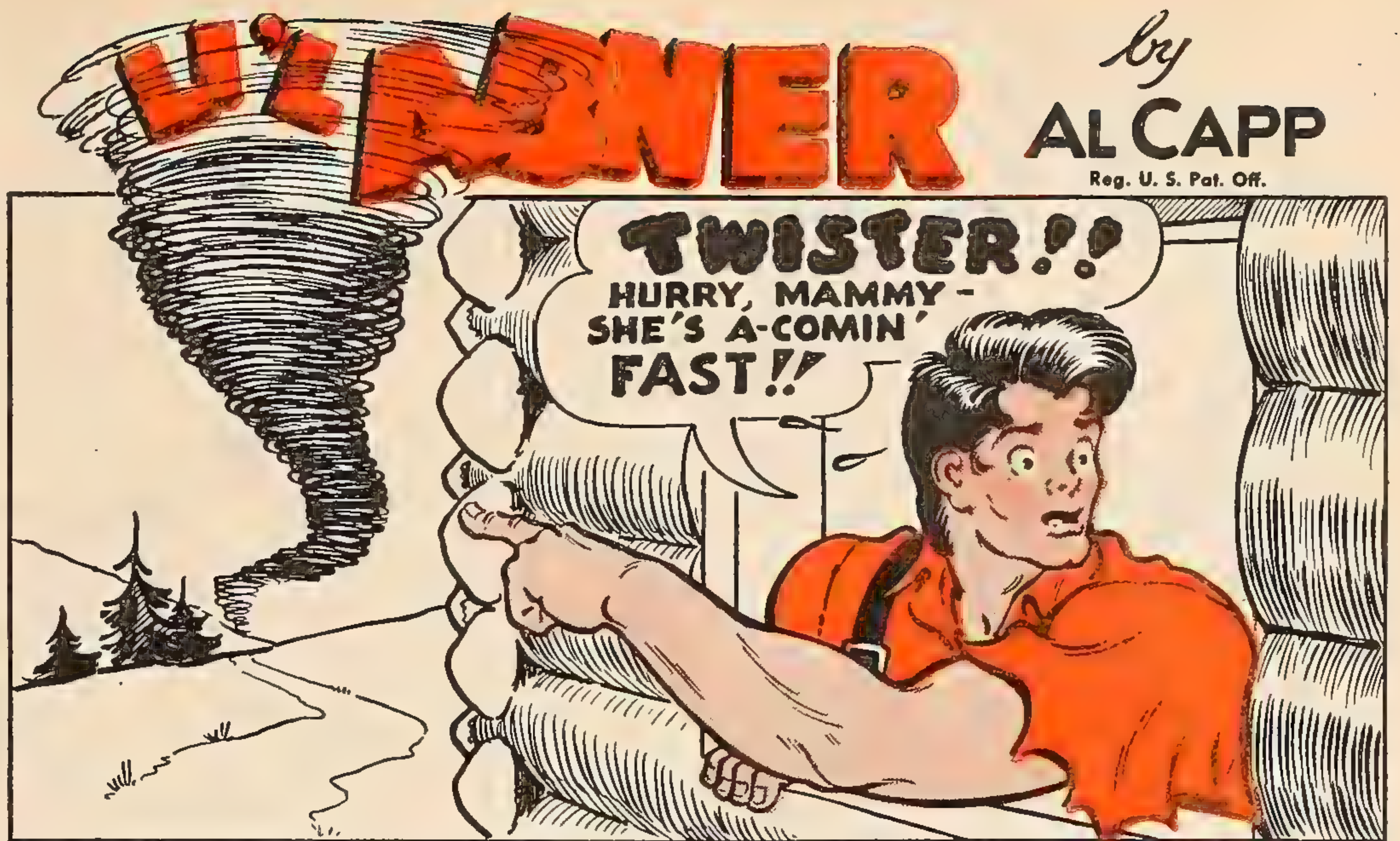
So she scurried back to Dublin, and through her aunt's good offices, she was admitted to the Gate Theatre, where she served a successful season. Meantime she'd seen Mr. Lindsay-Hogg only once. Shortly after the indignity at the race-track, he'd invited her, her brother and her fiancé to spend the week-end at his country place. She's known pleasanter week-ends. The host took a violent dislike to the fiancé, which even Irish courtesy failed to mask. After that, Edward's and Geraldine's ways lay apart. Through her brother, though, she heard of him often and of the beautiful blonde he was engaged to. "References to her always made me very angry," she says.

Their next encounter was in London. Too impatient to wait for the re-opening of the Dublin season, she'd gone down there to find what she could find. She was by now sufficiently tempered to stay away from bankrupt box-offices and go to the only producer she knew—Robert Milton, the American, who was making pictures.

"I have to do something and you have to help me," she informed him.

"Mmm. Well, right now, I have to do something. Go down to Twickenham and see a rough cut of my picture. Want to come along?"

She went along for the ride. At Twickenham an executive appraised her and asked her if she'd like to go into pictures. "No pictures," she said. That was the first time she said it. With the addition of the







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word "more," she was destined to say it often.

It was filthy lucre that changed her mind. The executive phoned a few days later and offered her two hundred a week. "I'd been making ten at the Gate, and the notion of turning millionaire overnight staggered me. I said yes before they could change their minds and went to work.

"Now comes the touching part. I didn't know what a 'quickie' was. Neither do you till you've seen the English brand. I thought I was contributing my art to something colossal. I'd brood for hours over those dreadful lines and how they ought to be read. I'd say to the others, 'D'you suppose they'll like this in New York?' They'd turn away—in sorrow and shame, as I realize now. They hadn't the heart to tell me that these horrors were specially fabricated for third-run houses in the provinces. I don't remember the exact ghastly moment of disillusion. Only that when it came, I said: 'No more pictures.'

"Two hundred a week seemed little enough to pay for the pleasure of regarding myself without loathing."

She was walking gloveless down Bond Street one day, still in the wretched throes of the utter disillusionment. It would take the Irish, perhaps, to understand her reason for going gloveless in all its illogical beauty. "I was making plenty of money, but I wouldn't look at my bankbook, so I felt very poor and as if I couldn't afford to buy gloves."

A cab pulled up at the curb for the traffic light. Inside sat Eddy with a lovely blonde girl. Outside stood Geraldine, with her naked hands and her aching heart that now started a new and furious ache on a separate count.

"Hello," said Eddy—eagerly—that was something. "Are you staying in London? Where do you live?" He introduced her to the menace, whose hands were exquisitely gloved. Then the cab moved on, leaving our heroine desolate on the curbstone and very, very angry with the beautiful blonde.

The following week brought an invitation from Eddy to a house party and the first faint lifting of the gloom. Geraldine took emotional stock and broke her engagement. But she didn't know that the blonde had melted from the horizon till, at a second party, Eddy faced her demanding: "Are you in love with anyone?" Anger and misery fled together. She shook her head. "Well, let's go out and talk about it." They went out and came back engaged to each other.

They went to New York on their honeymoon—because they wanted to see New York and because Geraldine wanted to try for a job on Broadway. An agent took her to Orson Welles, who had also served a season at the Gate. Of course she'd heard tell of the fabulous Orson, and the fabulous Orson had heard of her. He promptly offered her the part of Ellie Dunn in "Heartbreak House," which she as promptly accepted. Came the opening. Came the morning after. Came the critics' raves.

"And then," says Geraldine, "came the wicked, wicked men from the movies with great bags of gold. And I said: 'No more pictures. I'm divorced from them forever.'"

There was always a good reason for saying it and a better one for eating her words. "Heartbreak House" ran for three months. She discovered that as an alien she could do only one play every six months in New York. If the play ran a single night, she'd have to wait six months to become re-eligible.

Hurt and incredulous, she demanded: "When have the Irish ever barred Americans?"

"The Irish stage isn't big enough to mat-

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ter," they grinned. "For our purposes, you're a citizen of Great Britain."

It was after this interview that she began peering gingerly now and then from behind her fingers at the wicked, wicked movies and their hateful bags of gold. At length, with her husband's help she drafted the kind of contract that would be possible for her and impossible, she felt, for any studio. Six months a year, beginning at a specific inviolable date, ending at a specific inviolable date, never to be telescoped, never to be re-arranged.

To her amazement, Warners agreed. She was summoned to Hollywood for a test. Did they understand the contract? They did. "But we don't like it," they said after the test was made.

"You don't like the test?"

"We like the test very much. We don't like the contract."

"But you said—"

"We said we understood it. We still don't like it."

"Goodbye, then," said Geraldine and took ship with her husband for Ireland.

Cosily back among her people, Hollywood seemed more remote and alien than ever. So she proceeded on the theory that if you sit very quiet and don't blink an eyelash, people will forget you're there. All summer she sat like a mouse in Dublin. She didn't answer the cable. She didn't answer the letters that followed. Huddled within a cloak of silence, she'd whisper to herself: "They'll think I'm sick or dead and gone to heaven. They'll look at the test again and say, 'Why bother to drag the wench all the way from Ireland?'"

The ostrich act didn't work. W. B. possessed more acumen than she gave them credit for. As autumn drew near, the cables grew more peremptory, and she had no choice but to crawl out of her hole, to pack and to go. She was rushed off the

train into the tweed suit of Bette's friend, "where I stayed for two or three years," she exaggerates like a true daughter of her race.

Because of Michael, now seven months old, she didn't go home last year. But for the war he would have been born in Ireland. It was in Dublin that he announced his approach to the mingled delight and concern of his prospective parents. Their concern was on two scores—how to keep the news from the family who'd be doubly worried with Geraldine on the high seas and war in the air—and how to break the news to the studio, who'd have to adjust an already difficult schedule to accommodate a baby.

Safely in New York, with one problem behind her, she still had the second to face. It haunted her across the continent.

I'M an employer-hater by temperament," she explains. "But this time I felt they had a legitimate grievance. I felt conscience-stricken. I felt guilty and ashamed. And when at last in faltering tones I laid bare my secret, they made matters worse by heaping coals of fire on my head. They were wonderful from the front office down. Never a reproach, not so much as a look of pain. Not even toward the end when they had to resort to shooting me from behind tables." (The picture was "Till We Meet Again.")

Michael was born without untoward incident in a New York hospital, to the joy of an extensive circle of kinfolk whose acquaintance he has yet to make. His mother enjoys talking about him but finds it strange that people should inquire.

"At home," she says, "there were so many children that you took them for granted. 'Out!' is what you said to children, or 'Go away' or 'Take your hands from under my feet.'"

With no nostalgia to bother him, the baby likes Hollywood unreservedly and proves it by laughing and growing fat. If he has a beef, it concerns his mother in studio makeup. He didn't care for it at first but, being a tolerant boy, has come to accept it. "Now when he sees a face that's green today and yellow tomorrow, hair short today and long tomorrow, he thinks, 'Oh, it's mother dear,' and lets it pass."

Mother dear likes Hollywood better than she did. Naturally. "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights" went far toward uprooting the movie-phobia planted by British quickies. She's not too happy about her role in "Flight from Destiny." Neither are her admirers. An otherwise excellent picture, it gave her little scope for her proven ability. Her current picture, "Winged Victory," is another story and a far stronger one for her, made doubly interesting by the fact that her leading man is James Stephenson—he of "The Letter."

"Besides," she says, "if you can't be in the place you love best, then your fondness for the place where you have to be depends on the people. And we've met some people whom we like enormously."

They're enormously liked as well. Ida Lupino says she'd rather go to a party at the Lindsay-Hoggs than anywhere else. Geraldine, she adds, has original ideas about entertaining.

"Not at all," counters Geraldine blandly. "We simply invite eight or nine people who like each other very well or who loathe each other. We give them food and drink, and we turn them loose. If they like each other, they're bound to have fun. If they loathe each other, some kind of drama ensues. Either way, it's interesting."

Nice people or not, good parts or bad, half her heart remains in Ireland.

We hope she'll be able to take Michael back before long.

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**NEW SUPER-FOAMY TYPE  
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SHAMPOO**



When Gene Autry heard that he was Box Office Star No. 4, he cut loose with one of those he-man yowls that Oklahomans learned from the Indians! He emitted still another "Yee-ow!" that put a strain on the ceiling construction. Then, suddenly, he sobered, stabbed by a thought. "There must be some mistake," he said to himself. "I can't be up THERE!"

When Hollywood read that Gene Autry was Box Office Star No. 4, Hollywood was stunned, too—but instantly. Hollywood said positively, "There's some mistake. He CAN'T be up there!"

How could he be in the Top Ten—when no other Western star in the history of Hollywood had even come close to being there? And how could he be in the Top Ten—when no other star who worked for a small, independent studio had ever been in the running before?

But there was no mistake.

The annual poll that decides the most popular stars in Hollywood is no poll of demon fans who wouldn't hesitate to stuff the ballot boxes for their favorites. It's a poll of theatre managers all over America.



## NO. 1 SHOWMAN

BY JAMES REID

Hard-headed business men. They're asked to tell which stars have brought the most people into their theatres in the past year.

And they said unmistakably that, except for Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable—all M-G-M players—no other star brought as many people into theatres in 1940 as did Gene Autry, and his films are shown in nearly 11,000 theatres in the United States!

How did Gene get up in the 11,000 league, making unpretentious pictures for an unpretentious studio? And what's the secret of the satisfied customers, no matter how many times a year they see him?

He isn't a Great Actor, or a Great Singer, or a Great Profile or a Great Lover. But—he's a Great Showman. The greatest in the business. That's the explanation. He has forgotten more about showmanship than most stars will ever learn.

But tell him that he's the most colorful star on the screen today, or ask him how he got that way, and he gives you a quick look to see if you're kidding him. When he sees that you aren't, he grins sort of self-consciously and asks in that unexpectedly quiet voice of his, "Just what do you mean, brother, by 'colorful?' That's a word that can mean a lot of dif-

ferent things to a lot of different people, you know."

What does it mean to *him*? That's the question.

The grin broadens exposing the whitest teeth in Hollywood. "Well, now, I don't know as I can put my finger on it exactly. I guess Jack Dempsey comes pretty close to being my idea of somebody who's colorful, or Dizzy Dean. Dempsey hasn't fought for years, but you still think of him as a fighter—because of the way he fought when he did fight. He was something to see. And even when Diz isn't pitching so well, people like to watch him pitch—because, win or lose, he always puts on a show."

That's Gene's way of saying that *he's* just trying to put on a show that will make the customers want to come again. If that's what it takes to be colorful, he hopes he has it.

His dad, an outspoken gent, never misses a chance to say that he doesn't understand how Gene, of all people, ever became a movie star. Why, Oklahoma's full of cowboys who are better-looking and can sing better and maybe could act better.

"And that's no joke," says Gene wryly, indicating that he knows how lucky he has been.

When Gene got out of school, he went to work on a farm ("it wasn't big enough to be called a ranch") for 50c a day, plus room and board. The 50c a day was clear profit, but it dawned on him after a few months that even if he saved every cent (which he didn't), he'd be old and tired before he had enough saved to buy a farm, himself. He thought maybe he could do better at something else, somewhere else. Only he didn't know where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do. While he was making up his mind, he got a job on the railroad—so that when he did decide to leave Oklahoma, he could travel on a pass. He thought ahead, even then.

He worked as night telegrapher in a little town named Sapulpa, one of the loneliest stations on the C. and Q. Messages like trains were few, and the waits between were endless. He had to do something to pass the time and break the long and heavy silences, so he got himself a saxophone and started learning how to play it.

The dismal discords he found himself producing were no comfort even at 3 a. m. Besides, the reed made his lip sore. So he swapped the sax for a guitar. That was easier on the eardrums and, besides, he could sing while he played—hear the sound of a human voice even if it was only his own. He killed many a long hour, picking out old cowboy tunes on that guitar. But singing was just something to pass the time until:

"One night about 7:30 or 8, a man came into the station to send a telegram. He wrote out what he wanted to send, then he happened to notice the guitar. 'Do you play that?' he asked. I said, 'Oh, I sort of peck at it.' He said, 'Let's hear you knock off a tune.' So I sang a couple of old cowboy songs. He said, 'Young fellow, you're just wasting your time here. People would pay to hear that kind of singing.'"

"He grinned, then laid some money down on the



counter, more than enough to pay for the telegram, and said to me, 'Keep the change, son, and think over what I said.' I still didn't know who he was. I nearly fell through the floor when I read the name signed to the telegram: 'Will Rogers.'

"That started everything. A while after that, the Depression hit. That was 1929. The railroad started reducing its force, and I was one of them that got reduced. I had to decide, sudden-like, what to try next. I said to myself, 'Maybe I could sing. Will Rogers thought I could.' I had a pass coming to me from the railroad, so I decided I'd go to New York and see if I couldn't get a job making phonograph records. I'd noticed something. There seemed to be a million hill-billy singers making phonograph records—but no cowboy singers. I sort of figured maybe that field was uncrowded."

(Gene doesn't say so, but in figuring like that, he was unconsciously obeying one of the first rules of showmanship. Namely: "Give 'em something they haven't had before.")

He grins in reminiscence of his arrival in New York. "I was such a hick, you'd have needed a curry comb to get the cockleburrs out of my hair," he says. "I was just plain numbed by all those big buildings. But I was conscious of one thing. People in the East weren't used to fellows in big hats. They kept turning around to look at me in mine. I got to thinking about the attention a fellow would attract if he wore high-heeled rawhide boots, too, and real cowboy garb."

Gene started making the rounds of the record companies, alphabetically. He didn't get past the front door at any of them. That one question: "Experience?"

stopped him. Finally he arrived at the V's and Victor. He knew he wouldn't get an audition there, either, if he made the kind of application that unknowns were expected to make. So he figured out something different to do.

When the receptionist asked him what kind of singing he did, he said, "Why, I sing cowboy songs, ma'am. Would you like to hear one?" And before she could say "no," he had his guitar out!

HE had crooned about eight measures of a cowboy lament when two office doors burst open. Out popped two disturbed executives. Gene smiled his best smile at them, as much as to say that they could listen, too; he didn't mind. They couldn't help but listen. They couldn't stop him, short of using physical violence. When he finished his song, the two executives looked at each other, both with the thought that maybe here was a "natural," and said to Gene, "Young man, won't you step inside?" They told him inside that they would like to hear how his voice recorded.

If he hadn't used a little showmanship, he would never have landed that audition—which led to other things.

The audition wasn't a success. The two men told him that he had possibilities, but he needed a little more experience; they invited him to come back in a year. "I had a suspicion they thought that was probably the last they'd ever hear of me," Gene comments, "because that was what I was thinking myself." But he asked them to put the invitation in writing anyway. The way he figured, it wouldn't do any harm to have some proof that he had been there.

Back in Tulsa, he showed that letter to the right people and got himself a job on radio station KVOO at no salary,

as "The Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy." He supported himself by working on a farm again.

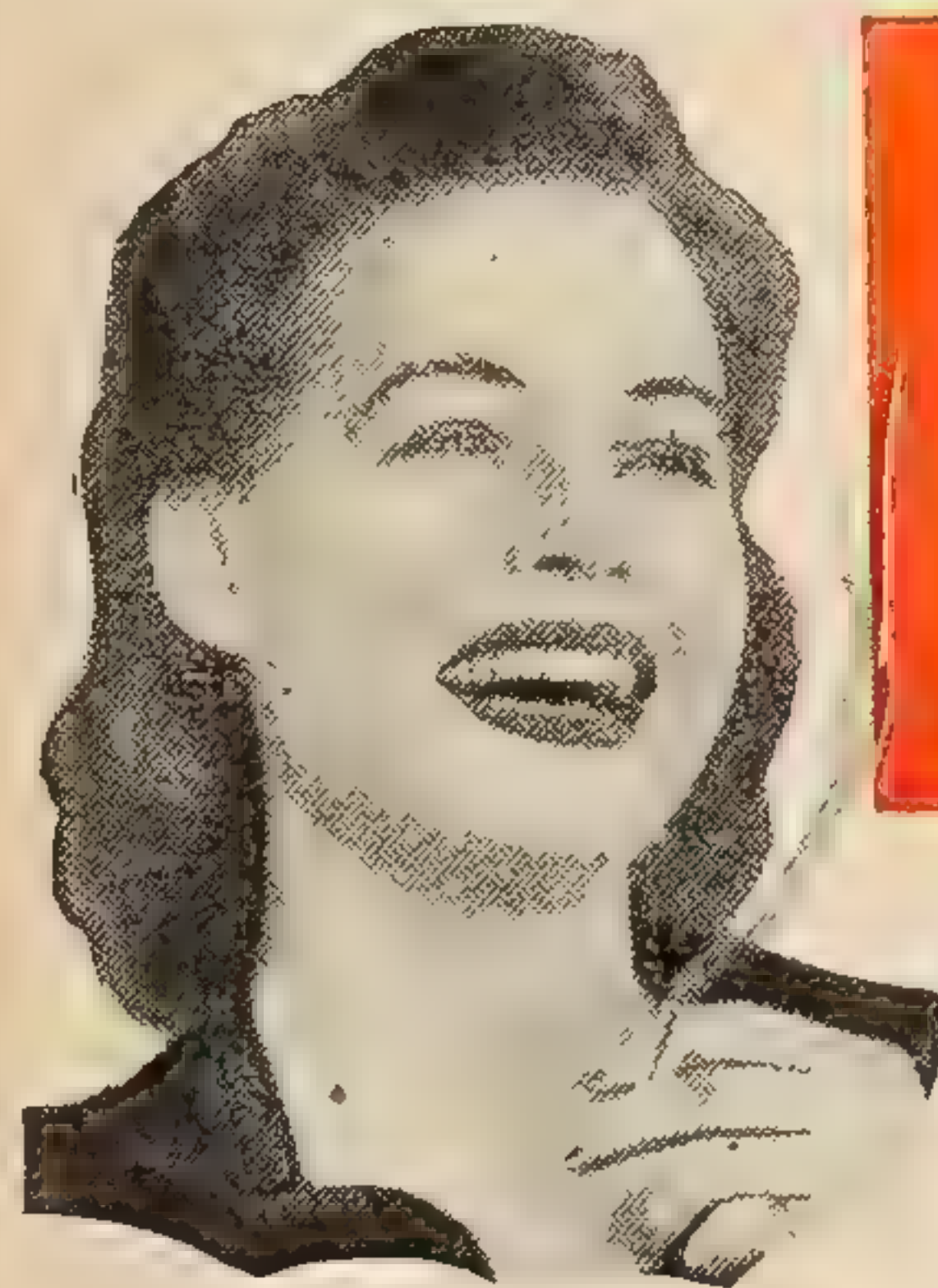
But he had made up his mind that singing was what he wanted to do—and he concentrated on how to get himself a reputation as a singer. Since he wasn't bringing any cash into the studio coffers, KVOO didn't spend much on advertising him, and Gene had to be his own press agent.

He started by making a point of answering every fan letter. He figured that if somebody thought enough of him to write a letter, that person was a friend—and he couldn't have too many friends. So he wrote friendly letters back letting them know he was anxious to find out what they personally would like to hear him sing. That encouraged them to write again and to have their friends write, too.

He kept a card index of the people's letters, so that when they wrote again, he would know it and could comment on it when he answered. Week by week, the letters snowballed until he was hard-pressed to answer them all. But he invited more.

A pal of his did him the favor of telling a reporter friend about the honest-to-goodness cowboy who was singing on KVOO. The reporter came around for a story. Gene made a point of being friendly. The reporter reciprocated with a big feature story about him. The publicity began, and, with it, the reputation.

At that time, there wasn't an unlimited supply of cowboy songs. After a while, he ran the danger of wearing out what songs there were. He was smart enough to see that danger in advance and, to sidestep it, he started making up new cowboy songs. Only he wasn't content just to turn out songs that nobody had heard before; he wanted to turn out a



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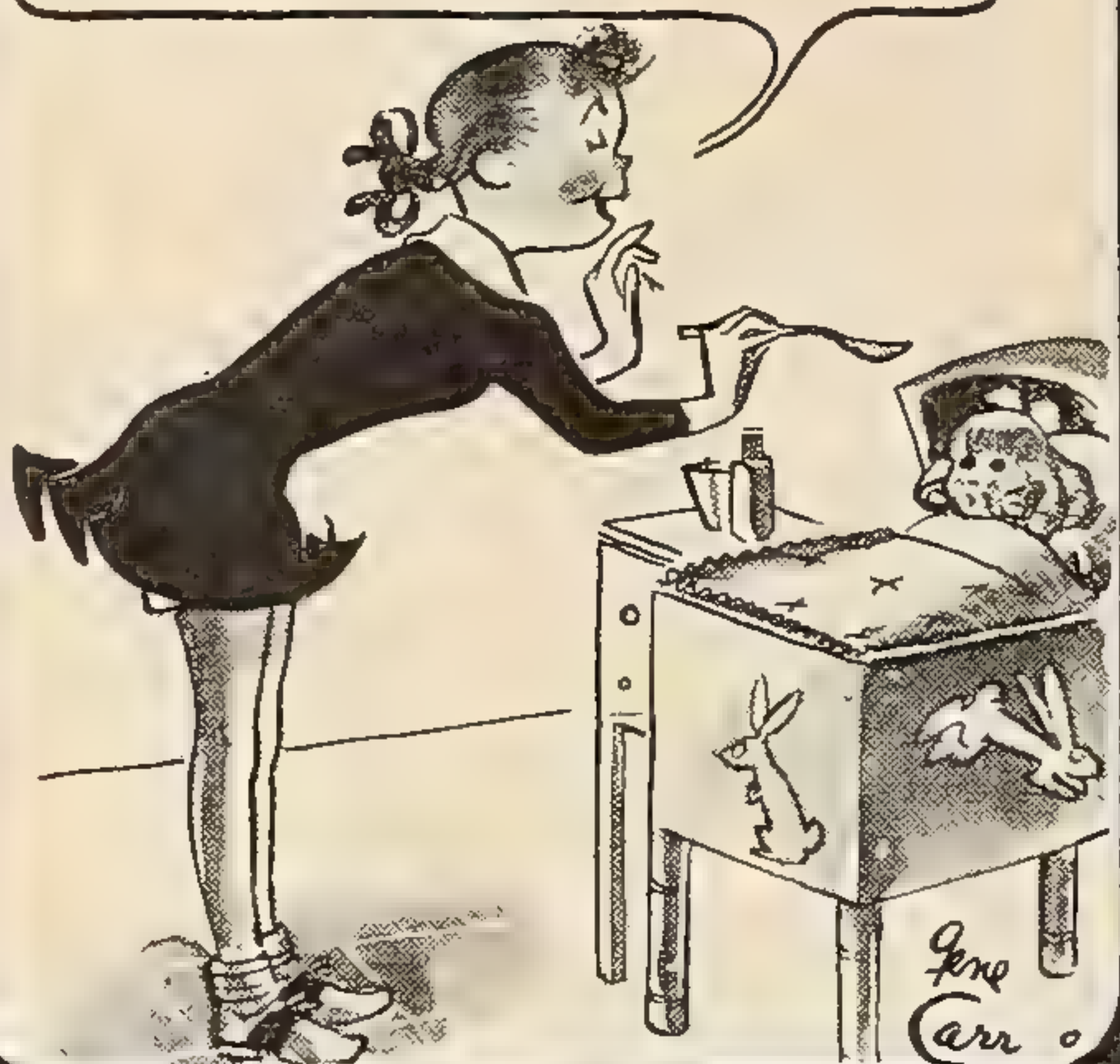


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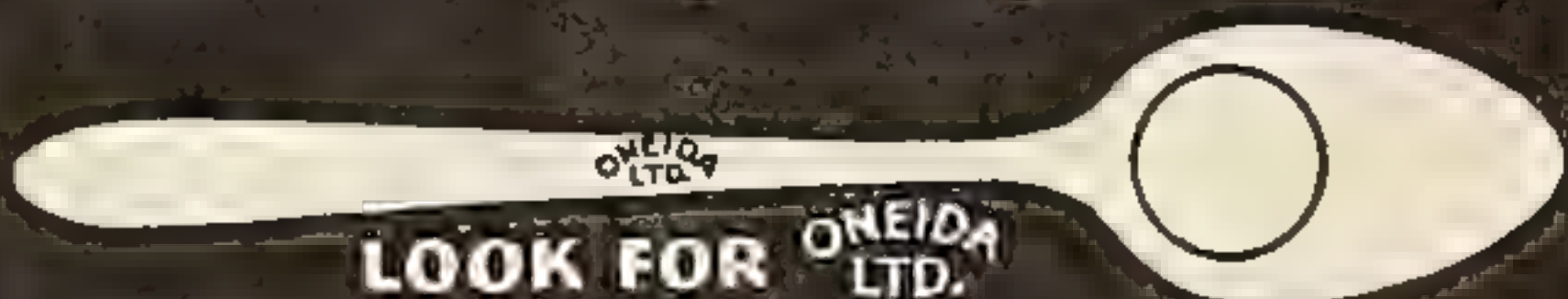
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hit. Something that would spread the Autry name around. Looking over songs that had been hits, trying to find the formula, he made a discovery: people liked to sing about Mother. That made him wonder why there weren't any songs about Father. And the showman in Gene told him that here was a chance to give people something that they hadn't had. So he and a pal named Jimmy Long wrote "Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine."

It was an instant hit—at least, with Oklahomans and Texans. They deluged Gene with requests to sing it again, and again and then again. They grabbed up the sheet-music as fast as it came off the presses and deluged Sears Roebuck with mail orders for records of it.

The American Record Company, manufacturing for Sears Roebuck, had to do something about that. They tracked down the song, discovered the existence of Gene Autry and asked him to make a recording in New York.

The record people wrote that they were looking forward to meeting a singer who was also a cowboy. He didn't know what they expected, but he had a faint idea, and he didn't want to disappoint them. This might be his big chance. So he went to New York in a five-gallon hat and the fanciest cowboy outfit he could find. "I was dressed like the master of ceremonies at a rodeo," says Gene.

Sears officials attended the recording. They liked this singing cowboy—because he was different from any other radio personality they had ever seen or heard—and they asked him to become the star of their radio program.

A RADIO contract is for 13 weeks—after which your sponsor may or may not take up your option for another 13 weeks, depending on the number of listeners you attract. The number of listeners Gene attracted kept him on that program for 156 weeks with only summers off.

He says now, "I had no idea it would go as it did. I was the first cowboy to sing; I guess that was the answer. Anybody would have clicked in the same spot—though I'm awful happy somebody else didn't."

Gene is too modest. He should tell how he didn't overlook an angle that might encourage more listeners. He should tell how he started wearing nothing but loud clothes—not only to make people ask "Who's that?" but to help people who listened to him on the air keep their illusions about him in case they ever saw him in person. He should tell how, now that he was earning some money, he spent a lot of it on photographs. Anybody who thought enough of him to ask him for one could have one—free. He should tell how he went all over the Middle West making personal appearances, making people everywhere within range of Station WLS Gene Autry-conscious.

Those tours were grueling things; one night stands, sometimes in towns hundreds of miles apart, in all kinds of weather. And there wasn't much money in them—not the way Gene made them. He didn't go solo; he took along a troupe of about eighteen comedians and musicians. He says simply, "I figured that, the more help I had, the better the show would be. That was what I was after. I wanted people to say, after they spent their money, 'He put on a good show.'"

Then Nat Levine, a Hollywood producer of Westerns, had a brainstorm. He had watched people steadily losing interest in Westerns. The formula was worn out. He wondered about trying something new—a Western with music. He broached the idea to his boss, Herbert Yates, who owned Mascot Pictures (which later be-



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came part of Republic), and who also owned the American Record Company. Yates thought of the "Singing Cowboy" and the way his records sold, and how a movie appearance might sell more records—and that was how Gene Autry happened to get an offer to sing in the picture, "In Old Santa Fe."

If Gene had been primarily interested in money, he wouldn't have been interested in the offer; it was that small. \$500! And he had to pay his own expenses to and from Hollywood. But he saw how a movie appearance, even if it cost him money, could boost his stock as an entertainer. So he took the offer.

The picture did good business where he was known on the radio. Levine offered him \$1,000 to make a serial. That was chicken feed, too—because by this time Gene was making \$500 a week in the East—but he made the serial for publicity. Then Levine offered him a seven-year starring contract. At a starting salary of \$150 a week. A quarter of what he was earning back East.

If Gene had been less of a showman, he wouldn't have been interested in making movies—for that kind of money. But he saw farther than his pocketbook. He gave up radio for movies.

HE had a horse back in Oklahoma that he had practised trick riding on during summer vacations—the original "Champ." He sent for the horse, and he invested in an expensive silver saddle. Levine said, "I wouldn't go to that expense, if I were you. What if this doesn't last?" Gene said, "Well, if I look better dressed up, I figure the horse will, too."

And what Gene did after his first picture is also revealing. "I realized that I could make all the pictures in the world, but if salesmen didn't sell 'em or theatres didn't play 'em, people wouldn't see 'em," Gene says. After that first picture, he arranged to make some personal appearances down Texas way. He stopped over in Dallas to meet the manager of the film exchange for that territory, and he stopped in countless other towns to introduce himself to theatre managers. He left behind him a trail of exhibitors who were conscious of Gene Autry pictures for the first time having met Gene Autry in person. They took an interest in this young fellow who seemed interested in seeing exhibitors make some money, and who took the trouble to listen to what they thought about Westerns. They started booking his pictures.

After every picture, he went to some section of the country where he hadn't been before, to build up more good will for Gene Autry. And it paid dividends. By tens, by twenties, by hundreds, more and more theatre managers booked his pictures. Until today, 11,000 U. S. theatres are booking them.

When he did that first singing in "In Old Santa Fe," he was called by his own name in the picture—for the publicity value. And he wondered why that stunt wouldn't have permanent publicity value. If he were Gene Autry on the screen and off, it ought to make it easier for people to believe he was like the characters he played and vice versa.

He had definite ideas about those characters. Most of the cowboy heroes that people had ever seen had been the grim, silent type. Well, he'd give 'em something different. Cowboys who were friendly hombres with senses of humor.

When the fan mail started arriving by the truckload, he didn't toss up his hands and say to the studio, "You've got to handle it for me"—as stars who have never received a quarter of his mail have

(Continued on page 83)

MERLE OBERON STARS IN "THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING", AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION



MERLE OBERON TYPE... THE IVORY SKIN TYPE

Creamy skin, ivory tints. For striking clearness, Woodbury Rachel Shade. Or for deep, velvet tone, use Blush Rose.

## To win Love's game

### DRAMATIZE YOUR TYPE



VIRGINIA BRUCE Type  
The Cameo Skin Type

Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.



DOLORES DEL RIO Type  
The Tropic Skin Type

Vivid skin, dusky or olive tones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Champagne.



BRENDA JOYCE Type  
The Honey Skin Type

Amber skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, Woodbury Champagne. For a rosy look, use Windsor Rose.



MYRNA LOY Type  
The American Beauty Blend

Lovely light-dark blend, peach tones. For accent, use Woodbury Windsor Rose. For exotic effect, Brunette.

TO PLAY leading lady in Love's drama—heed Hollywood directors. They say:

"It's skin, not hair, that determines type." That's why they divide all beauty into 5 skin types. You are one of them.

And for each type, Woodbury has now created Color Controlled Powder shades—shades which do amazing things for beauty.

They're miraculously clear shades, for Woodbury Color Control eliminates color specks that once marred smoothness. And Color Control makes Woodbury fine, soft, clinging. Today, get Woodbury Powder. See your beauty, your romance—come alive!

FREE } 6 Color Controlled Shades and tube of new Woodbury Foundation Cream free—simply address penny postcard to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 8118 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

WOODBURY Face Powder





# IRRESISTIBLE *Charm*



## YOURS WITH *Irresistible* LIPSTICK

A new season! A new personality and IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick to give you glamour! Fashion leader in the spring parade is the smart woman who chooses her lipstick as part of her costume. FLASH RED for pastels! CANDY STRIPE RED for that patriotic accent to your navy and white! RUBY RED for sophisticated black! FUCHSIA PLUM to vibrate with the new South American shades! Secret WHIP-TEXT process means a softer, creamier, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching ROUGE, FACE POWDER and POWDER FOUNDATION.

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
LASTS LONGER  
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL  
5 & 10c STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★	Meet the Wildcat (Universal).....	2½★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia).....	2½★	Meet the Missus (Republic).....	2★
Argentine Nights (Universal).....	2½★	Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★	Michael Shayne, Detective (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
*Arizona (Columbia).....	4★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★	*Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★	Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox)...	3★	My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
Captain Caution (United Artists).....	2½★	My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
Case of the Black Parrot, (Warners).....	2½★	New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox)...	C 2½★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Nobody's Children (Columbia).....	2½★
*Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	North West Mounted Police (Paramount)....	C 3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
City for Conquest (Warners).....	3½★	No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
Colorado (Republic).....	2½★	No Time for Comedy (Warners).....	3★
*Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Oklahoma Renegades (Republic).....	2½★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★	One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★	One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★	Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★	Pastor Hall (United Artists).....	3½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★	Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal).....	2★	Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners).....	C 3★	Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★	Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Pop Always Pays (RKO).....	2½★
Dulcy (M-G-M).....	3★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Earl of Puddleston (Republic).....	2★	Pride of the Bowery (Monogram).....	2½★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★	Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia).....	2½★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★	Queen of the Yukon (Monogram).....	2★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
*Father's Son (Warners).....	C 2★	Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO)...	3½★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia)....	C 2★	Rangers of Fortune (Paramount).....	3★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★	*Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists).....	4★	Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★	Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox)...	2½★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★	Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★	Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal).....	2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia).....	2★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★	San Francisco Docks (Universal).....	2½★
Golden Fleece, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	2★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★	*So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★	So You Won't Talk? (Columbia).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia).....	3½★	Sporting Blood (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox)...	3½★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal)...	2★	Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO).....	3★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	Strike Up the Band (M-G-M).....	C 3½★
I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★	Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Irene (RKO).....	3★	Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)....	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	2½★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount).....	3★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	2½★	They Knew What They Wanted (RKO).....	3½★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★	Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	C 3½★
Knut Rockne—All American (Warners)....	C 3½★	Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M).....	3★
*Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	*This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★	Too Many Girls (RKO).....	3★
*Life With Henry (Paramount).....	2½★	Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3★	Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal).....	3★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★	Triple Justice (RKO).....	2★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists).....	4★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★	Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
*Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★	We Who Are Young (M-G-M).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Wyoming (M-G-M).....	3★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
		Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★



(Continued from page 81)

been known to do. He realized the importance of that fan mail and the importance of doing right by it. He had to hire two secretaries to help him handle it, but he handled it himself. He also made sure that everybody who asked for a picture of him got one—free. "They're doing you a mighty big favor, putting your picture up where their friends can see it," is the way Gene looks at it. It costs him hundreds of dollars a month to send out those photos, but he doesn't know how he could spend money better.

People told him that he ought to form a nation-wide fan club of boys—such as another Western star had, but Gene didn't want to give anybody the idea that he was more interested in one kind of fan than another, because he wasn't. The only club he has gone for is the Gene Autry Friendship Club—a letter-writing club, designed to keep Gene posted about what his fans are doing and thinking and to keep his fans posted about him. There's a lot of mutual liking implied in that word "friendship."

He goes out of his way to make people feel that he likes them. Any time, any place, he's willing to meet anybody who wants to meet him—including autograph hunters. He figures that people don't collect autographs to annoy stars but to show their friends which stars they wanted to meet in person. When crowds collect, he doesn't duck out the back way. He walks out the front way smiling, glad to see so many people.

**T**HIS business of being colorful is a costly one. He has \$75,000 invested in his wardrobe alone—in specially made cowboy suits of every color and description (white's his favorite), hat to match every outfit and hand-tooled outfits.

It cost Gene plenty, too, to have a 36-foot trailer truck specially built for "Champ" and his other horses—but wherever that truck goes, it's a colorful ad for Gene and "Champ."

Nobody else would ever have thought of chartering a plane for \$3500 to transport a horse across the country as Gene did last year when he flew to New York for the rodeo at Madison Square Garden. But Gene figured that \$3500 was a bargain price for a million dollars' worth of publicity.

Two years ago, Republic's distributor in England pleaded with the studio to send Gene over for a personal appearance tour—to make English theatres more conscious of Republic Pictures. Yates, the president of the company, said he was willing to donate \$50,000 for an English campaign, if Gene would be willing to donate his time. Gene was willing. He didn't get a cent for his trouble. But millions of people who had never heard of him saw him—and got the idea of seeing his pictures. The first pictures that the British Government bought for army camp entertainment were six Gene Autry Westerns.

When Gene was voted Box Office Star No. 4, the sponsors of the poll, obviously baffled, attempted to explain his popularity by saying that the war had given the American public a taste for Westerns again, Westerns being so far removed from any suggestion of war.

Maybe so. But Gene isn't the only Western star or the only singing cowboy.

A well-known Hollywood agent, visiting Republic the other day, asked how he could join the Gene Autry fan club. He thought maybe he could learn something for the benefit of his clients about how to make fans keep coming back.

In other words, the city slickers can take lessons from the country boy who made good. He's Showman Number 1.

\*Jane Russell and Jack Buettel in Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw". For romantic hands, use Jergens Lotion.



"Soft Hands are so truly feminine...adorable"

says *Jane Russell* \*

(Lovely New Hollywood Discovery)



SORRY YOU WON'T PLAY BRIDGE, CATHERINE...

OH, BILL, I CAN'T. I...

THAT SAME EVENING



I COULDN'T PLAY, MARY. I'M SO ASHAMED OF MY RED, ROUGH HANDS.

AND JERGENS LOTION RIGHT HERE IN THE DRESSING ROOM! JERGENS FURNISHES SOFTENING MOISTURE YOUR HAND SKIN NEEDS.



SO CATHIE BEGAN TO USE JERGENS LOTION, AND NOT LONG AFTER

PLAY BRIDGE, YOU TWO?

I CAN'T LET GO OF CATHIE'S SOFT HAND.

**JERGENS LOTION**



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

**FREE! ...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3722 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have lovable, soft hands. Send purse-size bottle, free.

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## TRY ARISTOCRATIC SMOKING

Spend a few extra pennies just to find out how much pleasure choicer, richer, milder tobaccos can bring you. Today — for a treat — try Marlboros!

Now only 20¢



IVORY TIPS  
PROTECT THE LIPS

Also Plain Ends  
and  
Beauty Tips (red)

**MARLBORO** *America's  
Luxury Cigarette*

## BEAUTY AND THE MALE

(Continued from page 51)

more important than the color. If your hair looks clean and glossy and, you know, with a kind of spring to it, any color's nice. Oh, yes, and I like it to blow. I don't mean untidy. But I hate those pompadours and those tight curls and when it's plastered against your head. I think you should stay in the beauty parlor till you're finished, and I don't think you're finished till your hair looks soft and loose. Even with formals, I like hair a girl can toss. Gee, she looks pretty—I mean—" But Jackie refused to be confounded. "I like it to smell nice, too," he shouted defiantly through the whoops. "Attaboy, kid," said Bing. "You and me both. Now, may I say a word about this lady's complexion? The skin that's been doused in soap and water is the skin for me. I'd sooner meet Dracula in the dark than a woman with a glazed face in the sunlight. She may look like a flower, but I never did go for wax blooms. Give me a scrubbed-looking skin, clean, fresh and healthy. Make-up's okay—it's swell—if it's not put on with a trowel. We men like our girls tanned in summer—and we even like 'em freckled, what do you think of that? A flock of freckles on a sun-warm face'll draw more money than fake camellia petals."

Mel Douglas stepped up and gravely pumped Bing's hand. "Count me among the nine who agree with you. But I'd like to go farther—"

"Which way?"

"Behind the skin," said Mel blandly. "Behind the mouth and the eyes. I don't

feel that beauty of feature is the determining factor in a woman's attractiveness. She could be a Greek goddess and still be a pain in the neck—yes, even to look at, after the first month or two. What makes a woman lovely day by day, year by year, is the expression of her face, and it's character that makes expression. Cagney touched on it when he spoke of the eyes. Some of the most beautiful women I've seen have been old women or women who, taken feature by feature, would have been called homely. But there's a kind of spiritual experience, an inner radiance that comes through—gives the face sweetness, serenity, strength—nobility even. I don't know, boys, maybe I'm getting beyond my depth. I'm certainly beginning to feel self-conscious."

"That was well put," we approved. "But space presses. Mr. Stewart, let's hear from you."

Jimmy ducked his head and swallowed. As always, his voice sounded mournful, though his words didn't. "Well, if I'm not depriving any of you fellows, I'll take the figure. I like 'em small. Purely a personal idiosyncrasy, you understand. Pay no attention to it. Small, tall, or in between, the curve's the thing. A woman should be round in the right places—fore and aft. Put it like this. When you see her in profile, she should look like the letter S. Flat chests are a crime against nature. I like 'em high. I like shoulders broad, waists slender, but not so slender they look squeezed. If squeez-

ing's necessary, the man can take care of it. All bones should be nicely covered. Chicken wings sticking out of the neck and back make a girl look pathetic. I like her a little longer from the waist down than from the waist up. I like round, slim thighs. I like legs—"

Dennis Morgan shoved him aside. "Don't be a hog, Jimmy. I like legs, too. Long slender legs. The kind that look as if they started from under the armpits. Straight in front. Curved at the calf. Not those awful bulges, though. There's no excuse for them. I don't care how much exercise a woman takes. She owes it to herself and her public to massage those bulges out. Trim ankles, but not so thin you start wondering if they're going to snap."

Legs were made to move on, among other things—to support the body. They should look as if they could do the job. Also, except in bed or on the beach, they should be inside stockings. I don't care how lovely they are, silk makes 'em look more so. Silk, and straight seams. As for feet, they can be as long as they like, provided they're shapely. With straight toes that never knew tight shoes. And—nothing's prettier than a dimpled knee—"

"Unless it's a dimpled elbow," said Brent. "Which has this advantage over the knee. It's less likely to be hidden. The professor will take for his discourse, gentlemen, arms and the hand. A good arm, like a good leg, should be long and slender but not fragile. There should be no visible muscle, but neither should it feel like a sausage to the touch. You should be able to sense the ripple of life which comes from elasticity under the skin. The lower arm tapers gently to the wrist, from which the hand flows. The hand is also long and slender but not bony, with tapering fingers if possible, a faintly rosy tint and dimpled knuckles."

"Write 'em a letter, George," said Bogart, "and let me speak my piece. You've got the girl now from tip to toe, but you've got her stationary. The most beautiful woman I ever saw was an actress. She was sitting down. Then her cue was called, and right under our noses beauty turned sour. She moved so badly that you lost sight of the face and figure. All you could see was that ungainly swivel. It was inexcusable in an actress, and almost as inexcusable in any woman. You can learn how to walk in any good school of gymnastics, or you can teach yourself. Carry books on your head the way Indian women carried baskets. They knew how to walk because they didn't have cars to haul them. Throw your shoulders back, hold your head high, swing easily from the hips, don't let your arms dangle. Your movements should flow into each other like a cat's. If any part of you bounces or wiggles, the harmony's destroyed. Try for grace of body and the grace of mind Douglas talks about, and you won't have to worry about the minx next door. Whew!" He wiped his forehead. "Who's the professor now?"

"Class dismissed," we said, "and thank you all."

We left them then and walked down Hollywood Boulevard, mentally reviewing what we'd learned and furtively obeying a few of the commandments. We made our eyes soft and friendly, brushed off some of that excess mouth, tossed our hair a little and walked with our heads high and our shoulders back. Results were instantaneous! For the first time in years we got the horn from a dozen drivers and "the eye" from a couple of drugstore cowboys.

They certainly knew what they were talking about—those guys!



## CONSCRIPTION HITS HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 26)

an experienced seaman, would definitely be unacceptable to military medicos because his five-feet-eight body weighs only 134 pounds. Cesar Romero might be regarded much too thin to shoulder arms. On the other hand, Smiley Burnette, a setup for army cavalry, would have his 230-pound carriage discounted as too heavy. And Andy Devine, who became 35 nine days before the draft, would certainly be waived because of his 245 poundage. Stirling Hayden, the handsome newcomer, might be too lanky.

But physical aspects of the draft can only be speculative. The decision on each man's person cannot be made in a book of rules—but only upon observing each man's individual body. One thing's certain, America's army in these years of the blitzkrieg demands perfection. Dr. Robert Plunkett, army X-ray expert, admitted recently that \$250 was being spent on each young man examined—just in an effort to find tuberculosis and to establish a defensive unit free from tuberculosis.

Second to health as an army exemption would be the business of marriage. This, however, must be clarified. There is, today, no clause in the Burke-Wadsworth Bill stating that a married man is ineligible for the draftee cantonments. There is a clause, though, stating that any man with dependents may be temporarily deferred, and the word "dependent" is defined as:

"Such person who is either the registrant's wife, divorced wife, child, parent,

grandparent, brother, or sister, or a person under 18 years of age or a person of any age who is physically or mentally handicapped, whose support the registrant has assumed in good faith."

Concerning dependency, the draft boards are at present being very liberal. A movie star with a wife will probably not be summoned, at least not until a half million men have been trained.

**M**ANY Hollywood bigwigs will, for a time, not be bothered by the army because they are married men who are supporting their wives. Joel McCrea and Dennis Morgan, each married seven years, each the father of two kids, would be deferred. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Robert Preston, Vincent Price and Gene Autry, all wedded, would also be deferred. Don Ameche, father of four boys, and Dick Foran, father of two, would not be bothered. Richard Carlson, Robert Cummings, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., John Garfield, William Gargan, Bob Hope, Johnny Weissmuller, Robert Young—all of them eligible as to health and age—would be deferred because of wives requiring support. John Wayne, with his wife's fourth child on the way, and husband Errol Flynn, who would make a fine able seaman, also would be passed temporarily by the army.

Then there are married men whose wives work. The Selective Service will not be so lenient with this group. As long as their wives can support themselves, these men must forego the camera

and kliegs for bugle calls and cusses of top-sergeants.

But now, the big news, straight from California draft boards. The Hollywood actors who, because of their health, ages, lack of dependents, are most likely to become draftees when their mail-boxes bear the tidings:

Francis Lederer, William Lundigan, Tony Martin, Bob Stack, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Albert, Lew Ayres, Cary Grant, William Holden, Franchot Tone.

Of these, only Jimmy Stewart has been called to appear before his local draft board. When he showed up a short time ago, the army doctors gave him a strict going-over. They found his 158 pounds too fragile for his six feet three of height. So, though Stewart, a topnotch commercial pilot, wanted to serve—he was rejected because of the health clause. And, as this is written, others who already have received questionnaires, a prelude to examination and then service, are Vic Mature, Lee Bowman, Broderick Crawford, recently married, Dan Topping, husband of Sonja Henie, and Sterling Holloway, comedian in "Cheers for Miss Bishop."

According to the Burke-Wadsworth Bill, there is one exemption clause reading:

"Nothing contained in this act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combat training or service in the land or naval forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed

## BETWEEN TAKES THEY TAKE TO

# PEPSI-COLA



The "movie lots" in Hollywood are going Pepsi-Cola in a great big way. Different from other cola drinks, Pepsi-Cola appeals because of its *finer flavor*. Each big bottle pours 12 full ounces . . . a generous helping that really quenches thirst. Enjoy America's BIG favorite—go Pepsi-Cola now.

Pepsi-Cola, Sole Product of Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., is bottled locally by authorized bottlers from coast to coast.

Edmond O'Brien and Lucille Ball starred in RKO-Radio Pictures' current hit "Three Girls And A Gob"



FREE: Pepsi-Cola recipe booklet . . . write Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Dept. E.





DOES HE USUALLY PREFER TO . . .  
**LOOK THE OTHER WAY**  
BECAUSE YOUR APPEARANCE IS MARRED BY

## PSORIASIS

If this is one of the problems you face, why not see what Siroil can do for your psoriasis blemishes? Certainly it is sensible to give Siroil a chance. Siroil tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help keep them under control. Applied externally, Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linen—nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

**SIROIL** FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for interesting booklet on psoriasis direct to—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit, Mich., Dept. M-11  
Please send me your booklet on PSORIASIS.

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If you live in Canada, write to Siroil Laboratories  
of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

*For the Love of Pete*



*...or Jim or Bill*

**KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY!**

Whatever his name, he'll find you more enchanting if your eyes have the crystal-clearness that brings out the beauty of their coloring.

Wash your eyes with this specialist's formula, today. See how they sparkle . . . how refreshed they feel. Eye-Gene is safe, hygienic, stainless. At all drug, dept., and ten cent stores.



to a participation in war in any form, and is so found to be a bona fide objector."

There are no objectors in Hollywood! Every thespian is ready to exercise his trigger finger—but only when his number is announced!

Thus, America's first peacetime draft in history is now in its debut year determined to prove that democracy with dynamite in each fist can be dynamic! This year, a million boys trained in countless camps will do their share in giving democracy muscles—and among them, you can be certain, will be the proper quota of movie stars.

Camp life for one year will be a new and strange life for Robert Stack, champion rifle shot, or Cary Grant, reformed acrobat, or Bill Holden. It'll be a gray, hard-hitting world of blasting bugle calls, chow lines, bellowing officers and chattering machine guns.

The movie star will have to leave his sprawling mansion behind for a tent to be shared with five other men, some of them perhaps who had once written fan letters to him, or a barracks to be shared with prize fighters, grocery clerks, mama's boys, rural hayseeds, accountants and dozens of others.

It'll be a new world, but it'll be democracy.

"I wish every boy in the country could have this year of training . . ." stated Dr. John Erskine. "What a great opportunity for all our boys to meet at least for one year on terms of absolute democracy! I should like to see the young conservative bunking in with the young radical . . . I should like the boys from one section of the country to do their year of service in another section."

There will be many surprises for easy-going film celebrities. Cary Grant, for example, used to earning perhaps \$20,000 a month, will now have to be satisfied with the regular draftee wage of \$30 a month! Topnotch stars, in the habit of wearing \$145 suits, will now have to don woolen underwear, khakis, thick-soled shoes, plus blanket pack, a year's attire worth maybe \$90!

Franchot Tone, used to dating until early in the morning and sleeping until noon, would have to forget his past the moment he entered camp. At 5:45, in the cool dawn, the bugle call. And no breakfast in bed, sir. Franchot would have to race to the mess hall for grapefruit, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.

Vic Mature, Tony Martin, Eddie Albert, would find the female situation



It's romance for those up-and-coming youngsters Ruth Hussey and Bob Cummings in their latest, "Free and Easy."

## Beauty TIPS

Accent your costume . . .  
and your personality . . .  
with the marvelous new  
**Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish.**  
Amazingly long-wearing!  
Flows on smoothly! Dries  
quickly to a hard, brilliant  
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range of 25 lovely new  
shades! Ask for it at your  
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★ 5064  
Good Housekeeping  
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and HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

*Brush Away*  
**GRAY HAIR**  
*and Look 10 Years Younger*

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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as Low as **\$1.95 Pair**  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed**  
or money back. Choice of many styles. Attractive prices.  
**Broken glasses repaired.**  
**Send No Money!** Write for FREE circular today.  
ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO., 537 S. Dearborn, Dept. MM-4, Chicago.

**SCREEN ALBUM for 1941**  
*Glamorous Star Portraits*  
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NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—10¢

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Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR's aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. Try ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-43



really a situation. No Lana Turner to take to Ciro's. Oh, there'd be a Recreation Hall, where a pool game or penny ante poker game could be indulged in. And, once a week, a dance or beer party with women from a nearby small town.

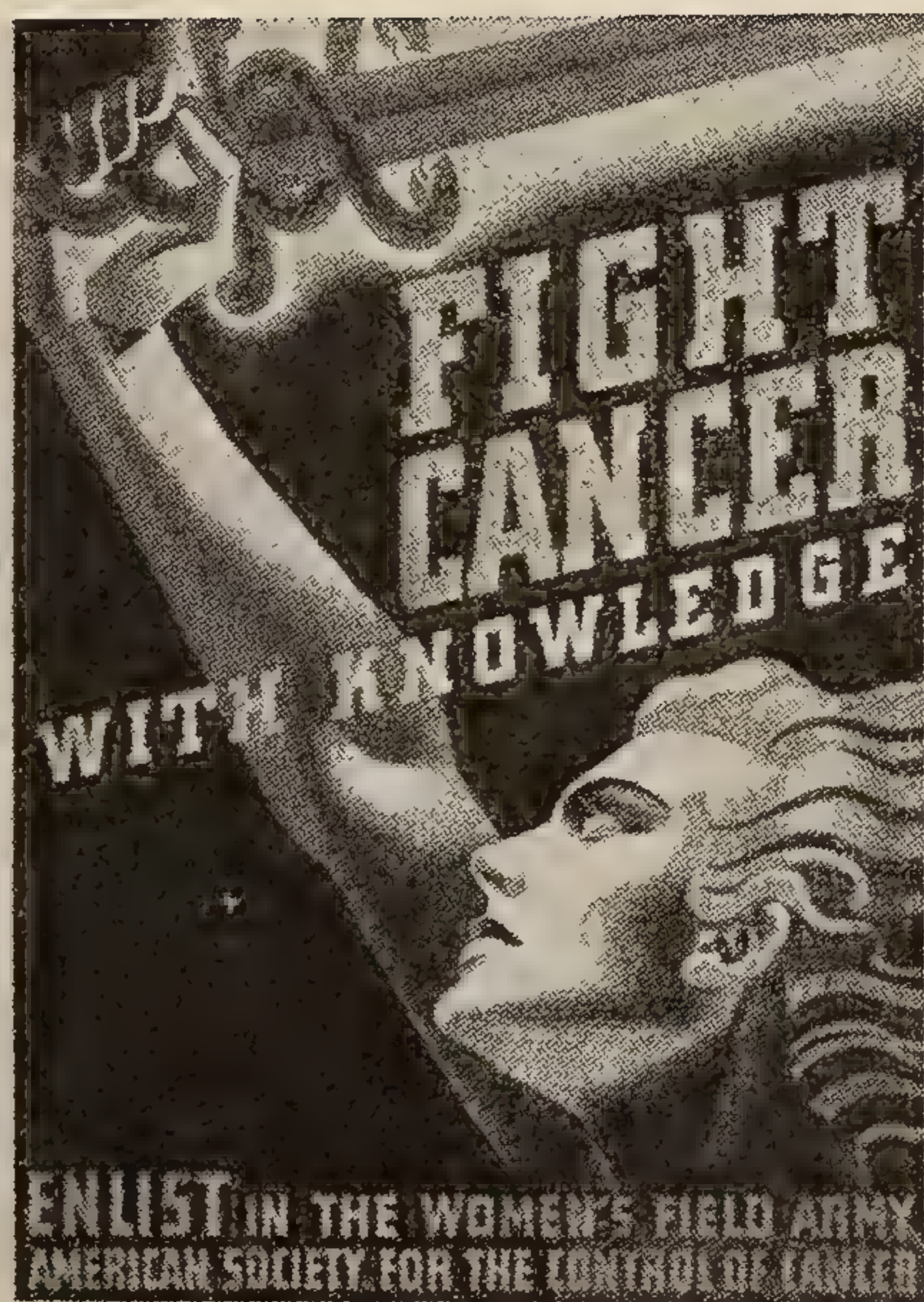
Most of the army life will involve basic training—the object being to make the United States military like the Rose Bowl football teams—precise, quick, coordinating, with an answer for every emergency. And so, hour after hour, through baked and sizzling meadows, over hot highways, through slush and rain and hell, draftees will learn to protect their bodies and beings from howling shrapnel and exploding bombs, will toughen their muscles, will learn about tear gas through use of fake smoke pots, will learn about the mechanisms of streamlined coughing rifles and about monstrous tanks.

There will be, in this conscript army, a new language, too, for possible draftees like Wayne Morris and Lew Ayres. There will be words like "hay-burner" meaning cavalry, and "shavetail" meaning second-lieutenant and "stove pipe" meaning trench mortar.

And there will be no worries. An actor forsaking a Bel-Air home, a 1941 roadster half paid for and premiums due on his life insurance will have no fears. Because there exist special laws to protect him. There will be no mortgage foreclosure or repossession of credit wares to harass him. There will be no grabbing of his auto if it's half paid for. And the government will carry his insurance, if it's not over \$5,000.

Eventually, during that hectic year after basic training, each man will go into his niche. Thirty per cent will be rushed into the Air Corps, but these must be the most perfect, physically and mentally, to prepare for the blitz in the sky. If married men were eligible, Fred MacMurray would be placed in the army band to give out on swingy, martial music; Henry Fonda, who'd had experience as a scene painter, would be channeled into the painting corps; Ray Milland, or anyone else with draftmen's training, would go into the Engineer Corps.

America may be sure of one thing. Hollywood and its rich and celebrated colony will do its part. Hollywood will have its share of the million conscripts trained during 1941.



Early diagnosis is the first line of defense against cancer. Help the American Society for the Control of Cancer in its educational program. Enlist in the local unit of the Women's Field Army. Annual enlistment fee \$1.00. Use the American Society for the Control of Cancer labels on your packages.

If a resident of New York City or the Metropolitan area, address: New York City Office, Room 6, 129 East 46th Street. Package labels and the Quarterly Bulletin will be sent to you for your district.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER  
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## ARE YOUR TEETH ALLURING, TOO ?

the Answers on the tip of  
your tongue

1

### Make the Tongue-Test . . .

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth... inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba...and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2

### Your Tongue Tells You

Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull . . . bars your way to romance.

3

## Switch to Pepsodent with Irium

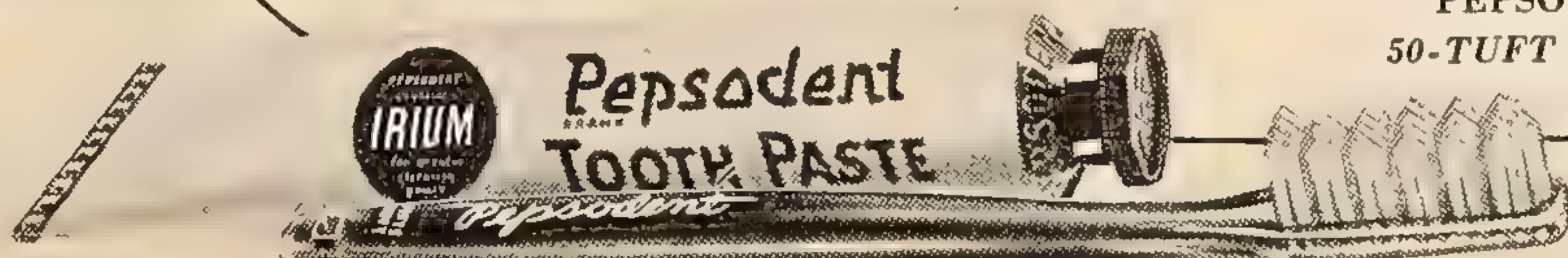


There's a very good reason why Pepsodent makes your teeth feel so wonderfully smooth, look so sparkling bright. For only Pepsodent contains a wonder-working combination that *cleans* and *polishes* teeth to a new high brilliance.

First, only Pepsodent contains Irium, the super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away the filmy coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. And Pepsodent alone contains a patented new high-polishing agent that buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Give yourself the radiant smile that comes from teeth that feel bright, look brighter. And that's no job for a "half-way" tooth paste. Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today!

—and for double-power cleansing . . .  
PEPSODENT'S NEW  
50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH







### When you wish for the comfort of softer, smoother hands

Do your duties tend to redden or roughen your skin—cause you annoying "Household Hands"? Then do try Barrington, the delicate, fragrant Hand Cream that is specially prepared to bring the comfort and relief of softer, smoother, whiter hands. Use it daily—regularly. You'll be thrilled how quickly Barrington Hand Cream helps you have the lovely hands you wish for.

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LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

## FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

## HAPPY ENDING

(Continued from page 39)

gentle face. Her jaw dropped open. "Who are you?"

"I'm Pearl, and I'm working for you."

The soft voice fell like balm on tired nerves. "Pearl," Mary sighed with exquisite relief, "is right."

When the picture was finished, Halliday chartered a boat for a delayed honeymoon of two weeks. They left Pearl in charge of the house and the Princess Olga. Incidentally, it was a birthday as well as a honeymoon boat. Larry was nine on September 21st, and he and Mrs. Martin joined the Hallidays for a celebration. They swam. They fished from dories. At night they had a party with balloons strung up on deck. "I had a wonderful time on your boat, Dicky," said Larry.

"It's not my boat. I just hired it."

"Well, never mind. Maybe by the time my next birthday comes around, it'll be your boat."

He was sent back to the mainland—thrill of thrills!—by plane. His elders returned to a house staffed only by Pearl.

Richard said, "You'd better do something about it."

Mary said, "That's easy." And to her secretary, "Hire me someone, but hire me colored people. I don't understand anyone else." Melissa and Jack arrived that night on approval. Melissa still chuckles over the memory. "Nobody ever hired us like Mrs. Halliday hired us. She walks in, takes a look, says 'Well, all right' and walks out." The question of help is a sore one in the movie colony. Among women it makes conversation by the yard. Mary doesn't know what they're talking about, so she keeps quiet, feeling half guilty and half smug.

She's made three additional concessions to domesticity:

a—flower arrangements, such as they are

b—one white sweater

c—one chocolate cake

"I never did arrange flowers in my whole cockeyed life," she says. "My husband's crazy about them. So am I—in gardens and other people's vases. But I thought how pretty, me fixing flowers with my own hands for my own husband's delight. So? So I fix 'em. I go out and cut 'em, come in and try to make 'em stand up. If they stand up, Richard's proud. If they flop, I get 'em out of the way before he comes home."

"I made him the sweater for Christmas. Everyone at the studio was making a sweater for someone, and it suddenly came to me that, in the whole world, no one was making a sweater for my husband. I didn't know how to

knit, but one of the girls stood over me and I did what she told me. I decided on a tennis sweater, because that's the kind where you use the heaviest yarn and the biggest needles. No, he doesn't play tennis. He's going to frame it."

One day the phone rang at Mrs. Martin's house and was answered by Bee, the pearl Mary's mother brought from Texas with her. Bee heard a voice she thought she recognized say, "I want that chocolate cake recipe of mother's."

Bee's known Mary for a good many years. "Who did you say you was?"

"It's Mary."

Came a heavy pause. "What for you want to make a choc-late cake?"

"I've got nothing else to do. I can't stand around looking at things."

"Look, honey, you're tired. Why don't you just lay down an' relax yourself?"

EVENTUALLY she got the recipe. As with the sweater, she did what it told her. All went well till she came to the fudge icing. "Here I sat in the middle of the kitchen table with the bowl in my lap—I can't do anything with my feet on the floor. I beat it and beat it, and nothing happened. It was raining, which is bad for any icing, really it is. I took it outdoors—thought the rain'd help cool it off. Melissa and Jack and Pearl all got hysterics. I got furious. I told Melissa she could have the darn old icing—she's nuts about fudge. We poured it, and as it poured, it started getting hard, and I started screaming at Melissa, 'Give me back my fudge!' We finally got it smeared over the cake."

She throned the cake on a silver platter and had it borne into the dining-room that night. "Mmm," said Richard after the first bite. "It's good. Who made it?"

For answer, she pressed the service button. In trooped Pearl and Melissa and Jack, all beaming.

"What is this, a dining-room game?"

"Ask them," said Mary.

"Ask them what?"

"Who made the cake?"

"Who made the cake?" he echoed in a slight haze.

"Mrs. Halliday made it," they chorused.

"The effect," says Mary modestly, "was terrific. Like the second act curtain on opening night. When he took a second hunk, I thought maybe he was being nice. But he took a third hunk. No man's nice enough to take a third hunk of chocolate cake at the end of a good meal unless the cake's nice, too."

Larry came in with his grandmother. He goes to military school and wears a cadet's uniform, which suits him fine because, since he's worn pants at all, he's refused to wear them short. At nine, his chubby face retains something of its baby contours. His conversation doesn't. He hugged his mother, bared his teeth and stuck out his foot all at the same time. "We been to the dentist, 'n' we bought new shoes. Know what happened? Tell 'em about the ole lady, Nanny. —All right, I'll tell 'em. Know what she called Nanny, Meem?" His eyes blazed. "'You ole pigheaded fool.' 'Cause she wanted to make a left turn, 'n' Nanny stopped to let her make it. Then a man behind us started honkin', 'n' she thought it was Nanny honkin', so she said 'you ole pigheaded fool.' —I wish she wouldn't have been an ole lady, I'd've socked her one." From the garden



Recommended by Leading Beauty Shops

WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.



came a piteous whine and a scratching at the door. "Excuse me," said Larry. "Olga needs me."

Mrs. Martin looks like the grandmother every kid should have—pink-cheeked, gray-haired, twinkling-eyed and tranquil. Till she came to Los Angeles, she'd been exclusively a housewife. There, with time and energy on her hands, she looked around and presently found herself selling real estate. "Earned my first check at sixty-three," she says crisply, "and got the thrill of my life."

Guess what she did with it! Bought Larry a set of professional drums and her other grandson a clarinet.

"So they'll have some way of making their living through college," Mrs. Martin explained. "In case we all go broke.—Come along, Larry, we'll be late for the picture."

Larry came along, his hand on the neck of the dog that was almost as tall as he. "Mimi, what are you going to do with those horseshoes?"

The girl Mary played in "New York Town" was a champion horseshoe-tosser. To mark his appreciation at the picture's close, the director sent her four silver horseshoes dripping with flowers. Larry had his eye on them.

"Going to have 'em made into lighting fixtures, honey."

"What's that?"

"Just an idea—"

"Screw idea—"

"Might work."

"We hope," said her son on a note of disgusted skepticism.

As a movie star, he takes his mother for granted. Till someone else doesn't. He'd gone shopping with Mimi and Dick for the first Christmas tree for their new house. Since it was the first, they were pretty fussy. A salesman decided to put



Tall (5' 7"), blonde Alexis Smith is literally on her toes every single minute in "The Bride Came C.O.D."

them in their place, informing them in his best Franklin Pangborn manner that "we've sold dozens of trees like this to movie stars." Mary and Dick moved away to look at another. Larry stayed put. A few seconds later the salesman was tagging them, buttering them up, Miss Martin-ing Mary all over the place.

Back in the car, she fixed her child with a baleful eye. "What did you tell that man?"

"Told him 'whaddaya mean, movie star? My mother's a movie star just as much as any other ole movie star.'"

As for Richard, he isn't sure. Not since the day Larry played interlocutor at the school minstrel show. Mary had two broadcasts that day. To make up to both Larry and herself for having to miss his performance, she dashed home between broadcasts to get him toggged out in the white dress suit she'd brought him from Havana. He was all agog. He went through the whole business for her, his part and all the other children's. Mrs. Martin and Richard went down to school with him. Mary joined them there after the broadcast, and they drove home together. Seated between two excited entertainers, Richard tried to give his attention to both. "Did I do my song all right, did the people like me?" babbled Larry, while Mary babbled about her radio show.

"Heaven help me," groaned Richard at last, his hands to his ears. "I'm married to two hams."

"Know what I want to be, really honest to goodness? The greatest actress, the greatest singer, the greatest wife, the greatest mother—"

"It's an idea—" says Richard.

"Screw idea—"

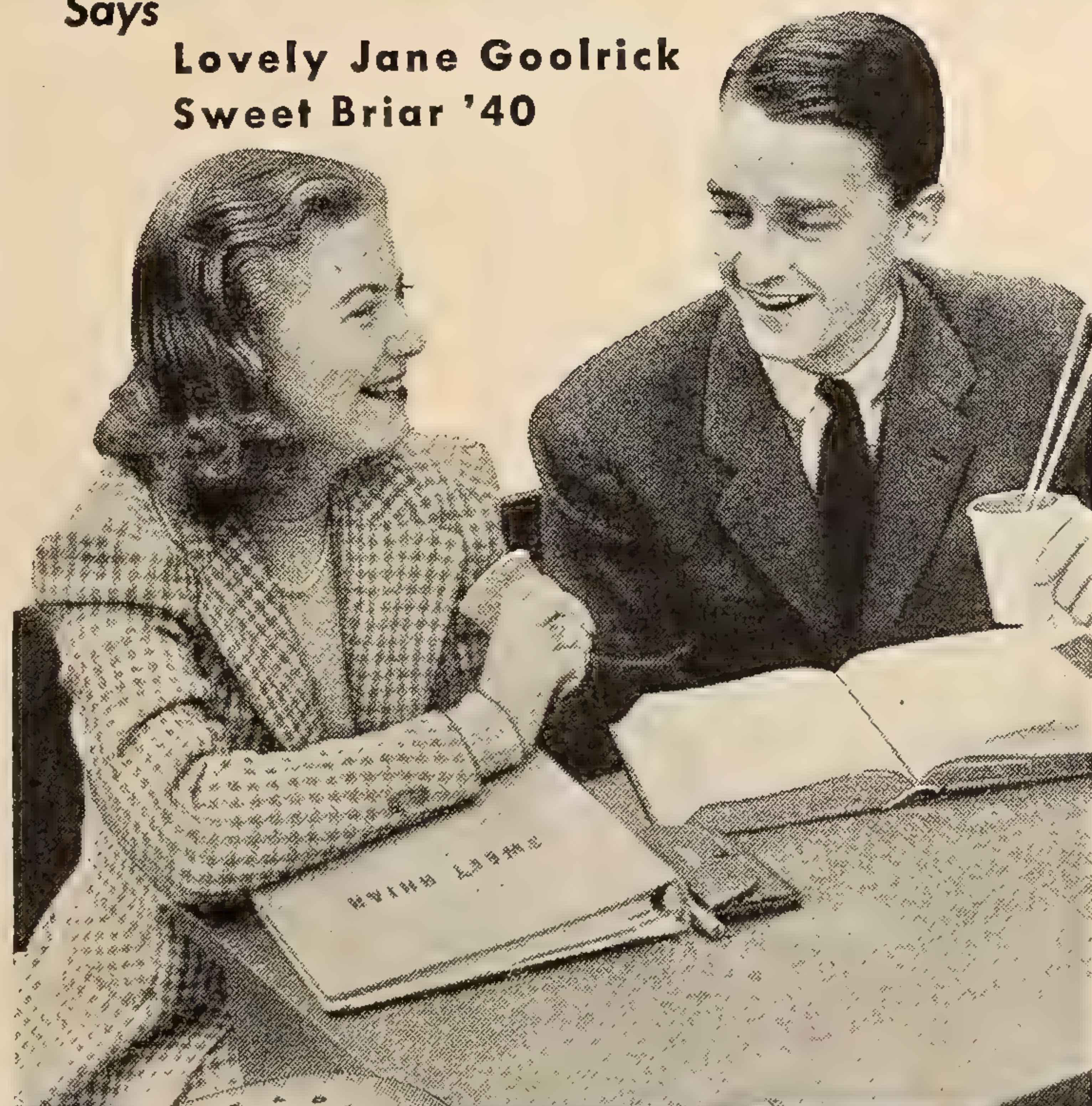
"Might work—"

"We hope," giggles Mary.

## "MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN *natural* LOOK!"

Says

Lovely Jane Goolrick  
Sweet Briar '40



AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER  
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

● You can catch the man of your heart . . . if you have that sparkling, youthful look . . . the *natural* allure men can't resist. And now it can be yours with the new Richard Hudnut



*Marvelous Face Powder that you choose by the color of your eyes.* You see, eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair . . .

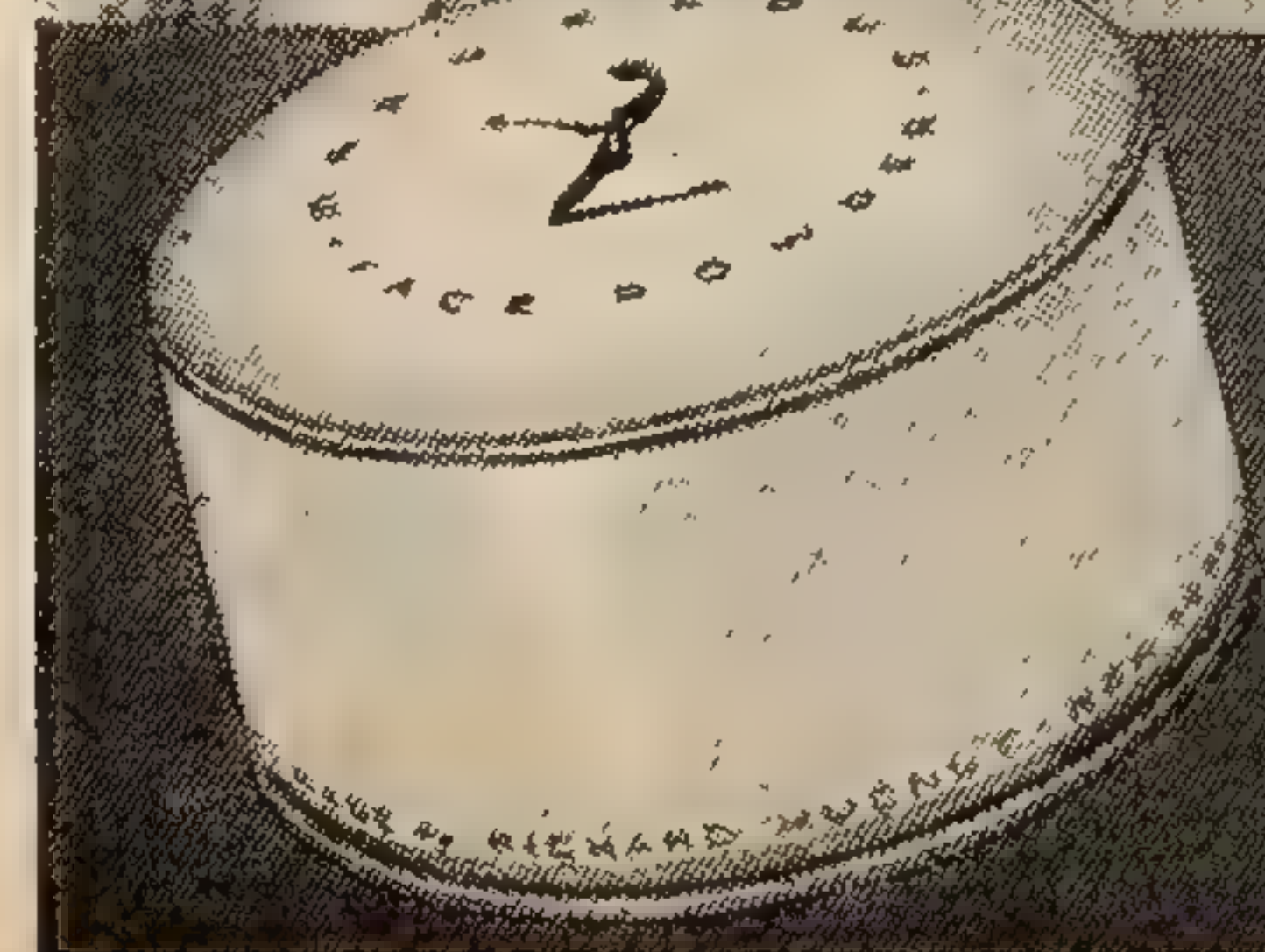
● Authorities agree it is the *sure* way to find the powder that best suits your complexion . . . to give you *natural* loveliness. So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray, or hazel . . . at last

you can get the powder most flattering to you. Simply ask for Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* . . . the new powder that's keyed to the *color of your eyes* . . .

● You'll be delighted how this pure, gossamer-fine powder goes on . . . clings for hours . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. You'll love its exquisite smoothness . . . the way it "feels" on your skin! And you'll be truly thrilled to see how it enhances your *natural* beauty. And don't forget—for *perfect* color harmony, use matching *Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick*, too!



Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* and harmonizing *Rouge and Lipstick* at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



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**MARVELOUS**

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Please send me try-out Makeup Kit containing generous art-metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

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**Lipstick**  
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BREATH CORRECTING  
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no better?  
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**Get fast relief with Pertussin**  
"moist-throat" method

Some heating systems make the air dry as a bone. And this parched, harsh atmosphere is bad for a cough due to a cold.

By taking **Pertussin**, you stimulate the tiny moisture glands of your throat, helping them to pour out their soothing natural moisture. Then you can easily loosen sticky phlegm. And your cough is quickly relieved!

For over 30 years many physicians have prescribed this most effective remedy—**Pertussin**. Safe even for babies. Get **Pertussin** today at your druggist's.

**A scientific product based on the therapeutic properties of Thyme.**

**IF IT'S A HUSBAND  
YOU'RE AFTER**

(Continued from page 43)

tell you: No one sees me in public places now. I do not go to night clubs, to the polo, to the fights. Big and I were going together for six months before he saw me in an evening dress. Is this because of Big? Wait . . .

"I do not go out much any more because if I enter a night club and say to my escort, 'Please, my coat,' the next day appear headlines which read, 'LUPE VELEZ SCREAMS IN NIGHT SPOT!' When I go to the fights, which I love more than anything, I sit now like this," (Lupe folded demure hands in her lap, cast her eyes down, compressed her lips) "and the gallery that loves me shouts down, 'What's the matter, Lupe, you sick?' But in spite of how quiet I am, they give me a terrible write-up. They say I have a race prejudice at the fights. If I make a squeak at the polo games, they say I scream at the other players against Big.

"The way they write up about my language drives me crazy. If I tried to talk like they write I do, if I tried to say 'heem' instead of 'him,' 'I lof you!' instead of 'I love you,' I would not know how.

"So what has all this got to do with love and men, you wonder? I tell you this to prove to you that I am not playing a part because of Big. When I stay quiet in my house or work on the ranch with Big, when I say I am content with the pictures that I make now, I am living a part into which I have grown, a part that fits me. I am proving that we can change our roles in life, but we cannot cheat on them.

"The part I play now, the woman I now am, is the part Big gave me to play, yes. But I say this: It is always the man who must cast the woman in the part she is to play. After that, it is up to her how she plays it. But it is the man who gives her the script.

"It is the truth that a girl cannot have only one 'line.' She cannot treat one man as she treats another man.

"Men remind me exactly of horses. There are five-gaited horses, and there are two-gaited ones. And men are the same. You must suit your gait to theirs if you want to walk a long way with them.

"Once I was stupid with men. I was the most stupid when I thought I was very clever, very cute. How exactly was I stupid? By talking too much, by talking too insulting, by being too independent.

"I used to brag, too . . . 'I know a guy who wants to marry me—he's got millions.' I would say, 'I want a great, big house with a swimming pool, limousines and diamonds and trips to Europe.'

"Today, if I think of something I would like to have, I say, 'If we can afford this, someday I would like to have it!'

"Now do you know how I behave with

**INFORMATION DESK  
MODERN SCREEN  
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

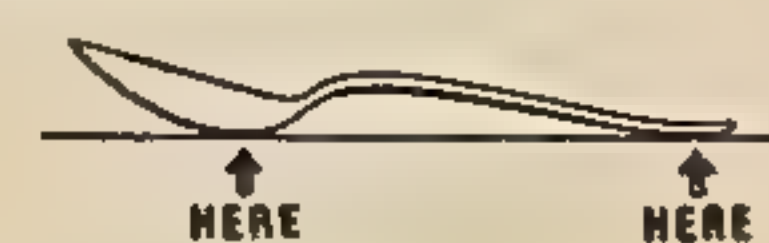
Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages, etc., of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

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INLAID AT POINTS OF WEAR ON MOST  
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STERLING INLAID<sup>®</sup>  
SILVER PLATE**

50 PIECE SET \$52.75. OTHER SETS AS  
LOW AS \$29.95. AT AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

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**MANY NEVER  
SUSPECT CAUSE  
OF BACKACHES**

**This Old Treatment Often  
Brings Happy Relief**

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.



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**WEE WALKER**  
*Shoes*  
**FOR wee WALKERS**

**FREE:** Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.



men? Just like they are horses. Look, you put some grain in your hands and you pass by a horse. You don't let him know what you have in your hands. And he will follow you for ten miles, and you need never say a word.

"When I meet a man, I watch him for hours before I open my mouth. He may want to talk about politics, he may want to talk about the race-track. Whatever it is, I watch for the thread, and I pick it up.

"Gangsters have the right idea. They don't talk. Girls can learn from them how to get along with men. Girls chase men away by talking more than by any other mistake. I ought to know. I did it many times.

"The very worst mistake that a girl can make is to make a date with another man when she has a little fight with the man she loves. I won't mention names, but I wrecked something pretty fine in my life by just such monkey-shines as that. We had a little fight, this man and I, and what did I do? I go and get it said that I am engaged to a big producer. I get my name in the papers with this producer.

"To make a man jealous is, I know now, a very cheap trick. For if he is a real man, he never comes back. Only if he's a sucker does he come back. Remember that. And then you don't want him back. So, either way, you lose.

"And here is another big, bad mistake—men do not like women who are glamorous and exciting. Women like that scare men away. They may take such a woman out two or three times, but it is like they would take out the purple cow or the Siamese Twins, to be exhibitionists, to have people stare at them. They may marry such women sometimes, but it is not for long, such marriages to such



Acting wacky for her role in "Topper Returns" comes easy to Joan Blondell!

women. They are interludes in men's lives, not the until-death-do-us-part women.

"Look what Big said about me. When he read about me being glamorous and exciting, he hated the thought of me. I didn't intrigue him. Not until he found I could paint walls and be an electrician and a plumber and a fine cook did he like me.

"I tell you, men detest extravagant women. I once lost a young man who was in love with me, because I thought I would be smart, and I said, 'Look, I wear eighteen-dollar stockings; I can't wear any cheaper kind.' This young man was rich, himself, but his father had raised a family on eighteen dollars a week. It was enough to scare him away.

"Now, when I meet a man and he says to me, 'Would you like to go to Ciro's?' I say, 'No, thank you, I know a little place in the Valley where we can get hamburgers and dance for five cents a dance.'

"And I mean it. I am not being self-sacrificing. I am not being a phony. I used to go to night clubs all the time. I would put on all the chinchilla and all the rubies, and I would think, I bet they burn when they see me; I bet they burn! But what did it get me? I was the one who burned.

"And here is some wisdom that is real: the first time you buy a house, they rook you maybe. Because you look at it once quickly, you see how pretty the paint is and you say quickly, 'I buy it!' The second time, you are more wise. You look to see if the basement has termites. It is the same with men.

"Don't take one quick look at a man and say 'I buy!' Take many looks. What I mean is, don't, whatever you do, don't marry for physical attraction. Not even if the man has the face of a Gary Cooper,

## HOLLYWOOD LOVE—

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**TREADOR RED**... It's a knockout for brunettes! A new, flaming, red color. You know how wet lips glisten and attract. That unblotted, moist, naughty look. You see it on the movie queens in their love scenes. Glamour, Sex Appeal, Hollywood calls it. And now the House of Tayton's has produced a new special Moisture-Mix lipstick which gives your mouth that moist, wet, glistening, naughty look, though not actually wet at all... And it stays on. Created in Hollywood. An instant hit; neither greasy nor dry... Try it. See how glamorous and naughty you look. Lips all shimmery—kiss tempting. So exciting. Romance inviting. Get this naughty Treador Red for Brunettes (or Bar-ba-ric Red for blondes), also 8 other colors of Tayton's Moisture-Mix lipsticks in 10c and 25c guest sizes at your dime store. If your store is out ask manager to order or send 25c to Tayton's, Hollywood, Cal., stating whether blonde or brunette.

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the physique of a Weissmuller, the bank-roll of a Jock Whitney. Don't marry him unless you like what he is under the way he looks.

"Try to find out what a man thinks of women. Not just of you but of all women. Remember that a man in love will say anything to you. It is not what he says to you, but what he does for you that is important. Men play parts when they are after a woman. You cannot trust a man that is in love with you. He will fool you because he fools himself. Try to find out how he is with other women, his mother, his sisters, his friends. Try to find out what kind of a little boy he was.

"Me, I would advise girls to want a hard-working man. A man who can turn his hand to several jobs. Big, for instance, could become a teacher again, could raise cattle, could use his hands and his brains for many things besides acting.

"And the smartest thing I ever did with men was not to let myself completely go. I mean, a girl should always keep something behind her, something to rely on in herself.

"I got married, but I kept on with my work. If I marry again, I shall still and always will keep on with my work. Every woman should have something to do—make the best biscuits or write the best story—something you can do to make money. Because then the man does not feel he owns every little piece of you; then the man knows you have still a door that opens, and it is not good for any one human being to completely own any other human being; love should be free."

Yes, Lupe knows about love.

### UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

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## HOLLYWOOD SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 47)

disfiguring pit on your precious physiognomy. Following this treatment, be sure to close each little pore by splashing on cold water or rubbing on ice wrapped in a clean kerchief, followed by a dab of alcohol, toilet water or cold astringent.

Acne requires more attention, but it can be altogether overcome with strict, patient care. Correct diet, plenty of rest, fresh air and exercise are absolute essentials in treating this condition. Rich, greasy, heavy foods are taboo for you. Quarts of drinking water; fresh, green vegetables and fruits; eight to ten hours of sleep every night; and daily exercise, preferably out of doors, should form the basis of your program.

Keep your face scrupulously clean with a soft complexion brush (unless there are open eruptions), warm water and pure soap. Dry your skin very carefully, blotting every inch of it with a fresh, clean towel. One secret of success is to keep acne dry. Use astringents (applied with absolutely clean cotton) and spare the softening creams while this condition is acute. Cream of the vanishing, drying type will be better for your skin. Use powder sparingly temporarily and, more important still, change your puff every single time you powder. This is smart at any time, but essential when there's acne to combat. And, uh uh, don't touch your face with your little white hands however clean you think them. Use disposable cleansing tissues instead of linen hankies—and be sure that each one is fresh and spotless.

**T**O sum up, a light diet, plenty of rest, exercise, thorough skin cleansing and drying twice daily, antiseptic precautions, topped off with the application of a drying, healing, specially prepared cream or lotion, all mixed with a dash of patience and perseverance—and you'll soon be able to say good-bye forever to that trying traitor to beauty, acne.

While acne usually is accompanied by an over-oily skin, rough patches frequently result from over-dryness. A cold or some local infection may have left an ugly roughness in its wake. Now is the time to apply generously all those rich, oily, lubricating creams after every cleansing as well as regularly every night and morning.

Speaking of colds, this time of year often finds us with pretty discouraging skin hangovers from a series of these winter bugaboos. What to do about that chapped, rough, irritated skin, just when you wanted it to look so lily white and lovely? Of course, first clear up the last vestige of those colds. Drink water and fruit juices by the gallon and rest more than usual. Stow away your linen kerchiefs in that sachet box Aunt Jenifer sent for Christmas, then stock up on soft, disposable cleansing tissues. Use them exclusively for hankies as well as after every cleansing and creaming. They'll prevent reinfection, thus helping to overcome your colds and, used regularly after cleansing or creaming, their clean, soft freshness will safeguard your skin against all kinds of germs and unnecessary irritations.

Red blotches on your face are often traceable to some germ infection caused by ordinary dirt combined with weak skin which, through neglect or ill health, has lost its normal tone. Conscientious scrubbing will help a lot. So will stimulating creams and the use of skin tonics.

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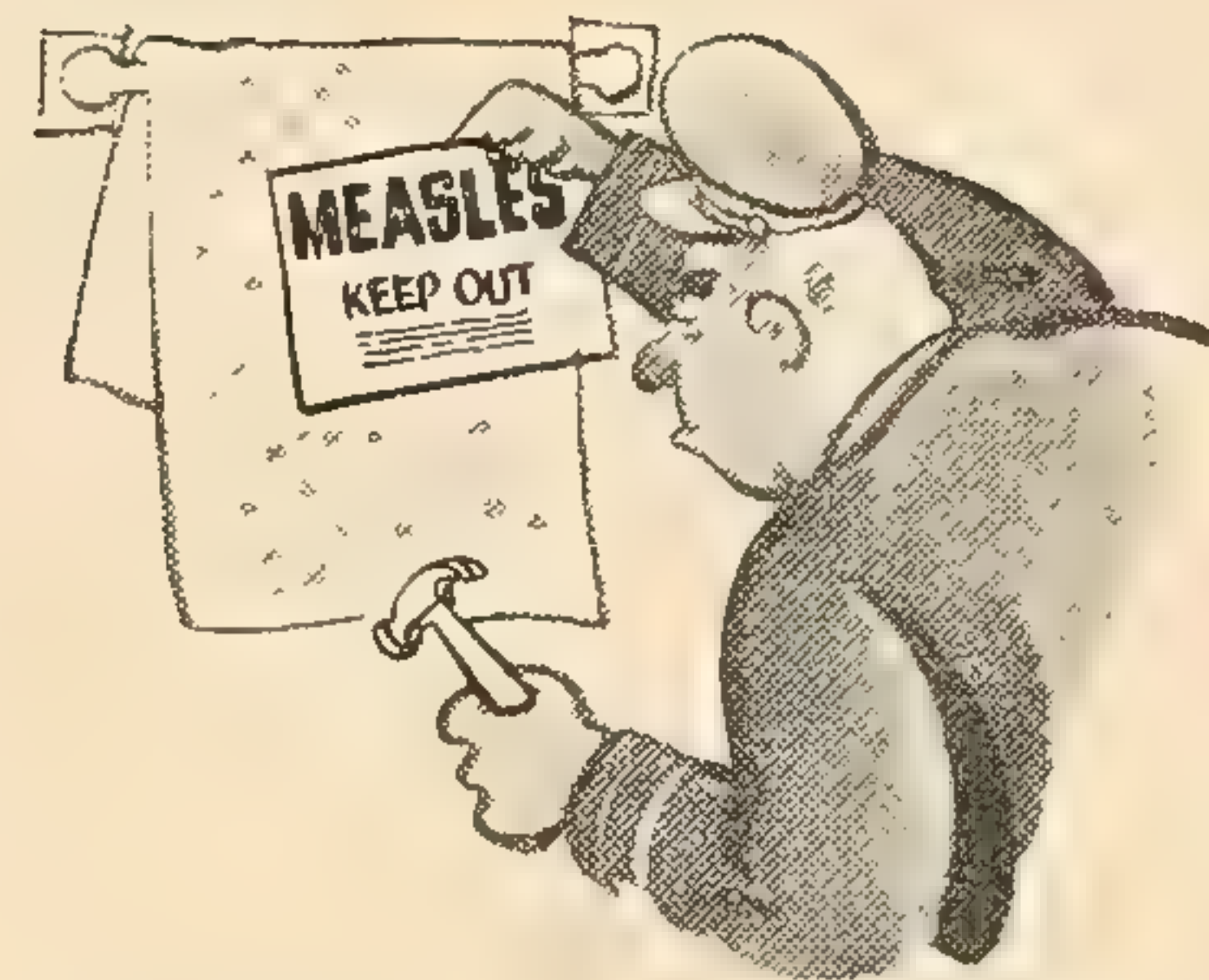
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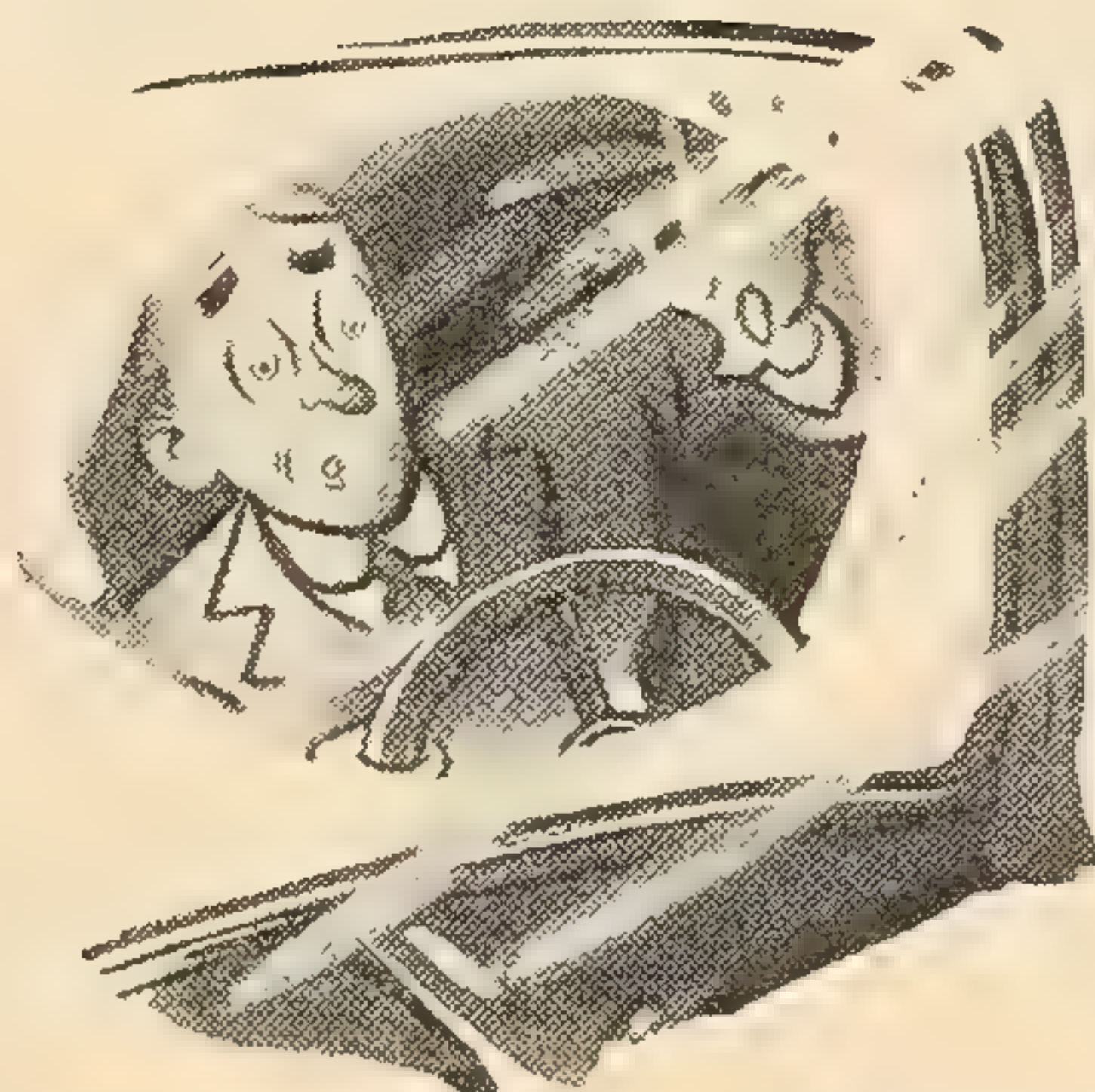
(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)



### My Towels Had Measles

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NOW I USE **KLEENEX**, AND  
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(from a letter by G. J. J., Vandalia, Mo.)



### I was Driving Blind

...UNTIL I STARTED KEEPING  
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(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)



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ENDS FUMBLING AND WASTE! PULL A  
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(from a letter by M. M., Ogden, Utah)

**Don't put a Cold**  
**in your Pocket... Use KLEENEX\***

KLEENEX\* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Fever blisters or cold sores may follow a cold, upset tummy or be evidence of generally low resistance. Don't touch them with your hands, and never attempt to open one. An infection and scar may result. Spirits of camphor or a drying powder help soothe and heal cold blisters, but creams, ointment or any moist dressing will spread and prolong these painful little patches. Use soft, safe, disposable tissues for cleansing, then leave the blister strictly alone. If yours multiply or persist get busy at their systemic cause.

Wrinkles may or may not amount to blemishes, but one usually worries you into another, so here's a suggested stitch in time. Wrinkles are a sign of relaxed muscles and require local attention such as that recommended in the preceding article. They also can be warded off and smoothed out by a program of circulation pepper-uppers, such as outdoor exercise, fresh air and sunshine. Try relaxing a few minutes each day with your feet

elevated higher than your head. That sends your blood to the rescue of starved, depleted facial tissues that are getting wrinkled from lack of tissue-nourishing circulation. Always keep a film of softening, lubricating cream on skin that tends to wrinkle. This holds moisture in suspension where it is most needed. Cold astringents, skin tonics, ice or icy water all are additional surface circulation raisers which do their share of wrinkle chasing.

That covers those surface blemish problems pretty thoroughly, we'd say. Local and systemic care go hand in hand, and one is handicapped without the other.

You've just got time to get in some telling blows at those blemishes before Easter, and the undressed season conspire to expose them. Take a note from Hollywood's beauty book and never say die till you've recaptured the charm of a skin that is just as fresh and lovely as a morning in April.



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## TAGGING THE HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOYS

(Continued from page 36)

as such he has a certain reputation to uphold. For example, you never see Pat dating an extra or even a small part player. The dignity of his position forbids that. Mothers would grow to distrust him, and Pat is nothing if not trustworthy, safe to bring home and introduce to the family. He is an excellent dancer and is always available to the discriminating hostess in rounding out her table.

Next on our list, we find Jimmy Stewart, a most interesting and highly successful playboy. His technique is different, if not absolutely unique. In the trade, we call it the Little Boy Approach. It is charming and works almost exclusively on a lady's maternal instincts, makes her want to protect him. They say that Jackie Cooper was properly incensed the first time he watched Stewart work on a subject. After all, it is an unwritten law among the gay blades never to pinch another guy's stuff, and Jackie had been looking forward to middle age with considerable anticipation when he, too, could utilize this deadly approach which is characterized by the gently jutting under lip, the slightly hanging head, the from-under-the-eyebrows glance followed quickly by a frankly engaging twinkle and a boyish chuckle. I have seen strong women quiver from head to foot after a five-minute application of this approach. They practically whinny in their eagerness to soothe the furrowed brow.

WE debated for some time whether or not to include Cesar "Butch" Romero on our list. Despite his ardent Latin pan and his fabulous skill on the dance floor, "Butch" is getting a reputation for being safe, and no true man-about-town will ever allow so vicious a rumor to be circulated unchecked. But "Butch's" past success has stood him in good stead. Perhaps, were the truth known, "Butch" is not safe after all but is merely playing a deeper game, or maybe he only needs a good, bracing tonic. In any event, when a local lass needs an entertaining escort with a swell sense of humor and that ineffable ability to make her own rhumba look good, who does she think of? "Butch"—every time. And she can leave her brass knuckles home on the bureau—which is a consideration these days.

Let us consider for a moment Burgess Meredith. His technique is not so very unusual but perhaps well worthy of mention. Meredith is a most effective young actor with a yen for the Little Theatre. Unlike Orson Welles, he relies on an extremely subtle approach. His conversation reeks with references to the experimental theatres where true worth and rarefied art are to be found the year 'round. He insists, quite convincingly, that pictures are not for him. One perhaps, or even two, for the money and the experience, but then—heigh-ho and off to his first, true love—the Living Stage. This approach is virtually guaranteed to entrance any lady whose acting experience has been limited to the screen. The indifference to money as a main objective and the brightly burning flame that cloaks the smell of grease paint and the whirl of a curtain rising—all these delivered in a low, tense voice with the eyes far away? Absolutely irresistible!

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out  
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores  
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Another small—very small—group is typified by Howard Hughes. Here we have a director and producer who is, in a sense, unique. When he promises a girl a part in a picture, she not only gets it, but gets a good one to boot. A man as honest as that really almost loses his amateur standing. The cards are stacked in his favor to such a degree that he doesn't have to try very hard to produce a delighted swoon on the part of the most seasoned of the Hollywood girls.

Horses are always a good approach in Hollywood. Tim Durant—one of Marlene Dietrich's favorite escorts—relies pretty heavily on riding breeches for his appeal. His social position, financial well-being and lack of reliance on any one phase of the industry place him in the category of a true glamour boy who really fits the horsey background. It becomes his quiet knowledge of his own general superiority.

Another comer is John Shelton. His studio feels that he has quite a future, and John is wisely preparing for the advent of that happy day when he grabs top billing. He's in his element with the society girl tourists who infest the town from time to time. Shelton is rarely seen in public with aught but a blue blood. He shies away from actresses but in the company of a socialite is flatteringly able to place himself on the same observing side of the table, so to speak. A guide in, but not of, the industry's lowly social life.

Among the directors there are many, many first-class playboys, some of whom show true genius. For example, Anatole Litvak has been known to hold a girl spellbound for hours with his nimble, if heavily accented, speech and his continental ability to remain debonair, if not aloof, at all times.

None of the lads get around like agent Vic Orsatti. He has been accused of meeting all trains, planes and busses in a pleasantly combined search for talent to represent and new fields to conquer. He has the ability to wear the loveliest of the lovely like a boutonniere—and make them like it. And they do meet such nice people that way, too.

Lest I be accused of forgetting old friends, let me put in a word here and



Possessor of one of Hollywood's most perfect chassis is brown-eyed Marie Wilson, 5'5" tall, weighing 104 pounds!

# Now Do This If Your Child Has A Cold



## IMPROVED Vicks Way To Relieve Miseries Recommended to Mothers

It's a wise mother who exercises worry-saving care and common-sense when a child catches a cold that causes spasms of coughing, congestion in the upper bronchial tubes, muscular soreness or tightness! And to the wise mother we recommend relieving miseries of colds this improved Vicks way—with a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage.

### Increases Stimulating Penetrating-Vapor Action

THIS MORE THOROUGH TREATMENT actually increases the stimulating and penetrating-vapor action of Vicks VapoRub... MORE EFFECTIVELY stimulates chest and

back surfaces like a poultice or plaster... MORE EFFECTIVELY penetrates the breathing passages with soothing medicinal vapors. And starts right in to work bringing welcome relief!

### Works Faster, Longer

To get all the benefits of a 3-minute "VapoRub" Massage, you just massage VapoRub for three full minutes on the RIB-AREA OF THE BACK as well as on throat and chest. Spread a thick layer on chest and cover with warmed cloth. Then watch the results!... as this improved Vicks treatment makes VapoRub work faster and longer to relieve distress of colds!

FOR BETTER RESULTS USE **VICKS VAPORUB** THE IMPROVED DIRECT WAY

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## HEAVEN-SCENT for ROMANCE



# Blue Waltz

In the spring—or anytime—a young man's fancy will be captivated by the fresh, flower-like fragrance of BLUE WALTZ Perfume. Enchanting as a garden in the moonlight and just as intoxicating! For this is a perfume exquisitely blended from a mixture of the world's loveliest blossoms. Make it your own with a touch of BLUE WALTZ on your hair, your throat, your wrists.

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores



## GIRLS! MAKE MONEY DRAWING

Women Excel in many branches of commercial art, illustrating and designing, a field offering ever widening opportunities for those lucky enough to have artistic talent. If you like to sketch objects, people or designs, don't waste your rare gift. Train yourself to do the pleasant and profitable work for which nature fitted you. You can do it in your spare time—at home—by studying the same lessons that have enabled our many graduates to earn up to \$5000 a year—some even more.

Write us for Free Talent Test and Book describing opportunities. Give age and occupation.

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FOR  
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TO GET A LETTER—  
WRITE A LETTER

*Eaton's Fine Letter Papers*





If you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it, similar to its former natural shade... in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking, always!

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lovely new color even after shampooing, salt-water bathing, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains clean and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

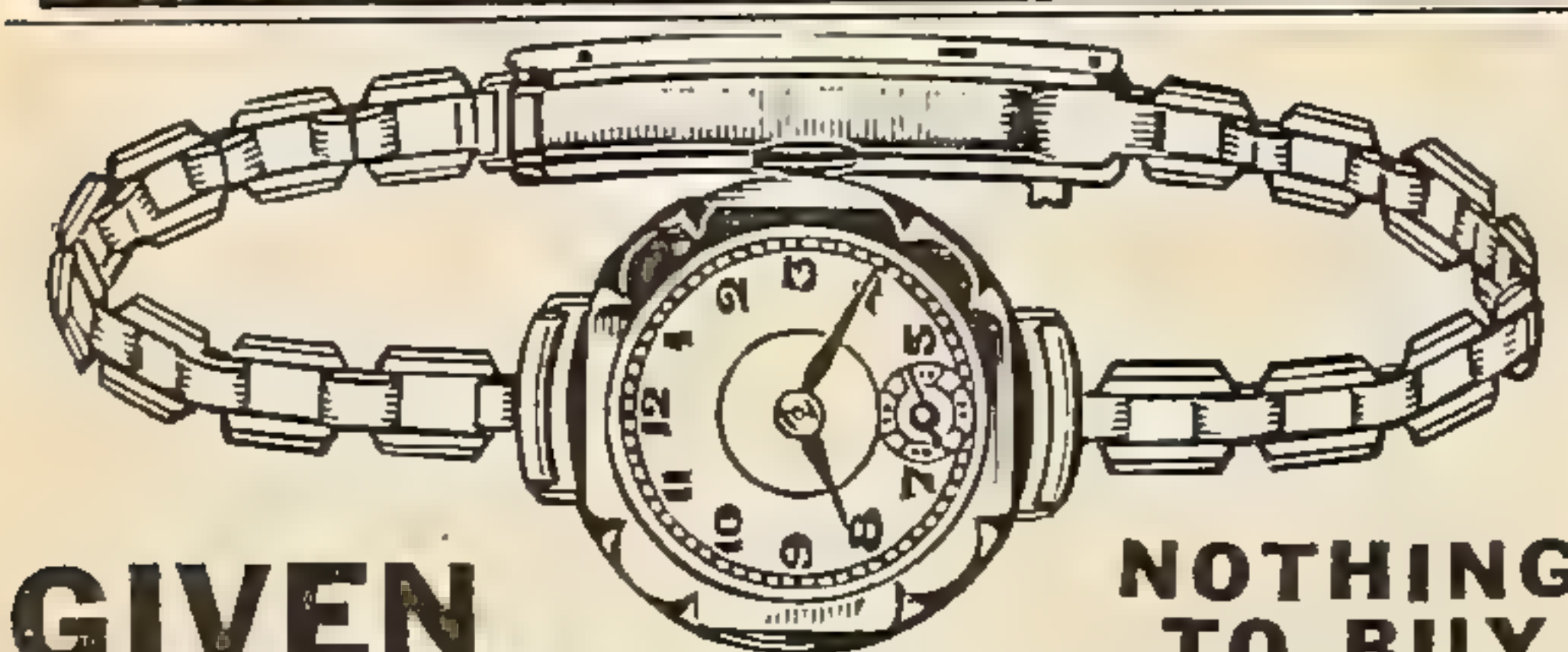
**Easy To Use** — Canute Water is pure, safe, colorless and crystal-clear... remarkably easy to use at home. Experience is not necessary.

**SAFE!** Canute Water has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless. Skin test NOT needed.

**Only CANUTE WATER Can Make All These Claims**

Try it and you will soon understand why leading dealers in most of America's largest Cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair coloring preparations combined.

6 application size.....\$1.15 everywhere.



**GIVEN NOTHING TO BUY**  
Ladies! Girls! Lovely little wrist watch about size of dime. Send name! SIMPLY GIVE AWAY FREE beautifully colored pictures of the American Flag and its history with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and surface burns, easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with Flag Picture FREE) and remit per catalog. **SPECIAL!**—Choice of 35 premiums for returning only the \$3 collected. We are fair and square. Nothing to buy! Be first! Send for salve and pictures now  
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC. DEPT. 10-A TYRONE, PA.

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. 42nd year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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now for a fine old ex-glamour boy—David Niven. Even if David were not already married and therefore no longer officially in good standing, he'd have difficulty in keeping in practice due to the war. David's line was a delight for all concerned. A top-flight comedian at all times, he would laugh the gals into partial insensibility, and from there on it was a walkaway. He was the only man I ever knew who could run a flair for mimicry into a romance without a trace of incongruity. But then, he could mimic almost anything.

There's one other thing I want to point out to you in all due justice. Some of these lads may not consider themselves as predatory. They may be misjudged, and I am the last chap in the world to let that kind of misjudgment go unrevealed. No one knows any better than I how easy it is to be hung for circumstantial evidence.

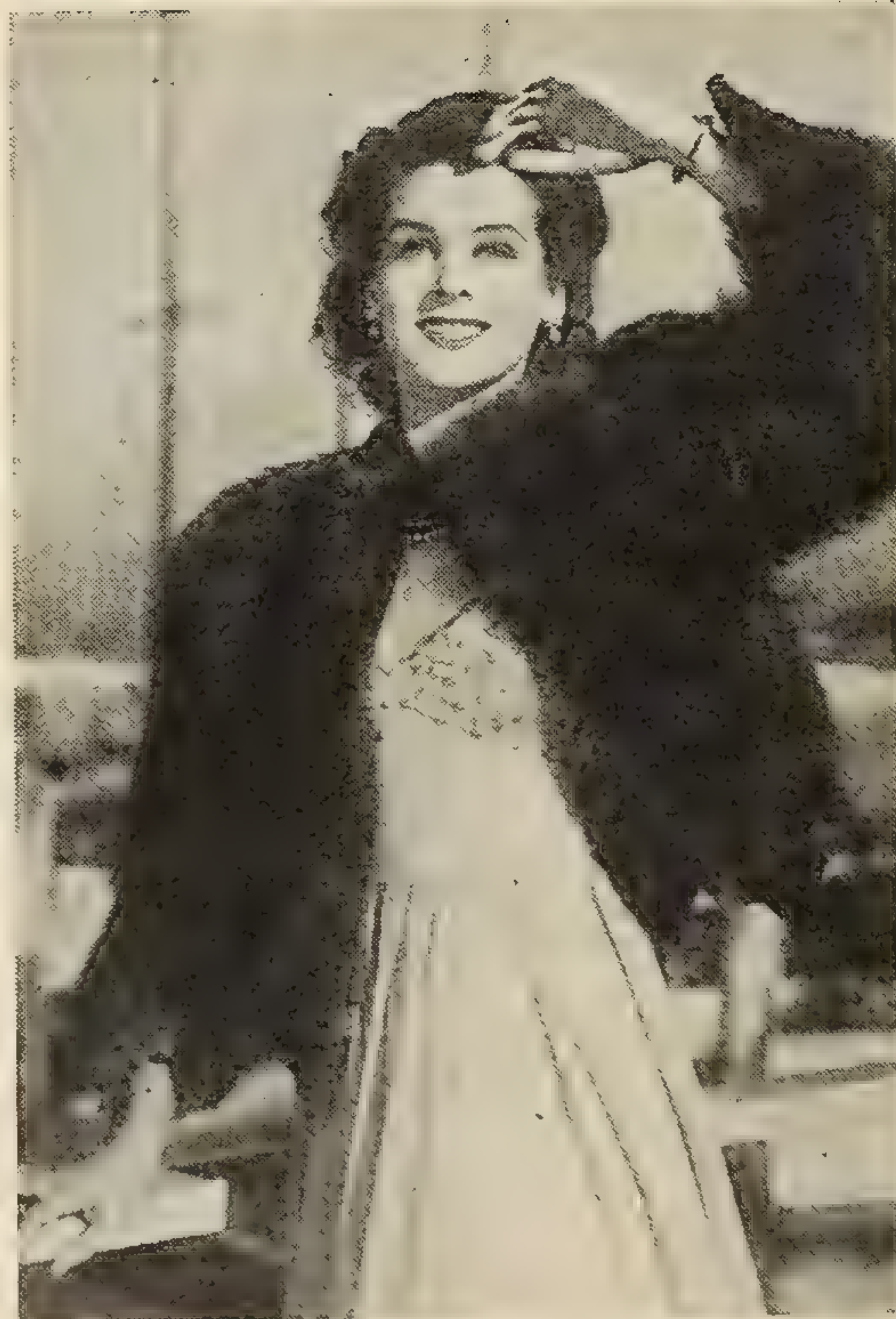
For example, look what happened to me—and everyone knows I am no philanderer. That is, everyone but Lili, and with her it is just a matter of Gallic impetuosity. Here I was, dog-tired. Ten o'clock at night after a hard day's work. The downy was a siren-like lure, but I had to restrain the impulse for sleep. I had not yet performed my good deed for the day. So, on the way home, I dropped in at Dave Chasen's, searching for some one to befriend. And whom do I run into? Johnny Meyer. A pal. A sharer of vicissitudes. A lad of whom I have always said, "There is a man one can trust absolutely. A stout fellow."

Now Johnny looked badly. Peaked. He toyed with his drink, which is not at all like Johnny in his brighter moments. He does not toy.

At his insistence I joined the table for a bit of egg and salmon.

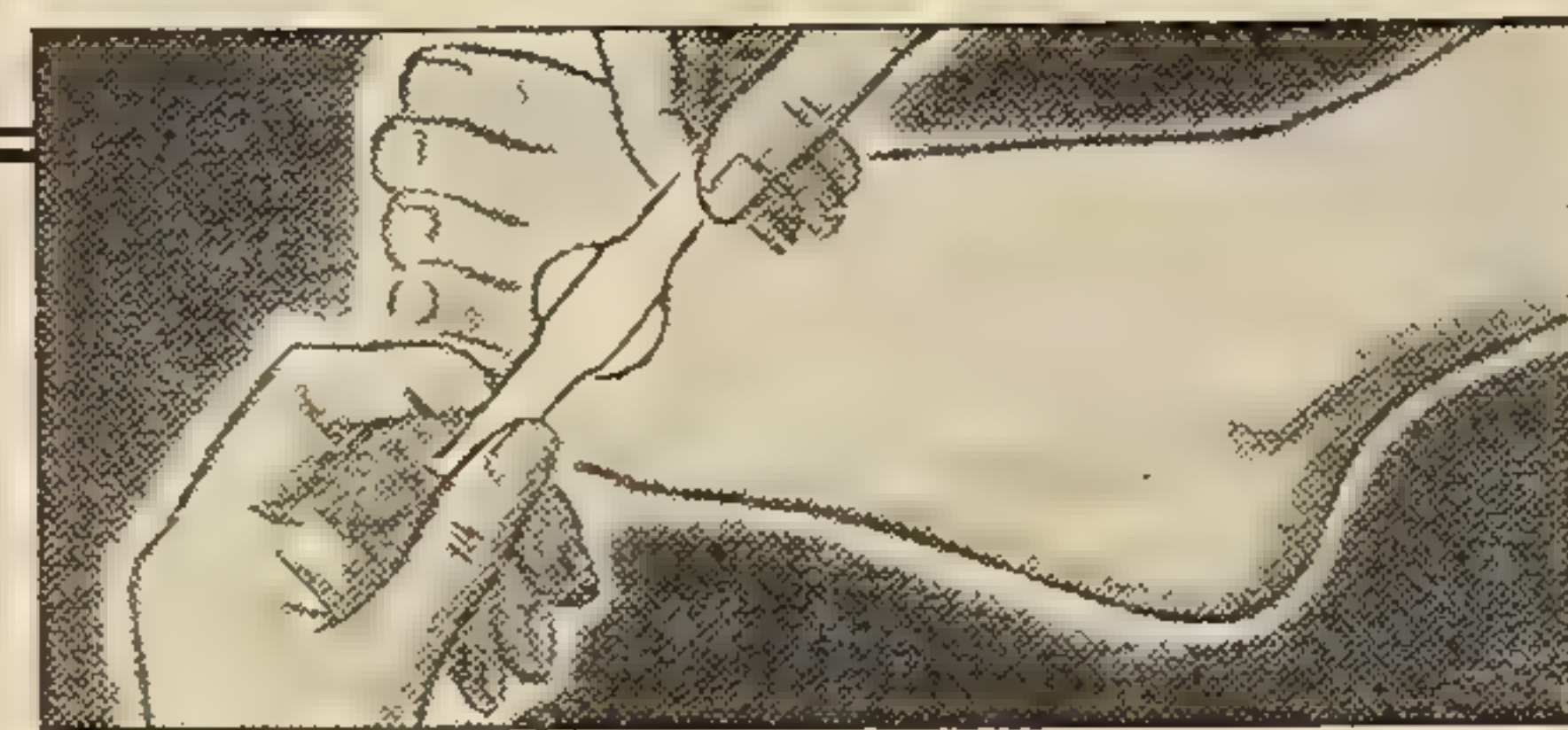
"Johnny," I said solicitously, "you do not look well. Is there anything that an old pal can do to lighten life's burden?"

"Yes," said Johnny morosely. "You could pay the check." Which cheered me. It showed that Johnny had not lost his sense of humor despite his bitter mood. I laughed softly.



Mary Howard, currently appearing with Frank Morgan in "Wild Man From Borneo," takes her yachting formally in a glamour gown and silver fox jacket!

## A Sensible Treatment FOR CORNS —for sensible people



**WHY SUFFER** from corns? Here's a sensible treatment that helps relieve pain quickly—removes corns effectively. For Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. First, felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then medication gently loosens corn so that in a few days it may be removed—including the "core!" (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all leading drug counters.

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The lady who was with him absented herself for a moment. I caught Johnny's hound-like eyes surveying me with speculation.

"We're pals, aren't we?" asked Johnny. "Right. Forever and ever. Through thick and thin. What's up?"

He fell into a moody silence, like the time Bud Ernst and I shoved him into a tub of ice water. Then he said, "Do a pal a favor and drive this dame home for me, huh? I don't feel so good."

Despite myself, I could feel a defensive look creep into my eyes. I took myself firmly in hand. "Where does she live?"

"Just around the corner. Couple of blocks. Honest, I don't feel so hot or I'd do it myself."

I considered the girl. She was no Hedy Lamarr. Still she was a woman in distress, and my bosom pal's request was mild. Just a few blocks out of my way and then home to the downy. "Will you pay the check?" I countered.

In a trice the check was paid, and I sallied forth to the car where Max, my man, somnolently dreamt of the good old days in the Nicaraguan constabulary when a man could call his life his own. I slid under the wheel without waking him.

"Where to?" I asked brightly, with that lift that a man gets while performing that daily deed.

"Turn left and go east on Beverly," she said demurely. The top was down, the radio so softly, and the night air was balmy. Sometime later I turned to my silent passenger to see if she was asleep. She wasn't.

"Around here somewhere?" We were three miles from Chasen's.

"Straight ahead."

I DROVE on faintly troubled. I had a six o'clock call, and it was already midnight. My friends, I drove . . . and drove . . . and drove. This designing female lived way the devil the other side of Altadena. About twenty miles from Chasen's. It was one-thirty when I got home after having driven Johnny's girl "just around the block."

Now my point is that those of evil intent could and would accuse me of having tried to wolf my pal's gal Sal. They'd say, "Look, didn't he swipe her right out from under Johnny's nose in the bright light of Chasen's? Didn't he even stick old J.M. with the check? Two hours! Does it take two hours to drive around a corner? You heard Johnny say, 'Just around the corner, old pal,' didn't you? Well, add it up. Add it up!"

And there you have it. Accused of wolfing when all I was, was the victim of a scurrilous knave and his idea of a practical joke. It is such injustice which turns a man's soul. Now it may be that some of the lad's whose techniques we have examined here just act that way in over-compensation for an inferiority complex. They may leer and snort at a delicious bit of femininity just to cover their aching hearts and sense of shyness. Yeah, they may.

However, having bared my heart to you in this manner, I am forced in all honesty to reveal that even now all the Hollywood playboys seem to be converging on my door step, and I think they're out for blood.

Therefore, self-preservation dictates immediate closing of this tale. The Sirocco awaits me at her moorings in Santa Monica Bay. If my footwork is properly nimble, I shall elude them all—and be off for an extended cruise. The sharks of the broad Pacific are as nothing against the aroused pack—but don't say I didn't try to tell you!

# FLAME-GLO ... America's Favorite Lipstick



MARSHA HUNT, featured in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"

## New MATCHED MAKE-UP

Just out! FLAME-GLO Face Powder will instantly give you new complexion loveliness, for it's scientifically blended to cling for many hours longer! No more continual dabbing... this amazing new powder keeps its lasting smoothness and fragrance. In skin flattering tones that harmonize with the lipstick and rouge!



## Keeps YOU Kissable!

FLAME-GLO Lipstick sets your lips aflame with a radiant, seductive glow of youth that Keeps you Kissable! No man can resist its satiny lustre, its bewitching fragrance, its captivating colors... specially created to blend perfectly with the new fashion tones! And here's good news . . . a water-repellent film seals the thrilling, vibrant color to your lips: it's longer lasting! Try these popular FLAME-GLO shades TODAY:

RASPBERRY, GLAMOUR RED, ROYAL WINE AND RUBY RED



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Use Instant RIT to make old things look new!



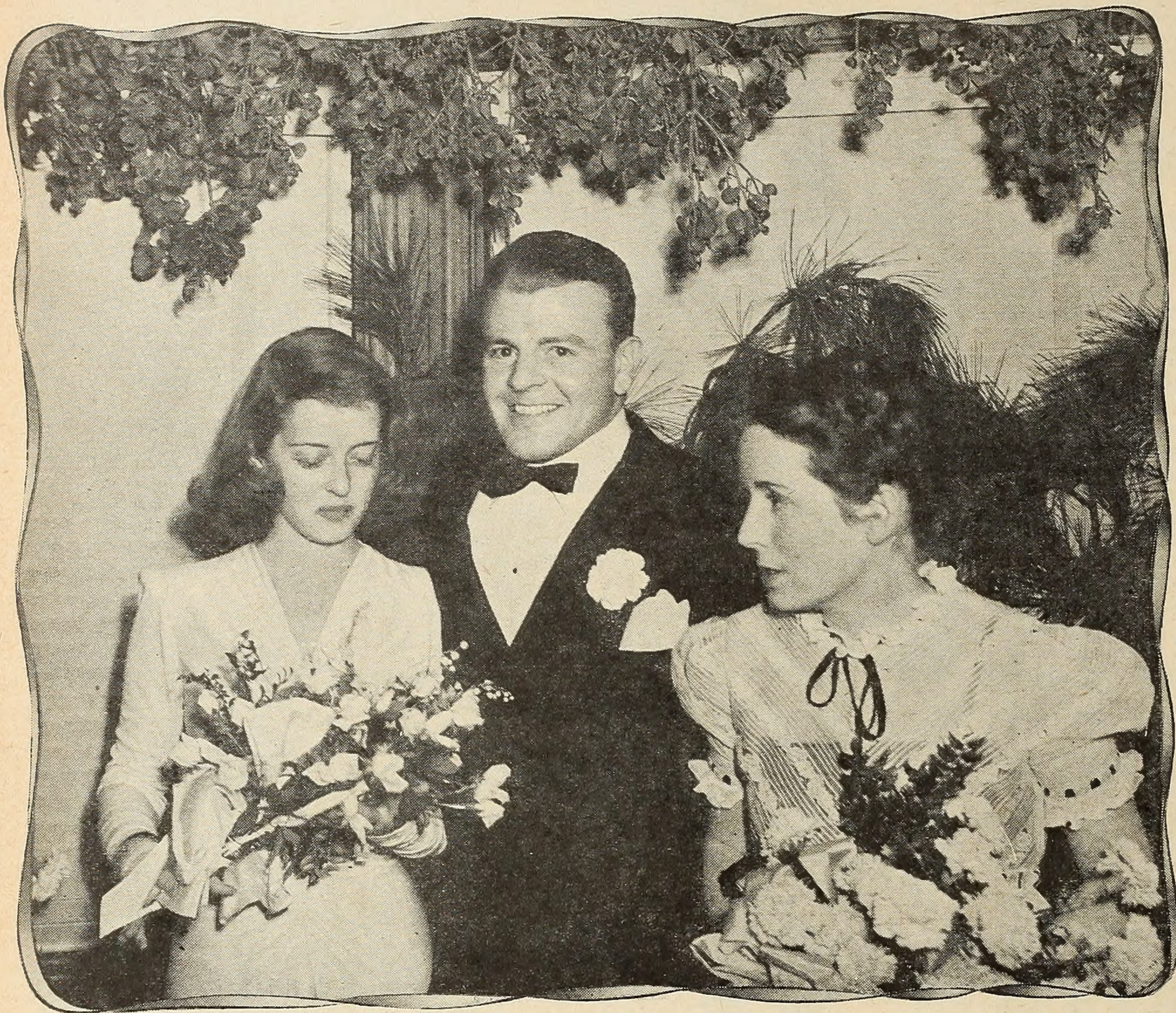
27 colors . . . at drug and notion counters everywhere

## NEVER SAY DYE—SAY RIT

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# *9. Bette, Take Three, Arthur...*



Davis and her newly acquired hubby No. 2, Arthur Farnsworth. He's 34, 5' 11" tall, with the same coloring as hers. Bridesmaid's her younger sister, Barbara Pelgrim.

When Bette Davis sent Los Angeles newspapermen a wire reading: "ARTHUR FARNSWORTH AND I WERE MARRIED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK TUESDAY EVENING AT THE RANCH OF MR. AND MRS. JUSTIN DART IN ARIZONA," she accomplished two things. First, she informed the press that she had become a New Year's Eve bride. And second, she pinned back the ears of all those wiseacres who think women can't keep secrets.

Not since Hollywood came into being has the marriage of one of its children caught it so flat-footed. No one had ever heard of Farnsworth. No one had noticed the lovelight in Bette's eyes. And because they didn't know what to make of it, Hollywood tossed off the wedding as a spur-of-the-moment elopement and predicted its early failure.

Actually, there was nothing madcap about Bette's marriage. The ceremony, performed in the home of Jane Bryan and Justin Dart, just a year to the day after the Darts' own marriage, was as carefully planned as an RAF raid. Bette's white silk jersey wedding gown and exquisite trousseau had been purchased weeks earlier from a tongue-tied department store salesgirl. The bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley with which she faced the pastor had been carefully carried all the way from Hollywood. The simple gold band that made her Mrs. Farnsworth was in her groom's pocket when he flew from New England to Arizona. And the guest cottage which Mrs. Dart had

transformed into a bridal suite had been standing ready and waiting for days.

Despite the secrecy with which she carried off the affair, Bette states there was nothing dramatic about her wedding. That is, nothing except the 500-mile trip to the Dart ranch which she made in her station wagon. She was accompanied only by her radio agent and her dog. "And the only thing that worried me," admitted Bette, "was that my flowers would wilt before I got there!"

Of her groom Bette will say little. It's known that he was a childhood friend; that he's the 34-year-old son of a Vermont dentist; that he was divorced two years ago from Betty Jane Adeylotte, Boston art designer and aviatrix; and that he has a snug spot in the upper brackets of Boston society. He was once the assistant manager of a New Hampshire hotel, but his present career is aviation. He flies his own plane, loves horses and rides magnificently, has a quiet sense of humor and a steadiness that is a balance to Bette's own nervous temperament.

When Bette returned from her recent vacation in the East, there was no understanding between them; but Farnsworth proposed and was accepted by courtesy of Mr. Bell!

If there is no hitch in their present plans, Farnsworth will settle into a California aviation post, his wife will go on to greater celluloid glory, and both will be "at home" in the house Bette bought a year ago.



# Karo PRESENTS Cecile

## "The Lass with the Delicate Air!"

Chic, full of airs and graces, utterly feminine—that's "Lady" Cecile. Fastidious to a grown-up degree is this daintiest of the Dionne Quintuplets. She loves clothes and would change frocks a dozen times a day if permitted. Cecile's favorite color is blue. She likes contrasting accessories—and insists that gloves, shoes and bag match. She's as fun-loving as her four famous sisters—but mudpie-making is out!

"Cecile" is the 5th portrait in Karo's series "The Quintuplets as Individuals" painted from life by the famous artist, Willy Pogany. In this series each little girl has been presented in a charmingly characteristic pose . . . a gallery of energetic, abundantly healthy children. DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE says: "Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children".



### KARO IS AMERICA'S FAVORITE TABLE SYRUP

and it has been for over two generations! Children—and grown-ups too—enjoy it as a delicious "Spread" for bread. It's delightful as sweetening for fruits, fruit juices, cereals, milk, beverages. And Karo makes a glorious sauce for puddings and desserts. Karo is as good for you and your children as it is enjoyable. It's rich in dextrans, maltose and dextrose—food-energy sugar.

You'll be proud to put Karo in its new, streamlined container right on your table. The syrup looks so attractive! Let your family enjoy Karo's wholesome goodness at every meal—Karo really gives any meal a "flavor-lift".



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### OF COURSE—KARO SYRUP STILL COMES IN CANS!



**KARO  
BLUE LABEL**  
America's favorite  
"spread". Grand  
as a dessert sauce.

**KARO  
WAFFLE SYRUP**  
The new, delicious,  
different "hot cake"  
syrup. It has a tang  
and flavor all its own.



**KARO RED LABEL  
(CRYSTAL WHITE)**  
Delightful sweeten-  
ing for fruit, cereals,  
milk, beverages.



### KARO SYRUP ADDS ZEST TO COOKED FOODS

Flavor-wise cooks keep Karo handy on the kitchen shelf! This full-flavored, rich syrup turns old favorite dishes into tempting,

zesty, new treats. Try Karo on baked ham, apples or pears. Use it in cake and pie fillings—in frostings, too.

Karo gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency and superb flavor.

Try *Bananas Karo* for dessert or as a meat accompaniment: Place 6 peeled bananas in a baking dish . . . Combine 2 tablespoons of lemon juice with ½ cup Karo (Blue Label)—pour over bananas. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 18 minutes, turning bananas three to four times. All grocers sell Karo.

**RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR**





*The smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you*  
**EXTRA MILDNESS · EXTRA COOLNESS · EXTRA FLAVOR**



and  
**28%**  
**LESS**  
**NICOTINE**

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*.

**T**HE slower-burning your cigarette, the greater your smoking pleasure. So remember—it's Camel cigarettes that are *slower-burning*. Slower-burning for more mildness—more flavor—more coolness!

Now Science confirms another advantage of slower-burning Camels. Less nicotine in the smoke! Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested—less than *any* of them! Light up a Camel. The *smoke's* the thing!

**BY BURNING 25% SLOWER** than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—**slower** than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to 5 **EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK**.

“A cigarette is as mild as it smokes—so I prefer Camels.  
 Extra mild and full of flavor, too!”

MRS. BROOKS HOWARD of Baltimore

**A**LTHOUGH prominent in Baltimore social life, Mrs. Brooks Howard finds time to work for many charities...head a fashionable dress-shop...run “Brookwood,” her Maryland farm. Quite a collector, Mrs. Howard specializes in Staffordshire pottery dogs and miniature bottles. “And among my day-to-day

pleasures,” says Mrs. Howard, “I must mention Camels. Every time I smoke a Camel cigarette, I enjoy it thoroughly. Camel’s slower way of burning means ‘extras’ to me. More flavor, more mildness—more coolness, too—all in one grand cigarette! You can be sure that whenever I entertain, I serve Camels.”



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